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# “THE FAMILY SKELETON”



A history and genalogy of the  
Flewellen, Fontaine, Copeland,  
Treutlen, McCormick, Allan and  
Stuart families.

*By*

Henrietta McCormick Hill

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By  
HENRIETTA McCORMICK HILL

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This Book Was Written For  
My Two Children  
HENRIETTA HILL HUBBARD  
LUTHER LISTER HILL

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## PREFACE

This book is to be a living memorial to my Mother, Etta Fontaine Copeland McCormick Dent.

When my Mother died in 1956 I found a tin box full of old letters, papers and clippings, most of which were falling apart. Mother had a great deal of family pride. The thought occurred to me that if my Mother had cared enough for these mementoes of the past to preserve them all these years, I would try to preserve them for her grandchildren and great grandchildren, and so without previous experience, I began the task of compiling this book. I shall call it "The Family Skelaton," which is the structure on which I shall build the family history. If the Skelaton rattles a bit, forgive me; it would be very dull otherwise.

As you will observe, if you read through the manuscript, there were no truly great members of the family. One thing is self evident; they were people of honor and integrity. Most of them were well educated, all were Christians. The thought further occurred to me that here was a family which was typical of the people who settled America, people who were fired with the desire to seek freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of expression, and freedom of religion—people who were willing to sacrifice all for the right to worship God in their chosen way. May future generations be ever mindful of their noble heritage, and leave as fine a legacy.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."—Phil. 4:8.

I wish to express my thanks to Maggie Colvin who helped type my manuscript and to my Mother's two sisters, Aunt Willie and Aunt Caro who encouraged me to pursue this task. Without Aunt Caro, it could not have been written. She, like my Mother, collected family data and knew how to be of help to others. I am also deeply indebted to Judge Preston Clayton for lending me a number of letters and papers in his possession pertaining to the Copeland family.

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*Etta Copeland McCormick with her two daughters  
Mary Flewellen and Henrietta Fontaine*



# CHAPTER 1

## EUFAULA

Eufaula, Alabama: Four generations of us have lived in this little town with an Indian name which sits on a high bluff overlooking the Chattahoochee River. Great Grandfather John Nelson Copeland settled there in 1841. My Grandfather, William P. Copeland, my Mother, my Father, my Sister, Mary, and I were all born in Eufaula.

Many are the times I have sat beneath the giant oak trees whose branches are festooned with Spanish moss, and watched the muddy waters of the "third swiftest" go hurrying by. When I was a child a covered bridge joined the banks of Alabama to those of the neighboring State of Georgia. Now there is a more modern bridge and the covered bridge is forgotten except by a few. My Great Grandfather saw Indian canoes on the river, while I as a child watched the old river boats with their giant paddles on behind and the cotton barges in front plow up and down the Chattahoochee River. The voices of the deck hands singing "Steamboat gwinna blow, hoo, hoo, hoo," as the boat rounded the bend, still clings to my memory. Gone are the river boats and with them much of the charm of the river. In their place are speed boats, pleasure craft and an occasional barge.

Our town has undergone many changes during the century our family has lived in this community. When I was a child Eufaula was a town of about four thousand people, today the population ranges close to ten thousand.

I get nostalgic when I look back to the days of my childhood when I climbed trees and sat upon our house top "just to think" (the thought makes me shudder).

Eufaula has broad streets with parks in the center. In these parks grow wonderful old oak trees. When I was still young enough to be accompanied by a nurse, I used to play beneath their branches each afternoon. On hot days the other children and I went wading in the fountains in the Park. Often some child would splash water on my dress and then the temptation was too great, and down I would go for a dunking. Since I was forbidden to get my clothing wet, there was nothing for me to do except sneak home, and hang my clothes on a water pipe—under the house—to dry. If I was caught, I was made to dance to the tune of the peach tree switch.

Like most children, we had a neighborhood gang. Often we played "follow the leader," a game which took us from a walk across the rafters of a new house, under construction, to a crawl

through the underground sewers. If one of us caught the tinkle of the ice wagon on our street, the game was instantly ended. We preferred to follow along behind the ice wagon in the hope of catching a handful of "snow" when the ice man sawed through a block of ice. No soda ever tasted as good on a sweltering hot day.

After supper in summer, the neighborhood children gathered together to "play out." We played "hide and go seek," "Kitty wants a corner," "Cops and robbers," and a variety of games. If, just a few of us were allowed out, we chased lightning bugs (fireflies). These we put in a glass jar, to watch as they lit their tiny lamps. There was another lamp lighter we chased in the twilight. He came around each evening to put fresh carbon sticks in the street lamps. The half burned residue of the discarded carbon sticks were a coveted prize. We wrote with them.

In June, when the figs were ripe, Mary and I sat in the fig tree and ate figs until we fairly burst. Then we tried catching one of the June bugs which infested the fig tree. Once we succeeded in catching one, and tying a string to its leg, to let it fly about and hear the "buzz" it makes. About that time, a chicken caught and swallowed it, leaving the string hanging from its beak. Try as hard as I could, I could not dislodge that June bug from the chicken's stomach. For days the chicken ran around the yard with that string hanging from its beak.

I feel sorry for the children of today who sit glued to the television and pore over comic books for their entertainment. If we had nothing to do we created something. Sometimes in spring we went in search of early blossoms. Finding a few violets and two or three daffodils open, we made a "Penny Peep Show." This was done by digging a hole in the ground and lining it with moss, on top of which we arranged the flowers. Next we found a piece of glass to put over the hole. Then we covered the glass with sand; now we were in business. Each child who paid a penny, a marble, a cookie or anything she had to trade, got a peek at the flower arrangement when we raked away the sand. This you might say was the original "Flower Show."

Most children like to cook out of doors. Our stove was an ingenious one. We made it ourselves by digging a hole in the earth for the fire. Then we placed two bricks on either side of the hole to support a piece of tin on which we set a frying pan. No food has ever tasted as good since as that smoked, half burnt, half raw bacon, and those ash baked sweet potatoes.

I used to go calling on some of the ladies in the neighborhood. Mrs. Jake Oppenheimer, who was a sweet gentle lady, made a particular pet out of me, insisting that I have "just one more cookie" as I swang in their porch swing. Miss Lula Walker and her sister, Mrs. Mattie Daniels, let me pick "banana shrubs" and "sweet



shrubs" in their yard. These I tied in my handkerchief and went around smelling them. When their "four o'clocks" were in bloom, I made necklaces and bracelets from them, stringing them on long pieces of grass.

My Aunt Annie Dent's (my Father's sister) was perhaps my favorite place to go when I felt unappreciated at home. Aunt Annie was an industrious soul. She was forever doing something. There was usually a stone jar of buckwheat dough or "Light Rolls" sitting in the kitchen by the fire to rise. When Aunt Annie wasn't too busy making light bread or a dress for her daughters, Nana and Catherine, she sometimes made me a doll dress. Once in a while she took time out to play on her "Tin Panny Piano" such songs as "In The Gloaming" and "Humoresque."

Aunt Annie always had a project of some kind; when Nana and Catherine were young ladies, she gathered together a group of their friends and taught them to sew. They began by making layettes for the new-born babies of the poor, whose mothers were unable to provide clothing for them. From this sewing class, emerged the "Christ Child Circle," a charitable organization which is still in existence in Eufaula.

Each generation has its thrills. My grandchildren may one day take a trip to the moon, but I will wager I was just as excited over my first ride in an automobile, the first electric light I ever saw, and the first time I talked over our wall telephone.

There was great excitement when our next door neighbors, the Kenneth McKenzies, bought an automobile. On Sundays, immediately after dinner, all the neighborhood children gathered at the McKenzies and hung around in the hope of being invited to go for a ride. If there were not too many of us, they usually let us go. We piled in gleefully by a pair of steps through a door in the rear of the car. Then "she" was cranked up on the side and we were off, at fifteen miles an hour.

Mama bought an automobile veil and Papa bought a cap, in case anyone invited them to go motoring.

I cannot recall the year when electricity came to Eufaula, though I do remember that all through my childhood we kept lamps with oil, in case it rained and the power failed.

It must have been around 1910 or '12 when we had a wall telephone installed in our house; from then on "Central" became the source of all information. In spite of the fact that she had few customers, we kept her busy. We would pick up the receiver, crank her up and ask, "Central, what time is it, our clock has stopped?" or "Central, do you know where Dr. Copeland is?" She usually did. Then when we heard the fire bell ring we dashed to the telephone. "Central, where is the fire?" If it was not too far away we went tearing out of the house to watch the fire.

In her declining years Mama depended more and more on Central; she would pick up the phone and ask, "Central, will you please give me Mrs. Cato's number? I can't find my glasses." Central would oblige. It was Central who got help for her when she was suddenly ill one day when she was alone. Mama died before the advent of the dial system in Eufaula. She would not have liked the new order of things.

As I grew older, Papa gave me an allowance of fifty cents a week, payable on Saturday. Each week, accompanied by a friend, I went by his office to collect. Across the street from his place of business, Mr. Eddie West and Willie West ran a grocery store, "West Bros." It was the most fascinating of places. Near the entrance stood a barrel of brine filled with dill pickles. From the walls hung harness, brooms, strips of fly paper and a variety of things. A giant cheese sat on the counter alongside a pair of scales, and an old alley cat slept on the sawdust covered floor. Seeing us, one of the brothers would ask, "What will it be?" Then came the time for a decision. Should I buy a soda pop, the marshmallow hand wearing the diamond ring, one of the large ginger cookies iced in pink with a hole in the middle, a stick of licorice, or a box of "Cracker Jacks?" It was always a temptation to settle for the "Cracker Jacks." There was a prize buried in the sticky popcorn. Having made a purchase, we were off to the "picture show" to see "The Perils of Pauline" with Pauline White which was shown serially each Saturday.

The greatest excitement in our town came when a Street Fair, a Circus, or the "Chatauqua" arrived. Of the three, the "Chatauqua" held the most allure for me. I remember being enthralled by the "Chocolate Soldier," "East Lynn," and other melodramas whose titles I have forgotten.

Inspired by the "Chatauqua," my friends and I organized "The Drawmatic Club." Our house was built high above the ground and made a delightfully cool place to play, we frequently gave shows there. The permanent cast of our club included Florence Foy (Strang), Clara Foy (Roberts), Emma Gay McKenzie (Bennett), Elizabeth Lewis and Elizabeth Cornwell, and myself. When we had a production ready to present to the other children of the town, we made cardboard tickets, on one side of which we printed, "Drawmatic Club" and the name of the play to be given. On the opposite side we wrote the price of admission, "Five Cents," and at the bottom of the ticket, the most important item of all, "Refreshments Served Free."

"Bluebeard" seemed to have been our favorite play. This was because it was full of action and was so "gorv." We particularly liked using Great Grandfather Flewellen's sword as a prop. Elizabeth Lewis, the most amiable member of our group, was invariably



chosen to take the part of the dead wife who hung by her hair in the closet. She was draped in a sheet, and covered with flour. Then we poured a bottle of tomato catsup down her face and neck for blood; she looked ghastly. That dreadful character known as "Blue Beard" was portrayed by Elizabeth Cornwell; Clara, the "tom boy" in our crowd, took the part of the hero, the brother who came galloping home on his horse just in the nick of time to prevent the murder of the terrified Mrs. Blue Beard (played by me). During one performance, while the frantic wife wrung her hands and called, "Sister Sue, Sister Sue, do you see my brother coming?" the villain returned home and as he made his grand entrance, sword drawn, he tripped over the sword's shield which was strapped to his waist, and fell, bending it badly. The delighted audience shrieked with laughter. The sword, which had only been worn in dress parades, bears scars today, not of battle but of the "Drawmatic Club."

Mary and her group of friends produced plays too. There was one entitled "How To Catch A Millionaire" with Emily Milton, Nina Mercer, Mary Stewart, Virginia Lewis and Mary in the cast; then they put on another play, called "The Early Bird Catches The Worm," in which they gave me a small part. Some of our parents attended this show. I will never forget Papa's comment to me after the performance, "Henrietta, if you ever had any ambition to become an actress, just dismiss it from your mind."

My greatest joy came, when Mary was not too busy with her own friends, to let me trail along with her; she was my ideal of all that was wonderful and beautiful. In 1917 Mary received a Ukulele as a birthday gift. The Lewis family, who had moved to Eufaula from Pureto Rico, introduced this musical instrument to our town. I used to sit entranced as Mary and Virginia Lewis strummed a tune on the "Ukulele," and Mary Stewart, Kate Roberts, Stanley Cornwell and Annie Mercer sang "Ninety Nine Bottles Hanging On The Wall" backwards, and forwards, and "I Gave Her Kisses One Kisses One" all the way up to ten, then back again to one.

We had many happy times as children. At Christmas, Mama really went over board. There was always a Christmas tree which touched the ceiling, around which Santa Claus left more toys, more dolls and more of everything than for any of the children we knew. I was never quite sure, that I slept, any at all, on Christmas Eve, but by four o'clock Mama got tired of having us ask, "Is it time to get up yet?" I remember one Christmas we went to the porch and blew our horns so loud that our neighbors, the Dents, shouted at us, "Henrietta, Mary, please don't make so much noise. We want to sleep." By breakfast time the house was vibrant with "Christmas Gift." I never remember a Christmas without Aunt Lettie, Old Aunt

Delia,\* and a flock of Mama's other colored retainers who showed up to get their Christmas from Miss Etta. They went away loaded down. It was a time of good feeling for every one.

Next to Christmas, Easter was the most important and joyous time of the year for us children, especially if you happened to be an Episcopalian. A few days before Easter the Sunday School gave an Easter Egg hunt for all the children of the church. There was no rolling of eggs, as they do on the White House lawn in Washington. The eggs were hidden and hunted, "very obviously" for the little tots, and in more difficult places for the older boys and girls. When the gong sounded and the word "Go!" was shouted there was a mighty scramble to find the most eggs. There were always a few greedy souls among the older children who wanted more than their share and grabbed off the easy prizes intended for the little children. Towards the end of the hunt the teachers came to the rescue and led the tots to some special prize left by the Easter Bunny.

When Mary and I no longer believed in the mystical Easter Bunny, we had great fun dying our own Easter eggs. For weeks before Easter our cook, Ella, would blow out the contents of an egg by punching a hole in each end of it. This preserved both egg and shell. The eggs we ate scrambled, the shells we dyed many colors. The day before Easter we stuffed the shells with candy and nuts, then pasted a piece of colored tissue paper over each end. On Easter morning Papa hid them for us to find.

Easter Sunday afternoon the Episcopal church held a special service for children. The most important thing about Easter was that it meant the beginning of Spring, and we got a new dress and hat for the occasion. It was usually cold on Easter. Chances were we had just taken off our long drawers and we stood and shivered outside the church as we waited in line to march in, clutching our "Mite Boxes" which contained our Easter Offerings. My Easter dress was made of organdy or some flimsy material. With it I wore a blue sash, and a Leghorn hat trimmed with forget-me-nots and a ribbon streamer. One Easter Mary wore an accordion pleated crepe de chine. It was lovely. As we marched down the aisle I am sure we were much more interested in how we looked than in things spiritual. The Easter music is the most beautiful of all church music. It has such a joyous sound. For weeks we had been rehearsed in singing "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Christ the Lord has Risen Today." My favorite is the Spring Song, "Christ Has Arisen, the Victory Proclaim. Peace with rejoicing spreads forth

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\* The title of Aunt or Uncle was given to all faithful elderly colored people in the South. It is not known how it originated, but it was meant as a mark of respect.



His fame, Angels of Easter the glad tidings tell, Praises to Jesus sing."

The South has been called the Bible Belt. Ours was a church going family, as were most of the families we knew. Mama played the organ in Church, Mary sang in the choir, Papa, who was Senior Warden of the Church for many years, took up collection, while I just sat and let my mind wander about many things. Today that little church has a very special meaning for me.

My sister and I no longer live in Eufaula. Our parents have departed this earth, but we have many happy memories which will live with us always.

Unless you have lived in a small town where everybody knows you, and knows you so well they can anticipate what your next move will be, where they share your joys and your sorrows alike, you cannot know what real living is like.

*FIRST LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS WRITTEN BY  
HENRIETTA McCORMICK*

Dear Santy Claus,

I want a doll with brown hair and brown eyes.

And a little basket to make a cake it is tin I think.

And some cooking pans

I want some blue bed room slippers and a new bath robe

I all so want a pair of gloves and some chairs and a table to have a tea party and doll carage a leather chorage

Henrietta McCormick

*"ON SALESMANSHIP"*

THE MISSES MCLEODS (EARLY TWENTIES)

When I grew up, as far back as I can remember, the Misses S. and R. McLeods owned the principal Ladies Shop in Eufaula, Alabama, which dealt in "Ladies Ready to Wear, Dry Goods, and Sundries." The senior member of the firm, Miss Sally, was a bit on the "rotund" side; her sister, Miss Ruby, was rather tall and lanky.

Their shop was located on Broad Street, right in the center of Eufaula's main business section. Close to the entrance stood a spool chest filled with thread of all colors, for all purposes: linen, silk, cotton, and embroidery. Row after row of boxes lined the shelves behind the counter; these boxes contained ribbon, lace, braids, buttons—some, already, almost "collectors' items." Then there were shelves filled with bolts of materials; crepe de chine,

cottons, linen and anything "My Lady" might desire if she still was so old fashioned as to sew and to wear a "Made by Loving Hands at Home."

Towards the back of the store was the "Ready to Wear Department," where hung rack after rack of dresses, this year's models, last year's models, and five years previous. Sales were not then fashionable, though a bit of bargaining could be managed. Few, however, got the better of S. or R.

Behind the rows of dresses there was a large, "pot-bellied" stove, the only heating arrangement for the entire building. Nearby was a full length mirror in which you saw yourself, if you tried on any of the dresses. In winter the Misses McLeods sat hugging the fire, completely hidden from view from all who entered the store. If you went in to make a purchase on a cold day, the place looked deserted. I have never quite known whether the sisters sensed your presence or not, but before you had advanced more than a few feet there was a shout from the back of the shop, "Want anything?" in a voice which sounded as if they would prefer to miss a sale than to be disturbed.

On one occasion, I was going away on a trip and went in the "Misses McLeods" to look for a hat. After trying on several and not finding one to my liking, I was about to depart when Miss Sally looked squarely at me and said, "What's the matter with that one? It looks as good on you as any one of them would." Now that is what I call "real salesmanship."

A few years later Miss Ruby got married and changed her name—then everybody in town wondered if they would change their sign above the door. But the sign remained the same, "The Misses McLeods."

### *"MISS HATTIE, QUEEN FOR A DAY"*

The chances are if you visited Eufaula, Alabama, during the Nineteen Twenties or Thirties, and arrived by train, you were met and interviewed by Miss Hattie Thomas, the reporter from the "Eufaula Daily Citizen." Rain or shine, Miss Hattie rode her bicycle down to the station every time the "Cannon Ball," as the Central of Georgia was called, rolled in. Most visitors were a little surprised to be accosted by an elderly woman dressed in a man's shirt and tie, a floor-length gored skirt, and a man's straw hat perched upon her grey pompadoured hair. "Where you from?" or "Where you going?" she would ask strangers. Miss Hattie was responsible for the "personals" in the daily paper.

She was a familiar figure, pedaling about the town looking for bits of news. Once a picture of her riding her twenty-year-old bicycle appeared in the magazine "Popular Mechanics."



In the summer of 1926, I filled in as "Society Editor" of the "Citizen." It was during this period that I became better acquainted with Miss Hattie and she confessed to me her "little secret." She had become very upset over what she considered cruel treatment of animals by the farmers who came to town each Saturday to shop, so she had organized the "Eufaula Humane Society," of which she was President, Secretary, Treasurer and the entire membership. Nevertheless, she was pretty effective. In those days the farmers of the South were far from prosperous. They came to town once a week to buy supplies; a few of them owned automobiles; many of them rode to the city in a buggy or wagon drawn by mules, and there were even a few ox carts in evidence (driven mostly by Negroes). The farmers would frequently go shopping, leaving their animals the entire day to stand hitched to a vehicle. If Miss Hattie happened along, she reported at once to the President of the "Humane Society," who wrote a note (on my typewriter) to this effect: "If this happens again, you will be reported to the 'Humane Society.'" The Secretary of the Society would deliver the note and leave it pinned to the seat of the buggy or the collar of the beast of burden, where the driver would be sure to find it. In time, Miss Hattie broke up the practice of leaving animals in harness all day.

The big moment in Miss Hattie's life came one day when a committee of good ladies persuaded her to take part in a benefit "Fashion Show." The idea was perhaps conceived as a joke on the townspeople. No one recalled ever having seen her dressed in womanly attire. On the big day the committee sent her to the Beauty Parlor for a shampoo, a curl, a facial, and a manicure—then they put a grille on her and an evening dress. At the Grand Finale, a stunning picture of loveliness walked out on the stage. It was miraculous. Even Cinderella's godmother could not have brought about a greater transformation. For fully five minutes no one in the audience recognized her, then someone shouted in astonishment, "It's Miss Hattie." She was the hit of the show. A true Queen for a day.

### *"THE SOUTHERN BELLE"*

DEDICATED TO THE GIRLS WHO GO STEADY

Turn back the pages to the twenties, to the days of "Puss Hortman's Jazz Band"—of the ladies skirts an inch above or below the knee—Dobbs felt hats pulled down to the eye brow with only one small piece of hair in evidence, a spit curl plastered on the forehead in the shape of an upside-down question mark—supposed to be provocative—the eye lashes blacked with mascara (with a prayer and I don't dare cry).

Stroll down Broad St., cross at the Confederate Monument, walk past the Pool room, past the Barber Shop next door, cut your eyes the other way, (a lady does not venture more than a peep in the direction of a pool room or a Barber Shop,—like catching a gentleman in the bath). Advance towards the hangout of the drug store Cowboys and the local Jelly Beans.

It took real courage for the three young ladies strolling down Broad street to enter either of the two gathering places of the young men of the town—"Hamiltons Ice Cream Parlor" or "Jacksons Drug Co." There was a typed list pasted on the counter in both of these places. The list bore the names of the local society girls who usually were asked to attend the dances held at the Country Club or the Carnegie Library. If any of the young men about town wished to squire a certain young lady to one of the Proms, he checked her name and wrote his beside it, then he called the young lady to ask her for a date—Sometimes to be onery, he waited days to notify the young lady that she had been checked.

It was just three days before the big dance at the Country Club—Puss Hortman's Band was rehearsing the latest tunes in readiness for the big event—"Yes We Have No Bananas—" "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More No More"—and "Ain't We Got Fun."

These were anxious days for the girls in town.

The three young ladies turned and entered "Hamilton's;" they chose a table and ordered Chocolate Malts. They did not dare look in the direction of the typed list—two young men walked up to the counter and ordered "Dopes" (Coca-Colas). Here was hope. The girl in the big pink floppy hat spoke to the better looking of the two boys, the one without pimples on his face."

"Hi, there—My! What a pretty new suit you are wearing—Well, I thought it was new—but you would look handsome in any old thing—I heard somebody talking about you the other day." The boy was all ears, literally and figuratively—He approached the table where the girls sat; whereupon the three girls arose. "I can't tell you now. We have to be going, Maybe I'll tell you the next time I see you. Bye, Bye."

An hour later the telephone rang and the two young things continued—"Sure I would just love to go to the dance with you Saturday night—Oh that! That is a secret! Maybe I'll tell you Saturday Night."

The night of the dance eventually came.

It was the day of the stag line and the wall flower whose partner was apt to hold a dollar bill behind her back after he danced with her for an hour. If a girl danced with the same boy more than a second turn around the Ball Room—well, she was slipping.

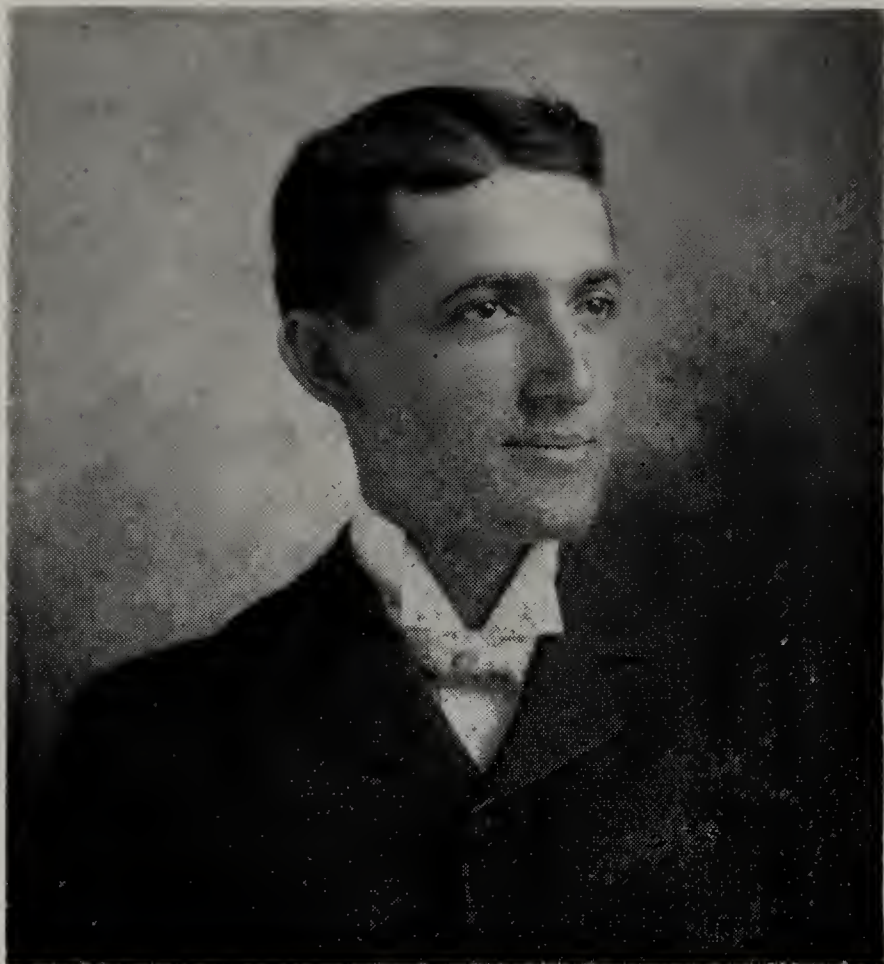
The girl in the red organdy dress—an inch above the knee—whispered to her partner, the one with the big ears, "I'll tell you



all about it when they change to the waltz. It is so much more romantic—but somehow there was never much time for conversation. A long tall fellow who seemed to be completely disjointed when he danced approached and tapped the shoulder of “Big Ears” for a cut in—“My, you are the most wonderful dancer! Where on earth did you ever learn to dance like that?” A small dark haired stranger cut in—His hair was plastered down and looked strangely like patent leather. “You look just like Rudolph Valentino. Did any one ever tell you that before? Now tell me all about yourself.”

If you looked as if you were having the time of your life, breaks were fast and furious.

“Big Ears” kept coming back to the girl in the red dress to learn the secret—he never did—“Patent Leather Hair” never did finish his life’s history—while the long tall boy outdid himself with dips and back bends—and so on into the night until the feet of the girl in the red organdy dress ached but her heart was still light and gay as the last strands of “Home Sweet Home” floated away in the night air and a tiny pink streak appeared in the sky.



*William L. McCormick  
Dressed in His Wedding Attire*



*Etta Fontaine Copeland McCormick  
In Her Wedding Dress*



## “IN MEMORIAM”

*Mama was spirit—  
Papa was conscience—  
Mama was inspiration—  
Papa was reality—  
Mama built you up, and—  
Made you feel that nothing was beyond your reach.  
Papa confronted you with the bare facts of life.  
Papa was the rainy days, without which  
The earth could not flourish.  
Mama was warmth and sunshine.  
Papa was the salt of the earth—  
Mama was life eternal.*

H. M. H.

## CHAPTER 2

### MISS ETTA

To put my mother, Etta Copeland, down on paper is like trying to capture a moonbeam or to hold an armful of sunshine.

She was a gay spirit, and at the end, a gallant soul.

I never hear music, or the song of a meadow lark, that I am not reminded of her.

One of the loveliest memories of my childhood was being awakened in the morning by Mama playing sweet music on her piano. Can you think of a more wonderful way to begin a day?

The visiting clergy usually stayed at our house. Once, when Bishop Carpenter was our overnight guest he came down stairs next morning saying, “I took the hint and got up when I heard you playing “Oh, What a Beautiful Morning.”

There was a meadow lark who nested each summer in the pecan tree just outside Mama’s window. He sang a song which sounded like “Fleur de lis, Fleur de lis, Cherio, Cherio.” I used to kid Mama by saying, “That is one of your French ancestors come back to greet you.” She was proud of her French Huguenot ancestors and took particular pride in the Fontaine home in Columbus, Georgia. When it was torn down for encroaching business, she exclaimed, “It seems a desecration.”

Perhaps Mama’s outstanding characteristics were her love of her Church, love of her family, loyalty to her friends and relatives,

and her generosity. Her greatest pleasures came from doing for others, growing lovely flowers, and having pretty clothes.

At sixteen Mama visited Tate Springs, Tenn., one of the fashionable watering resorts of her day. There she tasted her first olive and heard "La Paloma" played for the first time. "La Paloma" she liked; the olive she did not. It was this summer she met Mamie Mitchell, a lovely young lady of Mobile, Ala., who was also visiting at the resort.

That same year Etta began her career as organist of the St. James Episcopal Church, a service she gave to the church without remuneration for the remainder of her life, except for a few scattered years when she was absent from the city. In those days the church was a small wooden building which stood behind the present structure, and the organ was hand pumped, by a little colored boy.

For one year, Etta attended boarding school at "Washington Seminary" in Atlanta, Georgia, where she studied music under the famous Italian musician, Alfredo Barili.

As a young lady she visited her cousin Augusta Hubbard in Montgomery. There she met Kate Patterson. The two of them became devoted friends and visited back and forth all during their young ladyhood. Both were belles of their day. Kate was a charming and beautiful brunette with soft blue eyes. Etta was described as being "Divinely tall and Divinely fair."

The Copeland's home was a gay place in summer. It was constantly over-flowing with visitors. Mamie Mitchell of Mobile, came for a visit, fell in love with Charlie Mercer, and went home with an engagement ring on her finger.

Soon afterwards, in the fall of 1896, Etta became engaged to Will McCormick. The account of their wedding is one of the quaintest bit of old-fashioned reporting I have ever read.

Eufaula, Alabama, April 21, 1897

### ONLY TWO HAPPY HEARTS

"Mr. Will L. McCormick and Miss Etta Copeland unite hearts and hands for Life's Journey—a beautiful wedding.

At 8:30 o'clock last night Mr. Will L. McCormick and Miss Henrietta Fontaine Copeland were married at St. James Church in the presence of an invited audience which comfortably filled the building with eager friends and lovers of the beautiful. Rev. Mr. Adams performed the ceremony in his inimitable way and a most delightful ceremony it was.

The attendants were: Mr. Frank B. Fields and Miss Lizzie Merrill; Mr. S. H. Dent, Jr., and Miss Willie Robinson; Dr. A. P. Brown and Miss Natalie Petry; Mr. H. S. Shorter, Jr., and Miss



Mabelle Young; Mr. E. B. Weedon and Miss Alice Curtis of Columbus; Mr. L. G. Lightfoot and Miss Carrie Reese of Montgomery; Mr. Cliff Foy and Miss Kate Patterson of Montgomery; Mr. W. T. Comer and Miss Mabelle Cleary of California; Misses Matilda and Caro Copeland.

Little Misses Nanna Dent and Catherine Dent were in the procession and made the sweetest part of it. The best man was Mr. George Beauchamp and Miss Bennie Fontaine of Columbus, maid of honor. The ushers were Mr. J. T. Kendall, Mr. Will C. Swanson, Dr. J. C. Cato and Mr. C. S. McDowell, Jr.

The bride wore a brocaded silk with chiffon. Most beautiful it was as all the good women allowed. She wore no ornaments to distract from the rare loveliness of her face, but carried in her hand a bouquet of Lillies of the Valley, such as was made mention of in King Solomon's time.

The bridesmaids were gowned in organdie over green taffeta and surely never had a beautiful bride, more beautiful maids. They carried, each, quite a number of Easter Lillies, shipped here for the occasion. The rare beauty of these young women was much commented upon. The church was decorated, loving hands having spent many hours arranging the room for the social event of the season.

But at the residence the marriage had its culmination. There a hundred friends gathered to say bright and cheerful things to the bride and groom and to wish them a happy time of it. The wedding supper was served in the recent addition to the Doctor's home and on the closed verandah upon which it opened. Never did bride and groom sit down to daintier things or in a daintier more lovely room. The Doctor's home had been converted into a bower of roses which, deftly arranged, hung everywhere and stood out on every table, spreading their perfume about and adding to the joyousness of as happy a wedding party as was ever gathered together. The dainty feast was an epicure's dream."

\* \* \* \* \*

I never quite knew how my Mother and Father came to marry for they were so different. They had their differences, but in the end Mama always won out. Papa could never resist Mama's beauty and charm.

As time went by there were two children born. Mary, who came first, resembled Papa in coloring with her dark hair and brown eyes, but she was also endowed with a lot of little ways like Mama. I came into the world a few years later, just after Mama had lost her own Mother. Since I was born at a time of great need in my Mother's life she had a tendency to spoil me as a child. Although I was a blond with blue eyes and looked like my Mother,

I was inclined to be a quiet child who kept things bottled up inside like Papa. Mama called me a "close mouth McCormick."

Mama used to chide me when I was little, "Why don't you jump up and down and clap your hands as I did when I was a child." Then as I grew up she couldn't understand why I chose such simple clothes. "You ought to wear more fluffy ruffles. You dress too plain," she told me. Then again she would say, "For Heaven's sake, put on some rouge, and pin on a flower and wear some ear rings. Mary dresses up more than you do."

When we were children Mama entertained us by telling us about the boys who hung over her gate when she was young, of the Germans she attended, of the house parties at "Roseland" where she danced the Virginia Reel far into the night and raced on horse-back next day. Then there were the men who courted her, of which we never grew tired of hearing.

Mama was forever entertaining somebody at our house. Mary and I were allowed to invite our friends for meals at any time, without warning. Ella, our cook didn't mind and it never upset Mama. There was always a super abundance on the table for dinner. We had most of what the market afforded. Often there were as many as ten vegetables, a soup, meat, salad and a dessert. Mary and I were encouraged to have out of town visitors. Mama enjoyed them as much as we did.

On February 20th, 1908, Mama and Papa entertained the "Thirteen Club", at a dinner at our house. The following is the program and menu for the Club—of which Will McCormick was a member.

(On the fly leaf it says—)  
In honor of  
"Our Wives" .

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.  
Prov. 18-22.

All other goods by fortune's hand are given  
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.  
Pope.

(The second page gives)  
Members  
In companions

That do converse and waste their time together,  
There must need be a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.  
Merchant of Venice.



Mr. R. A. Ballowe	Mr. A. K. Merrill
Rev. B. E. Brown	Mr. C. G. Mercer
Mr. A. M. Brown	Mr. W. L. McCormick
Rev. D. J. Blackwell	Mr. C. S. McDowell, Jr.
Mr. L. J. Clayton	Mr. E. P. Thomas
Mr. H. C. Holleman	Mr. G. W. Whitlock
Mr. F. W. Jennings	

RECORD

The Negro Problem .....	Mr. Brown
Labor Unions .....	Mr. Clayton
Government Ownership of Railroads .....	Mr. Holleman
Railroad for Eufaula .....	Mr. McCormick
Policies of the Governor .....	Mr. Mercer
Immigration .....	Mr. Merrill
Peace Conference .....	Mr. Whitlock
Our Constitution, and Proposed Amendment ..	Mr. Thomas
Presidential Nominations .....	Mr. Ballowe
Financial Situation .....	Mr. A. M. Brown
Influence of Religion .....	Mr. Brown
Shakespeare .....	Mr. Clayton
Eufaula's Needs .....	Mr. Holleman
Charles Dickens and His Characters .....	Mr. McDowell
The Dangerous Tendencies of the American People .....	Mr. Mercer
Japan .....	Mr. McCormick

MENU

All human history attests  
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner  
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on  
dinner.

Byron, Don Juan

	Oyster Cocktail	
Olives	Salted Nuts	Celery
	Tomato Bouillon	
	Tenderloin-Trout (Tartar Sauce)	
	Julienne Potatoes	
	Roast Turkey (Cranberry Sauce)	
	Asparagus	
Cheese Soufflé		Green Peas
	Roman Punch	
Doves on Toast		Mushrooms
	Tomato Salad	
Charlotte Russe		Fruit Cake
Cheese		Coffee
“Now, good digestions wait on appetite, And health on both.”		
	Shakespeare	

## The Speech of Welcome — Etta McCormick to Her Guests

We greet thee, gentlemen and ladies fair!  
And to me, I must declare,  
I saw occasion rich and rare.  
    So much beauty,  
    So much wit,  
Such an array of gallantry  
It has rarely been my lot to see  
Gathered together under one roof-tree.

Gentlemen, it gives us pleasure  
The guests of this famous club to be.  
Great things you have acclaimed.  
May you in your efforts finally  
Attain those heights  
Which we in our clubs  
Think we have already reached.

I hope you will pardon  
This very long speech.

————— :- —————

In 1920, our family moved from the house on Broad Street to a more spacious one on Randolph Street. Our new residence was a large white, two story frame structure with Ionic Columns and a veranda which extended around three sides. Shaded by oak trees, it sat far back from the street. The house is one of the oldest in Eufaula, having been built by United States Senator, James L. Pugh, before the "War Between the States." The rooms are large and square with eighteen foot ceilings, and wide board floors of virgin pine. Annie Kendrick Walker described the interior of the house in an article in the "Eufaula Tribune." "But still more tangible of the things of the past, in this Eufaula home, are the tarnished epaulets worn during the war with Mexico, by a grandson of John Adam Treutlen, Colonial Governor of Georgia, and the grandfather of Dr. William Preston Copeland, while the sword still bright in its scabbard, has come down from General William Flewellen, and there the light trailing off the gold of the epaulet, touches a carved chair, inlaid with pearls, brought from France, falls on old portraits—a fine lady in silk and lace (Henrietta Fontaine) on noble gentleman in high stock, on old fashioned furniture and silver, and over these seems an all-enveloping atmosphere of a romantic past."

Mama felt a sentimental attachment for our new home. Her mother had told her of the many happy days she had spent, in this very house, visiting the Bray family, former owners. The house



had two parlors in those days. It was in the north parlor that grandpa Copeland proposed marriage to my grandmother, Mary Flewellen.

Papa did not live to enjoy for long his new home. In September of 1927 he was stricken with typhoid fever and died after one week's illness. Mama remained a widow for five years, spending a part of that time in Montgomery with Mary, her son, Jim, and with me.

Then, she surprised us all by marrying in Jan. 1932, an old admirer who had courted her in her young ladyhood, Captain Henry Augustus Dent. They were married in the north parlor, just at twilight. The following account appeared in the local newspaper: "Prior to the marriage service, a selected number of voices sang 'Love's Old Sweet Song.' The Bride was lovely in a mahogany colored chiffon velvet, trimmed in real lace. The hat which completed the costume was an imported model of the same shade as the dress and the bridal bouquet was a corsage of orchids and yellow roses. Exquisite old fashioned jewelry, which was heirloom in the bride's Mother's family, was worn.

"Captain Dent who is a retired Naval Officer, wore the uniform of an officer of the Navy, he having served as pay-master for twenty-five years and seeing much service during that time. Captain Dent, made the first leg, the trip around South America with the Atlantic Fleet in the famous 'around the world cruise,' during President Theodore Roosevelt's administration. He also served with the Pacific Fleet, and saw service during the Spanish-American War. He is the son of Stouten Hubert Dent and Annie Beall Dent. He was born in Eufaula and his family is among the most prominent in the South in social and religious circles."

Mary and I shall always be grateful to Henry for making our Mother's life a happy one. Each year we grew increasingly fond of him. He gave us such a cordial welcome when we came home to visit, which we did quite often. Mama made many trips to see us in Montgomery on the "Cannon Ball", as the Central of Georgia was nicknamed. It broke her heart when the little train ceased to make the run between Montgomery and Eufaula.

An amusing article appeared in the "Promenader" of the "Montgomery Advertiser." It was written by Esther Mahoney about 1953. This was one of the last trips made by the "Cannon Ball."

### *"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"*

"A prominent Eufaula Matron, who had been visiting her two daughters in Montgomery, was returning home on the little local train that carries passengers and freight between the Alabama Capitol and the Barbour County seat. She had been shopping in

Montgomery and parcels of her purchases were added to her luggage. As the train neared its destination, the porter moved the luggage of the passengers onto the back platform. A few minutes later the conductor came through the coach to where this prominent matron was seated. 'Miss E. - - -', he said, 'your two hat boxes just blew off the train..' 'Not my John Danziger hats!' she exclaimed. 'In that case, we'll just back the train up and get those hats;' the understanding conductor responded . . . and so it was that the train to Eufaula was brought to a halt and started backing down the tracks, the whistle tooting a warning. Several hundred yards back they spied the two hat boxes, perched serenely at the foot of the railroad fill, on the bank of a creek, safe and undamaged."

\* \* \* \* \*

On another ride Miss Etta made on the "Cannon Ball," she took along a bucket and a trowel for the conductor to dig up a clump of water lillies which grew along the route. The conductor obliged, and the lillies were taken home and set out in "Miss Etta's" pool in Eufaula where they thrived.

Seldom did my Mother arrive for a visit to me that she did not bring along a box, of long stemmed Narcissus, of Camellias, or some flowers of the season, from her garden. Rarely did a caller leave her house without being served a glass of scuppernon wine, a helping of chicken salad (both of which she made superbly), or given some token of her hospitality, a bunch of flowers, a jar of cabbage pickle, or a glass of blackberry jelly. All her life she gave all she could in a material way and never minded giving of herself, which is a more important kind of giving.

There is a painting hanging on my wall which my Mother gave me as a birthday present in 1950. Lister and I were halfway around the world on a Mediterranean Cruise at the time. Unknown to me, Mama lay in the hospital seriously ill—yet she arranged for my sister-in-law, Mary Hill, who with her husband accompanied us on the trip, to purchase a birthday gift for me. On the card were these words, "Love such as thou gavest me must reach beyond the stars and last throughout eternity."

As the years rolled by, "Miss Etta," as she was lovingly called, began to fleshen up, in spite of this, she was still pretty at eighty. Her hair which remained more blond than grey, she continued to wear in the style of her youth, the "Pompadour." She played cards without the use of glasses, and attended Church, a Club meeting or a movie, every day her failing health permitted.

Towards the end of her life it was sad to see "Miss Etta" hobbling along, crippled by arthritis, leaning on her gold headed cane. With every step there was pain, but "Miss Etta" had determination and nothing could dampen her spirit.



Six days before her death she gave a bridge party for a visiting friend. Two days later she was rushed to a hospital in Montgomery in an ambulance. With her in the ambulance rode a box of three new spring hats—which she never wore.

She died on April 18, 1956, shortly before nine o'clock in the morning. When she was buried she was dressed, as she had requested, in her choir vestments—and now she has gone to join the "Choir Invisible."

\* \* \* \* \*

On December the twenty-third 1957 the Rev. Ray Averett, Minister of St. James Episcopal Church, in Eufaula, dedicated a bronze plaque to the Memory of Etta Dent. Rev Averett had this to say, "Miss Etta,' as she was called by many, was an unusual person. She was the most honest person I have ever known. She had the courage of her convictions and would speak out and say things which needed saying, this made her unpopular with some people. She was generosity itself. Only the Lord and I know of many of her charities. When she saw help was needed she gave without saying anything to anyone. It was a secret between us—and the Lord."

The Plaque reads:

In loving memory of  
1876—Etta Fontaine Dent—1956  
A faithful and devoted member of St. James Parish  
Who gave her services as organist for  
Fifty Years.

Erected by her daughters,  
Henrietta McCormick Hill  
Mary McCormick Andrews

\* \* \* \* \*

### "REFLECTIONS"

BY HENRIETTA M. HILL

*When I am dead and gone away,  
Think of me as a moon beam,  
Or the twinkle of a star,  
A fleck of cloud in an azure sky,  
The song of a bird flitting by,  
The warmth of sunshine  
On a frosty morn,  
The gladness of Mary,  
When Christ was born.*

*Postlude*

*I'd like to be remembered,  
By all who think of me,  
As the joy in little voices,  
As they laugh in childish glee.*

NOTE: Letter written by Etta McCormick to her daughter, Henrietta.

Mobile, Alabama,  
December 5th

My dearest little Baby

This is a birthday letter, you will be 10 years old Sunday. If I were there I would give you 10 kisses, as I am not, will send them by mail so here goes X X X X X X X X X X . I sent you a pair of kid gloves by parcel post this afternoon. I hope they reach you in time. Get Aunt Caro to help you with your party and Pearl also.

With a heart full of love. Ask Mary C to spend the day with you Sunday if you want to.

Mama thinks you and Mary are the sweetest things in the world, kiss Papa for me. I am having a fine time. I hope you will have a very happy birthday.

Devotedly,  
Mama

Tell Mary I will bring her a tie.

\* \* \* \* \*

*BIRTHDAY LETTER TO MARY McCORMICK FROM  
HER MOTHER, ETTA McCORMICK*

Saturday

My Dearest First-Born,

Just to let you know I am thinking of you and the joy you brought into the hearts of your Mother and Father, when you came tumbling down into this world, from Fairyland. I know you must have come from Fairyland, because you are so beautiful and so sweet and lovely. The most expensive trousseau from Altmans, and the largest baby buggy to be had, were none too good for my little Mary—Who I had named Mary years before. I only wish I had kept all those hand made dresses for you, to say nothing of your many presents—what became of them I simply do not know, from silver cups to gold pins. Well you were lots of fun and well worth suffering for because we really did suffer in those days, but I would like to go over it again, and have my little girls and Santa Claus once more, and see you grow up and sit across from me at Church in the Choir. It always made me happy to see you sitting there. I want your boys to be in the Choir also. I think it is a life

long influence for good, so let them take voice and you can have my piano. I give it to you now as a birthday present and all of you can sing and have a good time together—that is my idea of a home, singing around the fire.

I have been in bed a week, Clarence says one of my lungs was congested and I have been taking sulphur. I missed fever yesterday but still have a cough.

Lister called me up from Montgomery, said he heard I was sick, he left today for Washington.

I feel some better today but cannot get to town to buy you a birthday gift so I am inclosing a check. Wish it was larger.

Write to me soon and know that I love you always and send you my blessings and many kisses.

Devotedly,  
Mama

\* \* \* \* \*

Eufaula, Ala.  
Feb. 17-56

Dearest Henrietta,

Enjoyed talking to you, but goodness knows how much it cost. However it is worth any amount to your mother, just to hear your voice. Sorry you had trouble with your ear. Don't take any more colds.

Today is like summer, all the flowers in bloom and no heat on. We are having an all day Church Center next Monday from 10 to 2—hope I can stay thru it. Lunch will be served at the Parrish House. They say the visiting minister is very good and you get an inspiration you never forget. I always try to go to all Lenten Services, I enjoy them.

Mr. and Mrs. Averett came by for some Japonicas and I gave them some. They are lovely.

I saw a picture called "Sincerely Yours" featuring Liberace and his beautiful music, it was the first picture he has been in and the music was exquisite. Don't fail to see it if you get a chance.

The West girls brought me a plate of dates stuffed with cheese and some stuffed with cocoanut grated—they said I had always been so sweet to their family. Guess they heard I was having a birthday. Louise Cato brought me a box of paper, Athaleen a handkerchief, Ethel a hand lotion, Mrs. Vance some powder, so I am already getting presents and Lade Bullock gave me a pair of stockings. They brought them today because they were coming



to my house to the card club. Mrs. Ballowe had to call off her party in my honor, however, she brought me a large heart shaped cake made by Celeda Hortman so I am celebrating my advancing years.

I thank the Heavenly Father he has let me live this long and I appreciate all the lovely things in life He has given us to enjoy, especially my two children and grandchildren.

My love to Lister and Pal with a heart full for your dear self.

Devotedly,  
Mama

This was one of the last letters I ever received from my mother. It was written just six days before her 80th birthday.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MARY

*When ever I think of Mary  
I think of Jewels rare,  
The purple of the Amythist  
Reminds me of her hair.  
The Opal with its changing lights  
Her eyes of changing brown  
Her teeth like pearls,  
A lady's neck surround,  
And the coral of her lips  
Are the loveliest in the town.*

ETTA F. DENT

#### HENRIETTA

*When ever I think of Henrietta  
I think of flowers in bloom  
When ever I think of Henrietta  
I think of a sweet Perfume.  
For the flowers remind me of her beauty  
And the Perfume her sweetness rare  
For really you know, there is no one  
With her to compare.  
So here's to dear Henrietta  
May she ever remain the same  
A lady of charm and beauty  
Like those of the old Regime*

#### MOTHERS DAY 52.

ETTA F. DENT

NOTE: The first of the two poems above, was written by Etta McCormick Dent to her daughter, Mary; the second to her daughter, Henrietta.

*LETTER TO MRS. HENRY DENT FROM HER  
GRANDDAUGHTER, HENRIETTA HILL*

Sweet Briar College,  
Sweet Briar, Va.  
Feb. 20, 1948

Dearest Mama Etta,

I was so glad to get your sweet letter and do appreciate your writing me. Of course I'm not mad. I always value your advice very highly, and I always remember the things you tell me. I enjoyed talking to you so much this summer when I was in Eufaula. Do you remember how we used to sit on the front porch talking while I was waiting for my date?

I hope you are better now and will be well and up again very soon.

I got a letter from Mama the other day, but she didn't say very much. I think she is well and happy, she certainly sounded so.

The weather has been lovely and Sally Bianchi and I have been going for long walks. Sweet Briar Campus is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. I only wish you could see it.

I don't know whether I have ever told you or not, but one of my courses is a study of the Bible. It is my most interesting and fascinating courses. We are studying the New Testament now. I have to write a paper on "Jesus, Man or Diety."

I saw my first Robin yesterday morning so I hope Spring is not far away. Time is really flying by and it won't be long now before summer comes.

Write me again soon.

All my love,  
Henrietta

\* \* \* \* \*

L. LISTER HILL  
Quadrangle Club  
Prospect Street  
Princeton, New Jersey  
Thursday

Dearest Mama,

As I don't know just where you may be by the time this note reaches Alabama, I am sending it care of Henrietta in the hope that she will be able to get it to you.

I do not need to tell you of the sorrow I felt at receiving your wire yesterday afternoon. Daddy called me from Washington a few minutes later with the same message.

I have long maintained that there is but one cause for regret at the loss of a loved one—if for some reason that life has been cut off prematurely, or if it had been twisted, narrowed, or distorted in some way. In other words, if something was lacking and had not yet been supplied.

Certainly there was nothing lacking from Mama Etta's life. In terms of time, she was 80 years old. In more spiritual terms, those were a very full eighty years.

She had the finest spirit, the best spunk that I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. I think you have seen how much I admired her for it.

Combined with that a lovely, sweet, gentle nature—evidenced by how much she liked to do things, unselfishly, for others.

But most of all, she was a good woman, in every way. She had her prejudices and biases as we all have—but those were the product of her age, not of herself.

As I think about her, I realize more and more how full, how complete her life actually was. Indeed, it left nothing of importance to be desired.

She had done her task in life, and done it magnificently. It can only be to her everlasting credit.

That is why I say that there is in this case no reason to mourn, no cause for regret. I know you feel a deep sense of loss, as I do, for she was your mother. But do not think of the loss. Think rather of the gain—the gain of having known her, of loving her for so many rich years. The balance in the long run is all to the credit side, none to the debit.

I shall try to contact you by phone in the next few days. If there is anything I can do, please let me know.

With much love,  
P.

NOTE: The above letter was written to Henrietta M. Hill by her son, Lister Hill, on the occasion of the death of her mother, Etta Dent.

\* \* \* \* \*

### *RESOLUTIONS ON THE PASSING OF MRS. HENRIETTA McCORMICK DENT*

In the passing of Mrs. Henrietta McCormick Dent on April 18, 1956, the Symposium Club of which she was a charter member sustained a very deep sense of loss.

Her delightful hospitality, her joie de vivre, her interest in and loyalty to the club were very inspiring, therefore be it resolved:

I. That the Symposium Club feels deeply the loss of "Miss



Etta" who was a valauble member, ever ready to cooperate in all that was for the best of the organization.

II. That her passing has left a void in the club, and her graciousness and talents will ever be greatly missed.

III. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family, and a copy be recorded in the minutes.

(signed) Annie M. Ballowe

Annie M. Ballowe

(signed) Louise K. Cato

Louise K. Cato

Committee

\* \* \* \* \*

On April 18, 1956, God, in His infinite wisdom, took from our midst, one of our most beloved and devoted members, Mrs. Henry A. Dent. "Miss Etta," as she was affectionately known to most of us, will be sorely missed in our community.

Her sudden illness and death, brought shock and sadness to Eufaula, where she was born and reared.

Friends of her youth say she was a most lovely young woman, and she retained much of her beauty, charm and winsome personality to the end.

She possessed a wonderful mind, and a keen sense of humor, and her interest in club work was remarkable. She was especially interested in the work of the Barbour County Chapter, in which she served one term as President. She was a Real Daughter, and co-operated always in any work which the Chapter undertook.

Miss Etta was keenly interested in people, and affairs of City, State and Nation. Her loyalty to her family, her friends and her church is beautiful to remember, and her passing has left a void which will never be filled.

We shall always miss her cheery presence.

Ruby D. McEachern

For Barbour County Chapter, U. D. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following are letters and excerpts of letters written me at the time of the death of my mother:

Birmingham, Ala.

It is difficult for me to think of Eufaula without Miss Etta. When I first visited that city almost 18 years ago, it was Miss Etta who had arranged everything for the service and who took care of

me. I can see her in my mind's eye sitting at the organ which she loved so much and where she gave such wonderful service.

I shall miss her dearly. I shall ever be grateful for her fine friendship.

May God bless you always.

Affectionately  
G. C. Carpenter

Bishop of Alabama

\* \* \* \* \*

Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Henrietta,

My earliest recollection is of your mother playing the organ in the little wooden church behind the present St. James with a little negro boy pumping.

You remember what good times we had with shows at your house—and your mother let us dress up in her best and newest clothes.

My love to Mary when you write, and to you.

Emily Boone

\* \* \* \* \*

Kissimmee, Fla.

Dearest Henrietta,

As I sit thinking of your mother this morning I wish you could be with me and I could clasp your hand and tell you of the many sweet memories I have of Etta and the other Copeland girls.

It was Etta, who in her early childhood before I was born, by her love for your grandmother's close friend, my aunt, first called her "Auntie" and after her mother's death it was often to Auntie that she turned for affection and love.

Many times after we moved to Florida Etta would write "Kate I need Auntie, won't you ask Jennings to bring her up for a visit" and I always felt (perhaps with a little bit of jealousy) that Etta gave Auntie, by her affectionate nature and deep love, something that I could not show.

My memories are most vivid and some day I would like to tell you more of the many kindnesses and the sweet personality of your mother.

Sincerely,  
Kate Knox

Washington, D. C.

I feel so sad over your mother's death. She was so dear and sweet to me, and I'll never forget what fun I had when I visited you in 1923—She certainly knew how to make the young have a good time, for she had such a zest for living herself.

Love,  
Helen Newton

\* \* \* \* \*

Bainbridge, Ga.

Aunt Etta was one of my favorite people. I loved to go to see her and in recent years I tried to go each time I went to Eufaula. She was always so bright and fun to be with and there was never a dull moment when she was around.

Victoria (Custer)

\* \* \* \* \*

Washington, D. C.

Dearest Henrietta and Mary,

I am so saddened and grieved to hear of Miss Etta's death.

My children and I have always loved your mother and have appreciated her many kindnesses and her gracious hospitality which was always extended on our few trips to Alabama. I have planned perhaps to make a trip home this summer and had looked forward so much to seeing and chatting with Miss Etta during our visit. I feel a great sense of loss that this pleasure will be denied me and want you to know that I shall always miss her.

Sincerely,  
Laurie Legrand Coleman

\* \* \* \* \*

Montgomery, Ala.

I have such happy memories of your mother, of her visits to the Thoringtons, of her full blown rose beauty, of her individuality and her personality and of her goodness. I remember thinking when I was a girl how wonderful it would be to achieve such a personality.

Elizabeth Thigpen



## CHAPTER 3

### PAPA

(WILLIAM L. McCORMICK)

It is hard to be objective about one's own parents. As I grew up, I was a shy child and stood in awe of my father. He was such a firm disciplinarian. His theory was, "spare the rod and spoil the child." In my case it was perhaps fortunate, since I was the apple of my mother's eye.

The last time he ever thrashed me, I have forgotten why, but I felt it was unjustified; I called him every ugly name like "you old goat," that I had ever heard. Amidst my tears I shouted, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big man like you beating a little child like me." To my surprise, he began to laugh and laugh,—but he never whipped me again.

The pleasantest recollections I have of my father are the long winter nights when we sat around the fire side and he read aloud to us Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Ivanhoe," Thackeray and Dickens. On the first of March, if there was a tinge of spring in the air, the classics were shelved and out came "Field and Stream." Then he began filling out order blanks for a special type fishing line, powdered eggs, powdered milk, bouillon cubes, and anything that would be easy to pack into the folding canvass boat which took him, and his fishing companions, in and out the lagoons of "Dead Lakes," Florida.

At this time of the year there was a special gleam in his eyes, as he got out his fishing tackle and polished and varnished his casting rods to get ready for his annual fishing trip to Florida. Some of the friends whom usually accompanied him on these trips were Rev. Thomas Johnston, the Episcopal Minister, Lee Clayton, his brother-in-law, Merrill Brown, and Dr. Cato.

On hot summer nights he used to sit on the front porch with his feet upon the banisters. While I lay in the hammock gazing at "tree pictures," he would philosophize.

"You know," he would say, "I think the morals of both young and older people of the day are in a bad state. Every thing has a moonshine flavor and is accompanied by jazz. Take girls' dresses. They cut off a fourth of an inch each week till it was well above the knee and yet she did not notice it because the change was so gradual. There never seemed any harm in showing a fourth of an inch more of the legs. Study the evolution of the bathing suit within our recollection. If one had suddenly jumped from the bloomers with a long skirt, held down with shot in the hem, and with elbow sleeves, into the one piece thing which by courtesy

and grace of the police who fail to do their duty, is called a bathing suit, then such a radical change would have meant a jail sentence for indecency." Then papa would continue, "There is one safe rule about drink. Drink not at all with anyone. Always remember that when urged to do as others do, that those who resist temptation are respected by those who fall." Both Mama and Papa were rabid on the subject of alcohol. They served home-made wine to their guests and indulged in a glass of Egg Nog at Christmas, but I do not recall ever having seen Papa take a drink.

One night as we sat and rocked on the Porch he began by saying, "How any man can take advantage of another man's ignorance, by over-charging him is beyond my comprehension." He believed in justice for all.

Papa had a tender heart, when Sundays or holidays came, rain or shine— he would walk down to the warehouse to feed the cats. "Just in case mice are scarce on the menu today," he would say. He could not bear the thought of any living creature suffering from hunger.

I wish I could remember more of the things my Father told me, but I did not talk to him too often; at this period in my life, I was too taken up with beaux and having a good time.

The only advice he ever gave me on the subject of matrimony was, "Pick out the most unattractive man you can find and marry him. They make the best husbands." (I jokingly told this before my husband once, and he almost divorced me.) I must admit I did not follow my Father's advice.

As I matured and understood my Father better, I began to appreciate more and more his real worth. At the time of his death there was a deep affection between us. He died of typhoid fever, on September 21, 1927, just at the time when there was so much for us to talk about.

The following letter was written three months before he died, in response to a Father's Day" card I sent him from Columbus, Ga., where I was visiting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eufaula, Ala.  
June 20th, 1927

My dear Henrietta,

I received your letter some days ago, and also your "Father's Day" card, this morning. You have initiated me in this Father's Day business for I did not know there was such a thing. At last, it seems father is coming in for some recognition. Hurrah for the fathers! Perhaps this great army of unrecognized and down-trodden persons may yet emerge from eclipse, in which they have



been groping for so long, and take their places in the sunlight, along side of the mothers who have been the opaque object that stood between them and the light since the days when the cave men went out of style. It was certainly thoughtful of you and I am happy to know that you are thinking of me, for you are always in my thoughts.

When I visualize something beautiful and good, my thoughts always turn to you. I may sometimes scold, but I love you very, very much.

Affectionately,  
Father

NOTE: This is the only letter he ever signed "Father." I called him Papa.

Aug. 12, 1910

Dear little Henrietta,

Today is your papa's birthday. I am so sorry I can not be with my little curly locks on my birthday. I miss your bright little talk and cunning ways. I hope you are having a good time going in bathing. Do you think the water is very cold? I think it is but I think it is very fine. It is such nice water to drink too. Did you see the pretty little fish in the spring? Get mama to show them to you. But you must remember what I am going to tell you. Don't ever run away and go to the spring by yourself because it is out in the woods and you don't know what is out there that might bother little girls when they are by themselves, and little girls when they run away might fall in the water where it is deep and sink to the bottom and could never get out again because they would drown and be dead. Don't go near the water except when mama holds your hand. When I come I am going to help you catch a little fish with a hook and a line. Will let you catch one when I show you how. When I come we will have a good time together. Now you must be a pretty little girl and don't give your mama any trouble because if you do I can never let you go off with her any more. If you cry and whine, your mama will not enjoy her trip and it will not make her well if she has to worry over you. So be a sweet girl. Papa is so anxious to be with you. Good bye. Will see you soon.

Lovingly,  
Your Papa

NOTE: We were staying at the old Hotel at Blue Springs, Ala.



The next two letters were written to an unidentified cousin and to my sister Mary.

March 9, 1901

My Dear Cousin,

I have the pleasure to announce to you the arrival at our house of little Miss Mary Flewellen McCormick. She put in appearance at 7:30 P.M. on the 7th. instant. Etta is doing as well as could be expected. The baby is pronounced a beauty.

I hope to make you acquainted with the addition to my family soon.

Yours,  
W. L. McCormick

\* \* \* \* \*

March 7, 1922

To My Mary,

Herewith is a small token that today, more so than usual, if that be possible, I am thinking of the sweetest girl in all the world and wishing for her with all my heart that she may have through out her life every good thing she may desire to make her life a happy one.

Papa

NOTE: This was Mary's birthday note.

### WILLIAM LOVE McCORMICK

William Love McCormick first saw the light of day on August 12, 1868, in Eufaula, Alabama. His father, George Chalmers McCormick, and his mother, Catherine Love Allan, were each of Scottish descent.

Will McCormick was rather short in stature, perhaps five feet, seven or eight. He had brown eyes and hair and a Roman nose which gave him a distinguished look. In personality, he was an introvert, inclined at times to be somewhat of a pessimist. Nevertheless he had a dry wit. The most fundamental part of his character was his sense of justice, and his integrity.

In 1886 Will McCormick attended the University of Alabama. He was a brilliant student who stood at the top of his class. It was his ambition to become a lawyer, but financial difficulties in the family caused his father to withdraw him from college at the end of his sophomore year.

A few days after Will's departure for the University his mother wrote to him, "You were at home so much and I had become accustomed to have you sit around the house and read all day, that I must say the place looks lonely enough without you."

In a letter from his father there was an enclosure of a money order for twenty dollars, eleven fifty of which his mother sent him to purchase a fraternity pin. "Buy a plain one, without jewels," wrote George C. to his son. (The McCormicks were frugal people.) Will joined the Sigma Nu fraternity.

Towards the end of Will's Sophomore year, came the blow, a letter from his father, "I shall want you to go to work in the store when you return this summer, and from the present outlook, will want you to continue at it for a year or two, after which time you may if you have no bad luck resume your studies.

*LETTER FROM GENERAL HENRY D. CLAYTON,  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA*

University of Ala.  
Oct. 21-'86

Mr. George C. McCormick  
Eufaula, Ala.

My dear friend,

Your letter was rec. last night and I very much regret its contents.

Will spent the night with me about a week ago. He had been a little under the weather, but is now quite well. Do you know that he now stands at the head of his class? At the close of last session he was second, but then the first man is not here, though expected soon but in all probability this will put Will ahead of him. I happened to be sitting with one of the Professors this evening on the campus, when Will passed by when the Professor spoke of him in such exalted terms that it did me good, because (between us) I can't help feeling a personal pride in all our *home* boys. He spoke of W s. standing in all his classes, and especially what the Professor of Chemistry said about his neatness and remarked that "he is a gentleman everywhere."

Now, George, you know your business best, but I know it will not offend you for me to ask you, and through you, that Will, will reconsider his purpose to leave here. He is doing so finely that it seems to me the best possible investment you can make.

My daughters are very anxious that yours shall come up and make us a visit. Let her do so when she can.



We have 200 cadets on the Rolls and 13 law students. We know that there are others coming. Everything is moving on nicely.

Truly yr fr  
H. D. Clayton

P.S. I will pay the a/c to Will as soon as I can go to town and get some change.

It was a pity that Will McCormick was called home from college to work for his father in the brokerage firm of "McCormick and Richardson." Will had an analytical mind and would have made a great lawyer or a judge, had he been allowed to follow his own ambitions; but this was not to be.

In April of '97, Will was married to Etta Copeland of Eufaula. Five years later, in 1902, they moved to Columbus, Georgia, where Will formed the partnership of "Banks and McCormick."

The McCormicks rented a house near the Carnegie Library, overlooking the Chattahoochee River. They had taken a colored woman named Celi, with then from Eufaula, to cook and help with the children. The tale goes, that one day the children burned a lot of paper in the fire place, catching the roof on fire, a neighbor seeing the blaze dashed in to inform the family. The children were evacuated to a neighbor's house, but when the firemen tried frantically to dislodge Celi from the kitchen, where she was cooking dinner, she refused saying, "You needn't think I'm going to let my white folks dinner burn up." By three o'clock the fire was extinguished, the firemen had departed, and Celi served dinner to the family on their own dining room table, set up under the trees, in their own back yard.

Etta was never very happy away from home; she was homesick; her mother had just died and she was anxious to return to Eufaula. Will's father wrote begging him to come back to his old job. So September, 1905 found them packing their belongings and turning their foot-steps homeward.

As the "Cannon Ball" (Central of Ga.) rounded the bend blowing the whistle for Eufaula, Etta breathed a sigh of relief, saying as she did, "Back to God's Country." Old Celi took several deep breaths then spoke her sentiments, "The honey suckle don't smell no where as sweet as in Eufaula."

The McCormicks bought a house on Broad St., next door to Will's family. Here the two girls spent their childhood.

In 1908, George McCormick organized a wholesale grocery company, with himself as the president. After his father's death, Will assumed the presidency of the corporation, a position he held until his death. Under his guidance, the business prospered.

EUFAULA GROCERY COMPANY  
(Incorporated)  
Wholesale Grocers  
Eufaula, Alabama

March 8th, '97

My Dear Etta,

You know it is a rare thing for me, but I spent last evening at home—I say home as it is the only place I am allowed to call by that name at present, while in fact, it has not that pleasant sound to my ears that the word home should carry with it. I can not feel that there is such a place for me without your ever gentle and loving presence. But we shall soon have one and such a one as I have described, where none of the ills of this existence shall enter to rack the heart, while guarded by that smile so sweet and so dear to me.

We spent last evening in discussing that most happy event. You know I never tire of talking of it when I have interested listeners.

The West View Floral Co. has been heard from. They can furnish all the Easter Lilies we want. Annie tells me that they grow in clusters, from a half Doz. to a dozen to each stalk. This being the case, do you suppose that the price is for a dozen stalks or for a dozen blooms? Do you mean for each girl to carry a 1/2 dozen of these stalks or a half dozen or more blooms? See the florist in Montgomery if you can without trouble and then I can determine where to place the order. But there is no great hurry about this and we can wait to discuss it on your return. I will therefore cease to fill my letter with it. Be sure to see Mr. Wolff—I shall not like it if you do not. Make your trip do for all time. I can not spare you again. I don't want you to have to go back a second time, as I am now contemplating a very lonely time till you return. I feel quite lost and know nothing to do but sleep, as I have never yet received that "real nice letter" from you which, if I had it now, I could read over every night and be more contented than I am. Sleeping you know is not one of my accomplishments since I have acquired other habits. It seemed quite strange that I should have been away from you on Sunday night—I trust this last one will in fact be the last of its kind. But every thing is for the best if we could only think so. I shall be the more happy to see you again. Make your stay as short as you can without having to go back a second time. Make it even shorter than my letter. Remember me to Miss Reese, and write me immediately on receipt of this or I shall be real mean to you the first opportunity I have. I am most affectionately,

Yours,  
(signed) William Love McCormick



Written a few weeks before the wedding of Will McCormick to Etta Copeland.

\* \* \* \* \*

McCORMICK GROCERY CO.  
(Incorporated)  
Wholesale Grocers  
Eufaula, Alabama

April 21/10

APRIL 21st 1897—APRIL 21st 1910

My dear Etta:

I wonder if it has occurred to you that this is our red letter day—the day of our marriage thirteen years ago. Just about this hour, 6 P.M. we were both preparing for the great event that was to insolubly link together our lives for better or for worse. Since that day we have had some of the “better” and some of the “worse,” but thanks be to Him who gives all things that are good, we have had more of the better side than of the worse side of life since that day. We have had our sorrows, but our joys have greatly outweighed them. We have had some of the bitters, but the sweets have been more lasting, and the older we become the more am I able to appreciate the good things that have come to us.

I loved you then, but I love you more now, and I feel that each day adds to the strength and depth thereof. My bride is more dear to me as time goes on and another anniversary is pushed behind us in to the past with all its memories. Let us look forward to the future with its responsibilities that each bears to the other, full of hope and confidence, trusting in an all wise and loving God who cares for His children, and believing that all good things that we should have will be added unto us.

Affectionately yours,  
(signed) Will.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following letter was written to Will McCormick while he was at the State University, it is from his mother, Catherine Allan McCormick.

Eufaula, Ala.  
Dec. 17, 1886

Dear Son,

We have just received your letter and we are all so pleased to know that you have done so splendidly in your Trigonometry. I

did not expect you to get one hundred though I knew you would receive at least ninety eight. Your Father sends his congratulations and is delighted at your success. If you do so well in the rest of your examinations, I think you will cover yourself with glory. I did not know I had so smart a son, though I always stuck to it that there was something in you to come out at the right time and that you did not have those eyes for nothing. Of course when you do so well it encourages your Father to send you back again and to try to keep you there until you get through. I am so glad that you will come at Christmas. I never was reconciled to the idea of your staying away. It would not have seemed like Christmas without you though I think the parting for six months is much more terrible than the one for three. I will try to get the badge for you some time after Christmas as I will have the chance to make the money myself off scholars and will not have to call on your Father for it. The girls will come back again to their lessons if nothing intervenes, though Mamies lessons go for Annies music lessons with the exception of two dollars a month from her. I have gotten along splendidly with them. Am never at a loss to explain anything, and am a little surprised at my self. I even teach arithmetic and Mental Philosophy. It is a good thing they do not require Geometry as I have forgotten that entirely.

We have been fixing up the house considerably. I have covered over my parlor furniture with red plush, bought several pretty chairs, one is perfectly lovely, had rockers, and covered with the plush looks good. I have also fixed up the dining room, new matting and a beautiful new crumb cloth in the middle of the floor, new curtains and also a new carpet for ma's room. I was quite anxious to get rid of the terrible "Receiving" at New Year and sincerely hoped that some one would ask Annie to receive with them, so as luck would have it Mrs. Ball invited her to receive with her, is not that splendid? She also asked Marie and Mamie, the latter refused and Marie will accept if she can get the dresses she has her heart on. If not she will refuse also. She wishes a white satin and will have no other. Annie has a beautiful white nun's veiling trimmed with garnet velvet which she wore to the theatre party. This will be the very thing for the reception. Miss Clara and Miss Ida Toney also Mrs. Oates and Cochran will receive with Mrs. Ball.

The wonderful Bazaar for the benefit of the "Youngs" (indistinct) is now going on and Annie said she made five dollars last night just selling a little fruit. The firm gave a barrel of flour so she says she is going to raffle that herself. She and Rosser dress just alike as two Kate Greenway maidens in short waists, tight skirts and great big bonnets. They look quite ancient and very sweet. The others have dresses of different nations, also booths of different nations in which the girls stand and sell the different



things. I wish you were here to enjoy the different amusements, especially the dancing though it cost fifty cents a night to dance and you buy a little bow of ribbon which entitles you to dance that night. Annie has done a great deal for the thing has worked harder than any of the girls, indeed some of them did not help at all. There are several prizes to be divided out on the last night. One is a gold bangle bracelet for the most popular girl and of course all the girls are hoping it is them. I wonder who will get it. I guess it will be Lillie Drewery as she seems to be loved by everybody and is considered the most intelligent girl in town. I have often wondered if she is so smart as people say she is.

I believe I told you that Miss Kate Durr was to visit Miss Anna Sylvester during Christmas week and Miss Lila Allen was to return this week though she did not come yesterday.

Your Father seems to be in better health now than he has in some time. His leg is much better I think, though he insists that it is not. This will be my last letter before I see you at Christmas. Your Grandmother is delighted at your coming and talks about you all the time. I hope to hear from you again soon.

Your Affectionate,  
Mother

NOTE: It was customary for the young ladies of the town, in the South, to receive at a Reception, on New Years Day. The young men would go from house to house calling.

\* \* \* \* \*

*LETTER TO WILLIAM L. McCORMICK FROM HIS FATHER,  
GEORGE C. McCORMICK WHILE WILL WAS A STUDENT  
AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY*

McCORMICK & RICHARDSON

Wholesale Grocers

George C. McCormick  
L. J. Richardson  
Wm. E. McCormick

Eufaula, Ala.  
Oct. 16, 1886

My dear Son,

We are again down with a serious attack of "Railroad Fever." Had a large and enthusiastic meeting at the Opera House last

night and if the project is followed up now, it seems we will at least have a railroad leading south to the Gulf, the name for the present is the "Eufaula and St. Andrews." Much more interest is manifested than was a year ago, and more general and liberal subscriptions are expected. It is certainly a matter of vital importance to Eufaula, and I earnestly hope it will now be pushed on to completion. The building of this road from here stops the enthusiasm of the Montgomery and Fla. and opens up to Eufaula a large district for trade, which must add greatly to her future, besides this it opens a new and in fact only route to what in time must become a most charming winter resort at St. Andrews. The vast and hitherto untouchd pine forest, through which it must go, it seems to me ought to make the road pay if it had nothing else to do. We have the promise of one hundred thousand dollars subscription from the St. Andrews Land Co., a Yankee corporation owning 40,000 acres of land around St. Andrews, having also a large city already laid out there. Besides this if Eufaula does her duty there will be no trouble about getting liberal subscriptions of money and land along the line. Altogether the thing looks "rosy" just now and I hope it may last. The abandonment of this project will virtually insure the extension of the Montgomery and Fla. Road which will at once, and forever destroy all chances of Eufaula ever getting this trade. It does seem to me therefore that now Eufaula ought to do something to save herself. Let us hope she will.

The town is full of prohibition men today. They have a meeting of some sort, which I hope will result in sending the stuff out of the country. I know no other news to write you. I believe we all are well again. I am not in my usual health, but much better and still improving.

I suppose you have met and known McKenzie son of my old friend and school mate, B. B. McKenzie. If he is anything like his father, you will find him a rare bird, but at the same time a first class boy. I hope you have recovered from your sick up, and are now all right. Will be glad to hear from you any day.

With Love and best wishes.

Affectionately,  
George C. McC.



## CHAPTER 4

### RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANDFATHER McCORMICK

In spite of the fact that grandfather McCormick died when I was only eight years old, I still have a very clear mental picture of him. He had a rather well-shaped head, dark eyes and sallow complexion, and wore a mustache.

The last time I recall seeing my grandfather, he walked past our house, which was next door to his. He was wearing a long black overcoat with a velvet collar and carrying a gold headed cane. Soon afterwards he was taken ill and died.

Grandfather used to love to have his brow rubbed and would pay my sister and me fifty cents to perform this service for him. Behind his left ear was an indentation about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. This was where he was wounded in the war.

In the last hours of his life he was delirious and fought all through each battle of the "War Between the States" in which he had been engaged. The most interesting part of the story was a warning which came to him in an apparition, just before the battle of "Snodgrass Hill." As he rode on patrol duty, the voice seemed to say to him, "Don't go near that tree. If you do, you will be killed." Heeding the warning, he pulled his horse away from his usual path as quickly as possible. Almost immediately a shell struck the tree, which would have fallen on him, had he followed his usual path. As it was, a piece of shrapnel hit him in back of his ear, severely wounding him.

Stuart Dent, son of Annie McCormick Dent, lived in the house with his grandfather McCormick. Stuart recalls his grandfather as a sweet old man who smoked a pipe. One day when Stuart was in his grandfather's room, he watched, fascinated, as the old gentleman removed his false teeth. "Grandfather," asked the amazed boy, "Can you take out your tongue too?"

It is strange the sort of things one remembers from their childhood about people they love,—most of them unimportant—but as time goes by, they are treasured all the more.

#### GEORGE CHALMERS McCORMICK

George Chalmers McCormick was of Scots-Irish parentage. He was born in Louisville, Alabama, a Scots settlement, on July 25, 1843. His father, William McCormick, a native of Laurinburg, North Carolina, came to Alabama in 1835. William was married in 1840 to Nancy Ann McKigney of Twigg County, Georgia. Nancy Ann's birthday is given as July 15, 1815.



*Catherine Love Allan  
The Scottish Lassie Who Married*

*George Chalmers McCormick*

*Annie Stuart McCormick  
Daughter of Catherine and George  
McCormick*





When the "War Between the States" began, George was only seventeen years old but he was among the first to volunteer. He enlisted on April 4th, 1861, as a member of the "Louisville Blues, which Company formed a part of the Seventh Alabama Regiment. At the expiration of twelve months, after a short visit home, he reenlisted in Hillard's Legion. This Command took a prominent part in the final desperate assault on Snodgrass Hill at the Battle of Chickamauga, Tenn. George was severely wounded in this battle, but he recovered in time to rejoin his Company, and to fight again in the long seige of Petersburg, Va., and was among those who surrendered with General Lee at Appomatax on April 9th, 1865. At the close of the War, George had risen from private to the rank of First Lieutenant.

Shortly after George returned home from the War, he moved from Louisville to Eufaula, Ala., where he entered the brokerage business with two partners, his brother, William E. McCormick, and L. T. Richardson. Their firm was called "McCormick and Richardson."

On Feb. 17th, 1867, George was married to Catherine Love Allan, the daughter of Janet Stuart and George L. Allan, Scottish immigrants. There were three children born of this union, the oldest, a son William Love, was born in 1868; the second child, a daughter, Annie Stuart came into the world on Sept. 10, 1870; a third, and last child, George Rossiter was born in 1873 and died in 1899.

In January 1908, George McCormick organized a wholesale grocery business known as the "McCormick Grocery Company." He became president of the Corporation and remained in that position until his death in 1913 when he was succeeded by his son, Will.

George McCormick was active in both the social and civic affairs of Eufaula. He was a member of the Masonic Order, Pythian, K. of H. and A. O. U. W. and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. In 1886 he busied himself with the promotion of a railroad through Eufaula, opening up a gateway to Florida, which he foresaw as a potential playground.

It was through his efforts that the first public school was organized in Eufaula (see Owen's History of Ala.). Both his grandfather and his father were school teachers and men of considerable learning, as well as planters. In a letter to his son, Will, George McCormick writes of his father, "As a teacher he devoted some of the best years of his life imparting learning to the children of others—being a teacher, but allowed his own children to grow up in ignorance about things of this kind." George McCormick sought to insure the education of his own children, as well as those of the other citizens of the town.

My father quoted my grandfather McCormick as saying, "No man ever presented me with a bill twice, I paid him the first time." The Rev. Lot Hill (an Uncle of Lister's) who was pastor of the Eufaula Presbyterian Church during my grandfather's lifetime, chose him as his best man in his wedding. Rev. Hill always referred to George McCormick as the finest character he had ever known.

\* \* \* \* \*

Copy of letter written in long hand by Geo. C. McCormick, Eufaula, Ala., Feb. 13, 1912, and addressed to his son, Wm. L. McCormick, and his daughter, Mrs. Annie McCormick Dent:

McCORMICK GROCERY CO.  
Wholesale Grocers  
Eufaula, Ala.

Eufaula, Ala.  
Feb. 13, 1912

At some time in the future, it may be desirable to know as much as I am able to tell you about your people. Unfortunately I know very little—the little, I have picked up here and there—my Father never told me anything.

Some of the information I gathered from tombstones I found in the Old Stewartsville Cemetery near Laurinburg, N. C. and the rest from the old McCormicks I found living there in 1904. One peculiar thing I noticed was the Scotch way of spelling the name which I will mention in passing. Among a great number I found buried there was my Father's sister, Miss Barbara McCormick. It seems that she was engaged to be married to a young Doctor Archibald Fairly who lived in Scotland. At her death he had the gravestone prepared and erected at her grave. This stone was sent out from Scotland and I noticed the name was spelled (McCormick) "McCormaig."

My father was a man of very considerable learning for his day and time, but he never told us anything. As a teacher he devoted some of the best years of his life to imparting learning to the children of others—being a school-teacher—but allowed his own children to grow up in ignorance about things of this kind. I know of no reason for not imparting his early family record and history to his children. So far as I know the name and family record are clean, and all spent outside of the jail.

My Grandfather, John McCormick, came from the little town of Appin, Argylshire County Scotland, to Richmond County (now Scotland County), N. C. sometime about the end of the 18th Century, most likely just after the close of the Revolutionary War as



I have no knowledge of his having been engaged in that war. He died there—Scotland County, N. C., 19th September AD 1831, aged 75 years. He was married—I have nothing more about them except that they had sons and daughters not a few. What he was was a large landowner, and owned quite a number of slaves. My Father, William McCormick left North Carolina in 1835 and settled at Louisville, Alabama, just in time to get into the War with the Creek Indians, and take part in the Battle of Pea River seven miles from Louisville.

I think it was in 1840 my Father married my Mother—Miss Ann McKigney at Louisville where they lived until the close of the War Between the States—during which time my Father died—1861. My Mother was the daughter of George McKigney and Mary Allen. I know nothing about this Grandfather—only that he was a young Irish Pedagogue—and like all of his stripe—willing to devote his life to the teaching of children of others but never thought it worth while to teach his own anything. I know no more about the Allen family—only that the family seems to have been one of considerable prominence and wealth, living in Twiggs County, Georgia. My maternal Grandmother married a second time to John Passmore, and moved to the neighborhood of Monticello, Pike County, Alabama some time about 1827, 8 or 9—don't know the date—afterwards moved to Louisville, Ala., where she died having reached nearly 100 years. She was a most excellent woman.

(signed) George C. McCormick

\* \* \* \* \*

## WAR RECORD OF GEORGE C. McCORMICK

*From the papers of W. L. McCormick*

On April the fourth, 1861, George Chalmers McCormick, a boy of seventeen, enlisted in the Confederate Service as a member of the Louisville Blues, which company formed a part of the 7th Alabama Regiment and was sent to Pensacola. At the expiration of the 12 months enlistment, after a short visit home, he reenlisted and was a member of Hilliard's Legion. This command was sent to East Tennessee as a part of General Gracee's Brigade; it took a prominent part in the final desperate assault on Snodgrass Hill at the Battle of Chickamauga. He was severely wounded in this assault on Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1863. While recovering from his wounds, Hilliard's Legion was reorganized into the 59th Alabama Regiment. He returned to his company D, took part in the long seige of Petersburg and was among those who surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox on April 9, 1865.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>See papers of W. L. McCormick.

## GEORGE C. McCORMICK

1st Lieut., Co. D., 59th Ala. Regt.

Gracee's Brigade, A.N. Va.

Pensacola '61—Albert Sidney Johnson, Bowling Green, 61-62

Bragg, Ky., '62—Chickamauga, '63—Petersburg, '64-'65

Appomattox

The above was printed on the business card of George C. McCormick.

\* \* \* \* \*

## WAR DEPARTMENT

The Adjutant General's Office

Washington

March 25, 1935

The records show that George C. McCormick, not found as George Chalmers McCormick, private, Captain Reeves' Company Light Artillery, Hilliard's Legion, Confederate States Army, enlisted April 30, 1862, at Louisville, Alabama.

About May, 1862, he became 1st Sergeant of Company B, 4th Battalion Hilliard's Legion Alabama Artillery, C.S.A., and promoted 2nd Lieutenant of the company September 14, 1862.

This company subsequently became Company D, 59th Regiment Alabama Infantry, C.S.A., and he was promoted 1st Lieutenant of the company June 17, 1864. The company muster roll for January and February, 1865, last on file, shows him present.

He was surrendered by General Robert E. Lee, C.S.A., and paroled at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865.

JAMES F. McKINLEY

Major General,

The Adjutant General.

By

\* \* \* \* \*

## HISTORY OF THE McCORMICK CLAN

*From an address of A. B. Gibson at Laurinburg, N. C.,  
June 16, 1954*

It is good to remind the McCormick youth that they are descended from a family, Cormac, which once ruled Ireland and Scotland for almost a thousand years, not in the relatively unimportant assumption that they are descended from a family which had regal claims, but in the stable and real knowledge that their roots go deep into the past and are rooted in integrity and strength of character passed on to them by good men and women of former gen-



erations. It is good to remind them of some of the traditions which belong to the earliest records of the family. For instance, that Brien Boruma, a notable king of Ireland of about 1000 A. D. was a Cormac, and that he introduced the pre-fix Mac to names, attaching it first to his Comac relatives (meaning a son or heir of Comac). It is good for them to know that their ancestors took a leading part in the Crusades. Much later they were Covenanters and had their full share of persecution for political opinions.

The events which led to the coming of the Scotch settlers to this section are fairly familiar to all. It does no harm, however, to refresh our memories concerning this stirring episode in our common heritage. England and Scotland were united under James I, son of Mary, Queen of Scots. The Stuart line of Kings continued to reign until 1688 when James the Second was driven from the throne and another line was established. When Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II, landed in Scotland with the help of the French to assert and maintain his rights to the throne, the Highlanders promptly rallied to his standard. Their loyalty resulted in disaster to their own immediate fortunes and closed forever the chapter for Charles. They participated in the disastrous battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746 which resulted in his flight to France and threat of harsher persecution for themselves. Many of that time took the famous oath of Culloden, by which they promised never to take up arms against the English king, and under the terms of that agreement were permitted to emigrate to America. Others fled to Ireland and later emigrated to America. In 1748 Neil McNeil brought over a large colony from the Highlands to North Carolina and settled them on the Cape Fear River. This was the beginning of a wave of emigration from the Highlands to the Cape Fear area which lasted for more than fifty years. The McCormicks were among the Scotch families who came in that great migration.

Into the southern area of what was to become, a little more than a century later, Scotland County, and into this community where this historic Church, Smyrna, was soon to be founded, came Duncan McCormick and his wife Catherine Carmichael McCormick, and their first born child Katherine, of Appin, Argyllshire, Scotland. They arrived at Ft. Johnson in Brunswick County on November 11, 1791 after more than sixty days in passage. They came in company with Duncan's brother, John McCormick, and wife, Mary McCormick, and their cousin, Rev. John McIntyre and his family. Here they lived simple lives, as did all the Scots of that great migration period. This was no land of great Mansions and easy living. On the contrary, it was a land of simple homes and long hours of unremitting toil. This was still a wilderness country. There were few more than 500,000 inhabitants in the United States

at that time, but these Scots had a tradition and they passed it on to their children and their children's children.

The name of this Church is Smyrna. It suggests another great heritage which is ours—Judeo—Christian tradition. In that tradition one of the worse fates that might befall a man was that he be blotted out of the book of remembrance. I am sure that this fate will not befall the McCormicks. I am sure that you will pass on your heritage. And now may I take a text for all I have said: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver or gold."



## CHAPTER 5

### KILBARCHAN, SCOTLAND

#### *BIRTHPLACE OF THE ALLAN FAMILY*

Many years ago, as I stood and gazed at the small marble shaft which marked my Great Grandfather Allan's grave, I made a mental resolution that one day I would go to Scotland and visit the little village whence my father's family had emigrated to America. The inscription on the Shaft reads:

"George L. Allan 1773-1843 born in Kilbarchan, Scotland. He builds too low who builds beneath the sky. This is a quote from Young's "Night Thoughts" a well known Scottish poet.

For years all visitors from Scotland who crossed my path were asked the question, "Did you ever hear of a town called Kilbarchan in Scotland." Not one had ever heard of it, so I began to wonder if it had become a ghost town.

In the fall of '57 Lister and I took a vacation trip to England and Scotland. Once again I began to ask, "Where is Kilbarchan?" One day while in Edinburgh we wandered into the National Tourist Bureau. They not only located Kilbarchan on the map for me but told me how to get there by bus. It is in Renfrewshire County, just ten miles from Glasglow, two miles beyond Paisley. Having found it, Lister turned to me and asked, "What do you expect to find there after a hundred years?"

I had not really considered, "Perhaps a few tombstones, maybe the answer to why papa's ancestors left their native land, maybe nothing at all," but I continued, "It is an adventure into the country."

The town of Kilbarchan was not quite a ghost town but almost. There was one main street with a lot of row houses each made of stone or cement. All were old and incredibly small. At one end of the town on a high hill stood a large church. Down the road a few blocks away I saw two churches side by side, one a delapidated old building, the other a more modern structure.

The busman asked where we wished to get off. "At the oldest church in town," I told him. In a few moments we found ourselves standing in front of a quaint wooden church with the date 1724 inscribed over the doorway. We tried the door. It was locked. We knocked on the door. There was no one around to admit us. Then we decided to wander about the church yard which was filled with graves and look for a familiar family name. This proved a difficult task. The grass was knee high and most of the graves were completely overgrown. Many of the visible gravestones were illegible. So we gave up the search and departed.

Where to go next? We might walk to the end of the street, it was only a few blocks long. On the edge of town we came upon

a walled estate, "The Manor House." Could great grandfather Allan have lived there? I hardly thought so. He would not have left such splendor and wealth behind to cross an ocean into an unknown land.

As we walked along the brick wall, which enclosed the "Manor House" from public view, I was thinking to myself, "At least I have trod the same streets as my forebears," when suddenly my eyes fell upon a fountain set into the wall. Above the fountain was a plaque with a man's face in relief. Beneath were these words, "Robert Allan poet 1774-1841 Kilbarchan 'Who wadno drink to our worth auld sire' erected by Kilbarchan General Society." My mind began spinning, "Was Robert Allan one of our relatives?" I copied the words carefully. I would check when I got home. "Was he a local Bard, or a well known Scottish poet?" A little research at the Library of Congress in Washington would tell me.

We stopped to chat with two old men who were loitering about the streets. "Were there any Allans or Stuarts still living there?" "No, no Allans, only one Stewart, an old man of 90 years." "Were there any places of historical interest we should see?" we asked. Our friend pointed to the "Weavers' Cottage" which had been recently reclaimed by the National Trust and opened as a Museum a few days before. A circular told us of the "Weavers' Cottage." "Its preservation contribute significantly to the preservation of the distinctive and historic character and appearance of Kilbarchan."

We gathered that weaving had been a thriving industry in Kilbarchan until the advent of electricity. Unfortunately for us the Curator had locked up and gone home for lunch and would not be back until three o'clock.

We decided we might have a bite of lunch. "Was there a restaurant, a tavern, a soda fount, or just a boarding house in town?" "None! Good Heavens." "What about a grocery store," we said, "where we could buy a cake of chocolate, some cheese and crackers, or a cup of tea—really anything at all?" "The stores were all closed. "Everyone in Kilbarchan went home to lunch and to rest," they told us.

"Oh, well, we had a plane reservation back to London at four o'clock. We might as well catch the bus back to Glasgow."

Since our return home I have found that Robert Allan was my Father's great uncle, a brother to Great Grandfather George Allan whose tombstone gave me the inspiration to visit his home town. The Library of Congress furnished me with three books containing poems by Robert Allan along with the following biographical sketch:

Robert Allan, Scottish poet, was born on Nov. 4, 1774 at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire County. Early in life he began to write songs, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. R. A. Smith set to music many of



his Scotch songs, published in the "Scottish Minstrel" (1820) and a number of them appeared in the "Harp of Renfrewshire." He had reared a large family and was poor and discontented, when he sailed for the United States, where his youngest son was a Portrait painter of promise. He died at New York on June 1, 1841, six days after his arrival. Allan's Scotch lyrics are melodious and occasionally pathetic, but seldom of more than average merit.

### THE MINSTREL

BY ROBERT ALLAN

(From "The Harp of Renfrewshire")

*Silent and sad the Minstrel sat,  
And thought on the days of yore;  
He was old, yet he lov'd his native land,  
Tho' his harp could charm no more.*

#### 2

*The winds of Heaven died away,  
And the moon in the valley slept,  
The Minstrel lean'd on his olden harp,  
And o'er its strains he wept.*

#### 3

*In youth he had stood by Wallace side,  
And sung in King Robert's hall,  
When Edward vow'd with his English host  
Scotland to hold in thrall.*

#### 4

*But the Wallace wight was dead and gone,  
And Robert was on his death-bed,  
And dark was the hall where the Minstrel sung  
Of Chiefs that for Scotland bled.*

#### 5

*But oft, as twilight stole o'er the steep,  
And the woods of his native vale,  
Would the Minstrel wake his harp to weep,  
And sigh to the Mountain gale.*

## THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET GLENGARRY

BY ROBERT ALLAN

*(From "Modern Scottish Minstrel")*

*The sun is setting on sweet Glengarry,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 O Bonnie Lassie, ye maun be my dearie,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.*

2

*Down yon glen ye never will weary,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 Bonnie Lassie, on bank sae briery,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.*

3

*In yonder glen ther's naething to fear ye,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 Ye canna be sad, you canna be eerie,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.*

4

*The water is wimpling by fu clearly  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 Oh! you sall ever be my dearie,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE ALLAN FAMILY

*(From the papers of W. L. McCormick)*

My great grandfather Allan, George Allan, married Catherine Love. See tombstone in the cemetery at Eufaula for dates of birth and death.

My grandfather, George L. Allen, married Janet Stuart. Both buried in Eufaula. See tombs for dates.

My mother, Catherine Love Allan, married Geo. Chalmers McCormick.

My grandmother Allan was the daughter of James Stuart and his wife, a Miss Manson.

Geo. Allan, my great grandfather, had one sister, Mary, who never married. Maybe other brothers and sisters.



My grandfather Geo. L. Allan had only one sister, Mary who married Dr. John Lang.

They emigrated from Scotland in 1840. Geo. Allan, George L. Allan, Mary Allan, Mary Allan the senior and Dr. Lang and wife. Also of course, my grandmother, who had one child, Margaret, born in Scotland, and afterwards married to Beauchamp.

My grandmother told her children that she was descended from the Royal House of Stuart through a younger branch of the family.

Alan, first Stuart King of Scotland, his son, Walter, 2nd Stuart King, founded the Abbey at Paisley, Scotland. Janet Stuart and George Allan were married in the Abbey at Paisley, according to church records.

The Allans came to America from Kilbarchan, Scotland, in 1840. They settled in Louisville, Ala. a Scottish settlement, later moving to Eufaula, Ala.

There is a shaft over the grave of George Allan which bears the following inscription, a quote from the Scottish poet Young's "Night Thoughts." "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."

### CATHERINE ALLAN

Catherine Love Allan was the daughter of George Allan and Janet Stuart of Scotland. She was born on August 24, 1843, in Louisville, Alabama.

There were three daughters and a son in the family. The oldest child, Margaret, was born in Scotland in 1836 and crossed the ocean as an infant, with her parents in 1840. She married George Beauchamp.

The youngest daughter, Mary, nicknamed "Honey," married D. Westley Danford. She lived to be 94 years old.

The son, George, who was called "Buddy," lived and died in Eufaula.

Catherine, or "Catty" as she was nicknamed, kept a journal during the year 1859, at which time she was fifteen years old. The following items are excerpts from her journal.

"Catty" attended Union Female College on College Hill in Eufaula. There she studied Latin, geometry, algebra, English composition, music, drawing and sewing. She spent some months embroidering a foot stool cover, but apparently became bored with it before it was completed.

She spoke of going up to the Observatory with Florida Copeland, a senior and valedictorian, to view Eufaula, "one of the most beautiful towns in the world."

In 1859, a "Hook and Ladder" Company was organized to

fight fires in Eufaula. The Rifle Club and Odd Fellows Club were the social clubs for men at the time.

Cattie was a deeply religious girl. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church. Once she refused Sacrament because "I did not feel worthy," she wrote.

Her father was a merchant of some sort, who went to New York frequently to buy his stock of goods.

In the year 1859 he was in New York and witnessed the celebration following the laying of the Atlantic Cable. Fireworks and a parade followed. He saw two of his relatives on this trip, James Stuart and Barclay.

"Cattie" visited Louisville, Alabama, where she stayed with relatives, Isabel and James. She also spent a week end with Mrs. McCormick at Blue Springs to enjoy the bathing. (It was probable that she met her husband, George C. McCormick, while visiting his mother.)

That same year she visited friends at Salem, Georgia, going by stage to Columbus then by train. The coaches were crowded and "I did not enjoy the trip since the coaches frequently turned over," concluded Catty.

NOTE. Diary owned by Mrs. Frank Garrison, Eufaula.



## CHAPTER 6

### FLEWELLEN FAMILY HISTORY

The first record of the name Flewellen in America comes from an old newspaper clipping which tells a sad story of a tragic shipwreck.<sup>1</sup>

"In the early days of this country a vessel was wrecked off the coast of Virginia or North Carolina, and among those saved were two children, a girl and a boy, whose parents perished. The girl was the older of the two, was named Betsy Taylor; the boy said his name was Dick, but could not tell his surname, and it was only from the girl who became acquainted with him on board the vessel that his name was found to be Flewellen. These children were taken in charge by kind and humane people and reared, and in after years they were married. It was not known from what country their parents emigrated, but the name indicated they were from Wales. The people spelled the name Flewellen as the child pronounced it instead of with an L—Llewlllyn as spelled in Wales.

"Betsy was born about 1680—Dick a few years afterwards. When they were married they lived in Bristol Parish, Va., and were still living there in 1727."<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

"Their descendent, William, born 1720 married Betsy Holloway in 1750, and moved to North Carolina before the Revolution. Their son, Abner, was born in Bristol Parish in 1760, so their removal to North Carolina did not come until after that date.

William Flewellen died in 1786. His will was dated December 26, 1784, Halifax County, N. C., proved August, 1786. Sons Alexander, Abner, Shadrach, and James and wife Betsy mentioned in will (Nancy dead). "James to have our large Bible. Movables to be divided among six sons, Howell, James, William, Taylor, Alexander and Abner. James and William and his wife named executors of Will."<sup>3</sup>

North Carolina Register gives will of John Holloway of Perquimans 1750, daughter Elizabeth first married Thomas Barclift mentioned in will (Betsy).<sup>3</sup>

References for Revolutionary Services—William Flewellen. The Militia of North Carolina to the state of North Carolina for sundries paid C. R. Cogwell treasurer of New Bern, N. C. district follows. Pg. 116 "Paid William Flewellen wagon hire vol—741 No. 476 July 1780. From state records of N. C. Vol. 12, pg. 610 Gen-

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FOOTNOTES: <sup>1</sup>See Etta Dent scrapbook. <sup>2</sup>Chamberlayne "Bristol Parish."  
<sup>3</sup>"House of Plant" by Plant.

eral Assembly of 1778 resolution "allowing William Flewellen 476 lbs. S. for the use of his teams at certain times from Dec. 1, 1778 to May 1779.

J. Bryan Gaines  
Sec. State

In Warren County Ga., in Warrenton there is a copy of Betsy Holloway Flewellen will 3-28-1794 in will book B. 1829-1852. This will does not include some of the children, Shadrach and Alexander EX.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ABNER FLEWELLEN

Abner Flewellen was born June 25, 1760, in Baldwin County, Virginia, "Bristol Parish." The records show that William Flewellen, the father of Abner, was living in Bristol Parish in 1761. He removed to North Carolina before the Revolution. The exact date is unknown.

Bristol Parish is located on the James River near Petersburg, Virginia, north of the Appomatox River and Powell Creek. The Parish was divided in 1742-1743 into Dale, Raleigh and Amelia Counties.

At the age of 15 or younger Abner decided to see the world. He ran away from home and went to Buenos Aries, S. A., for a year. Upon his return he enlisted as a private in the Continental Army for the Revolutionary War.

It appears that Abner Flewellen lived in North Carolina for a considerable period after the Revolutionary War. He married Miss Nancy Ann Lane of Halifax County, N. C., the daughter of a well-known planter, William Lane.

On October 9th, 1784, Abner received from the state the grant of a tract of land for 50 shillings a hundred acres, adjoining the land of William Flewellen.

His father, William, died just two years later, 1786.

On November 29th, 1792, Abner sold 280 acres for £ 100 to Joel Roper. It is quite likely that this transaction was in preparation for his removal to Georgia (Archives, Halifax County, N. C. "Plant Family").

According to Smith's History of Georgia, pg. 216, Abner Flewellen was a Captain of the 2nd Battalion of Militia from Warren County, Georgia, in 1797.

When Abner died in 1815 he was buried in Bibb County between Milledgeville and Macon, Georgia.

His tombstone reads:



Beneath Are the Remains  
of  
ABNER FLEWELLEN  
Who Died August 15, 1815,  
In the 55th Year of His Age

He was a virtuous citizen,  
a Revolutionary soldier,  
and for 13 years a Christian  
in the M. E. Church. He  
now sleeps in Jesus.

His wife, Nancy Ann Flewellen, died in December, 1846. She is buried near Clinton, Georgia. The inscription reads:

Sacred to the Memory  
Of  
ANN FLEWELLEN

Who in her every relation  
of life exhibited the kindest,  
noblest feelings of the heart.  
For more than a half century  
She lived a humble, consistent  
Christian in the M. E. Church.  
After a pilgrimage of 80 years,  
11 months, her weary earth-worn  
spirit sought its home in the  
Paradise of God.

(See National Number 40235-40234-54679, D. A. R. Library. See Habersham Chapter for record of Major Joseph Lane. See "Plant Family", tombstone inscriptions.)

#### *WILL OF ABNER FLEWELLEN*

Abner Flewellen's will is on record at Milledgeville, Georgia, dated September 12, 1812, proved November 20, 1815. He speaks of his wife Nancy (Ann), sons William and Abner H. Flewellen, daughters, Patsy Matthews, wife of Timothy Matthews, Betsy Lane Holt, wife of Tarpley Holt, Nancy Flewellen and Peggy (Margaret) Flewellen. The property bequeathed to Nancy, Abner and Peggy to be retained by the widow till they came of lawful age or marry, and they to be genteely supported out of the same, Peggy and Abner to be educated in such manner as his executors may deem best. The executors are Nancy Flewellen, Timothy Matthews, William Flewellen and Tarpley Holt. Pg. 229-230, "Plant Family."

*NANCY ANN LANE FLEWELLEN*

Nancy Ann Lane Flewellen was born on January 25, 1766, the daughter of William and Elizabeth Alford Lane of Halifax County, N. C. The Lanes were early settlers of North Carolina. The father of William Lane was Benjamin Lane, who received a grant of 250 acres of land in Edgecombe County from the North Carolina House of Burgesses December 1, 1744. William Lane was doubtless brought up on the farm thus granted to his father and reared his own family on the same estate. (House of Plant)

The will of William Lane, father of Nancy Lane Flewellen, is given on pg. 239 "Plant Family." The will is dated January 2, 1786—Halifax County, N. C. Proved, February, 1786. Names wife, Elizabeth, daughters, Jane Elbeck, Polly Battle, Ann Flewellen, Elizabeth Hill, two sons, William and Joseph, and a granddaughter, Tabitha Lane. Mentions his father, Benjamin Lane, as still living and provides that his wife shall have the care of the property of William, Joseph and Tabitha and support and school them. Jethro Battle and Abner Flewellen executors.

\* \* \* \* \*

*GENERAL WILLIAM FLEWELLEN*

General William Flewellen, son of Abner, was born in Jones County, Ga., on April 24, 1787. He was married Nov. 3, 1814 to Mary Thweatt (b. Aug. 6, 1797). Mary Thweatt is reported to have been a belle during the Indian War in Fla.; she fell in love with William Flewellen when he marched through Milledgeville, Ga. to get his Commission as a Captain.

A younger son of William and Mary Flewellen, Abner Holloway, who was born Feb. 14, 1830 became President of Andrew Female Institute in Cuthbert, Ga. He was also a signer of the "Secession Act of Georgia."

William's son, James T. Flewellen, who married Henrietta Fontaine of Columbus, Ga. history appears in the next chapter.

*COMMISSION OF GENERAL WILLIAM FLEWELLEN*

State of Georgia

By his excellency John Forsyth, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of this state, and of the Militia thereof:  
To William Flewellen, greeting.

We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, conduct, and fidelity, do by these Presents, constituted appoint you Brigadier General of the first Brigade of the fifth Division Militia formed for the defence of this State, and for repelling every hostile invasion there of. You are, therefore, carefully and



diligently to discharge the duty of Brigadier General by doing and performing all manner of things there unto belonging and we do strictly charge and require all officers and Privates under your command, to be obedient to your orders as Brigadier General. And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from me or a future Governor and Commander in Chief of this state, for the time being, or any other of your superior Officers in pursuance of the trust reposed in you. This Commission to continue in force during your usual residence within the Brigade to which you belong unless removed by sentence of a Court-Martial, or by the Governor, on the address of the two-thirds of each branch of the General Assembly.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the Executive, at the State House in Milledgeville this twenty fourth day of our Lord, one thousand eighteen hundred and twenty eight and of the Independence of the United States of America, the fifty-three.

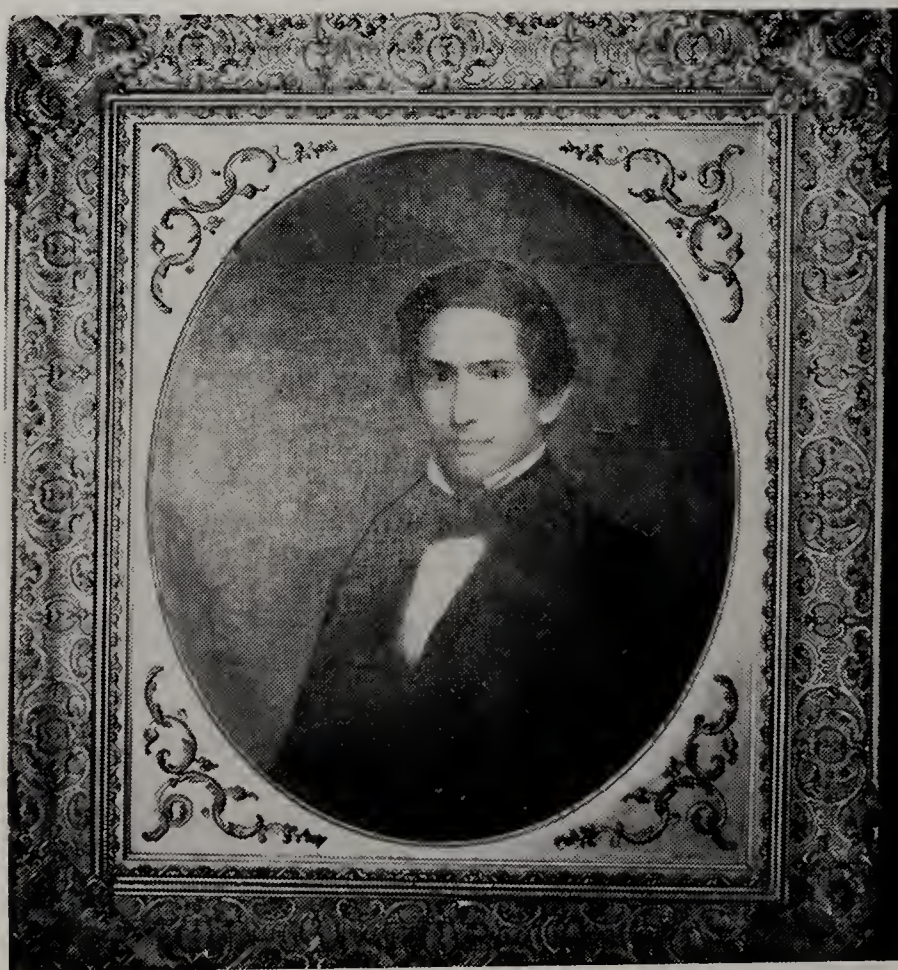
By the governor:

Hamilton, Secretary of State

I, William Flewellen, do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the State of Georgia, and to the utmost of my power and ability, observe, conform to, support and defend the Constitution thereof, without any reservation or equivocation whatsoever, and the Constitution of the United States.



*Henrietta Hargraves Fontaine*  
*First Wife of James T. Flewellen*



*Col. James T. Flewellen*



## CHAPTER 7

### COLONEL JAMES THWEATT FLEWELLEN

James Thweatt Flewellen was born in Clinton, Jones County (now Bibb County), Georgia in 1815, the son of General William Flewellen and his wife, Mary Thweatt Flewellen.

“Prince Jim,” as he was often called, was a tall, dark, handsome man of great personal charm, dignity and pride, with a courtly manner. Tom Owens states in his “History of Alabama” that he was descended from Prince Llewellen of Wales.

Jim was a cultured gentleman and a brilliant conversationalist. He was educated at William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia, and at the Harvard Law School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, receiving degrees from both.

Before the “War Between the States” he traveled extensively in this country and in Europe. Being a man of discriminating taste, he purchased many objects of art on these trips, including a Rococo Pearl Chair—which was referred to as “The Throne.” Because he was a man of great extravagances he managed to run through three fortunes in his lifetime, his first wife’s, his second wife’s and his own. Had the South not gone down in defeat in its struggle to preserve its way of life, he might have salvaged more of his estate.

His first wife, Henrietta Hargraves Fontaine, was the daughter of John Fontaine of Columbus, Georgia, a wealthy planter and merchant. They were married on January 18, 1849.

There were two children of this marriage, a son Abner born on December 24, 1849, and a daughter, Mary, born on December 1, 1852. The son lived only two years, dying on December 11, 1851.

The Flewellens lived in Columbus the few short years of their marriage. Jim practised law and looked after their plantations.

The plantation in Russell County, Alabama was a wedding gift from John Fontaine to his daughter Henrietta. The other plantation located in Quitman County, Georgia, belonged to Jim.

On one of his inspection trips to the farm Jim was exposed to scarlet fever, a disease which had broken out in the negro quarters. It is thought that he brought the germs home in his clothing, for his wife contracted the disease and died on December 12, 1857. At the time of her death she was expecting her third child.

Her body lies buried beside that of her infant son, Abner, in the cemetery in Columbus, Georgia. Above her grave stands a six foot marble shaft which was imported from Italy at a cost of two thousand dollars. The name “Henrietta” is encircled by an embossed wreath of roses.

Little Mollie was only five years old when her mother died. She spent much of her early childhood with her Uncle Charles

Stewart and his wife Mary, who was her first cousin. The Stewarts owned a plantation at Chunneguegee Ridge between Columbus, Georgia, and Union Springs, Alabama. Mollie loved the Stewarts very dearly and it was their desire to adopt her but her father would not allow it.

On March 12, 1861, four years after the death of his first wife, Jim married another wealthy Columbus lady, Margaret Crawford. Margaret was the daughter of Joel Crawford and a niece of William H. Crawford who was nominated for the Presidency of the United States in 1824. (He died before the election.)

At the time of his second marriage Jim Flewellen was living on College Hill in Eufaula, Alabama (Wilkerson House, now demolished). His daughter Mollie was a student at the Union Female College, next door. She and Sallie Bullock Moulthrop were the two youngest students in the school. When word reached the little girls that Mollie's father was returning with his bride, they stood glued to the fence, hoping to catch a glimpse of Mollie's new stepmother.

Soon Mollie was sent for to be introduced to her father's wife. It was just before the noon meal when she arrived. As she waited for some of the family to appear she discovered that the dining room table was set with her mother's flat silver. It was then that the demon jealousy crept into her childish heart. She quickly gathered up all the flat silver from the table and ran with it into her room, where she hid it beneath the rug.

Apparently, the step mother never forgave her for this childish display of jealousy, for Mollie said in later life, "I was a very lonely child who never knew a mother's love."

The Flewellens lived in lavish style. Jim was a devoted husband who showered his bride with many jewels, a seed pearl necklace, large diamond earrings and a lovely coral rose set.

Their first child, a daughter named Lucy, was born in 1862. Shortly after her birth the Flewellens moved to the Russell County Plantation. It was here that their son, Walter, was born. Then there was a second son, Crawford, born in 1867; he died when an infant. Their 4th and last child, a son named Arthur, arrived on the scene May 30, 1870.

When war broke out "Between the States" Jim was among the first to volunteer. He received a commission as a Colonel, after which he organized the 39th Alabama Regiment, equipping it at his own expense with uniforms and all necessary supplies except guns. The regiment then marched forth to join forces with General Henry D. Clayton, under whom they fought.

At the close of the War, the South was desolate, hungry and bankrupt.

Colonel Flewellen returned home a poor man. With his slaves



freed, farming became more and more difficult and times grew harder each day.

There is a family legend that Jim Flewellen was so pressed for money after the War that he drove down town one day to borrow seventy-five dollars. On his way home he saw a bird dog which caught his fancy, and nothing would do but he had to purchase the dog for seventy-five dollars.

Then there is another story that a man went to serve a paper on him for collection of debts and he was so incensed that anyone would insult him thus that he shot him in the arm. Fortunately, the man did not die, and Flewellen was acquitted.

In April, 1865, when Lee surrendered at Appomatox, many of the South's leaders were taken into custody. Among them were Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens. Judah P. Benjamin, the Solicitor General of the Confederacy, had been with Davis at Abbeville, S. C., but they separated, and Benjamin made his way to Georgia. There is an interesting bit of history concerning the escape from capture of Benjamin. When Federal troops sought to arrest him, he eluded them. Disguised as a fisherman, he floated down the Chattahoochee River in a boat to the landing of Jim Flewellen's plantation in Georgia. Benjamin and Flewellen were devoted friends. It was Jim Flewellen who sheltered Benjamin and gave him clothing and helped him to escape to Bradenton, Florida. On June 23rd he left Florida and made his way to England, where he became a famous lawyer.

Colonel Flewellen received a full pardon from the Federal Government in 1865 for his participation in the War of Rebellion. But these were unhappy times for the people of the South.

Eufaula's population in 1870 consisted of 1,545 whites to 1,340 negroes. In 1874 on election day there was a race riot on when the negroes attempted to vote at all balloting places.

With the loss of slaves, land dropped from fifty dollars an acre to four or five dollars. This caused a panic in 1873.

In spite of his financial difficulties, Jim Flewellen managed to send his daughter, Mollie, to a fashionable boarding school. She was entered in the Patapsco Female Institute in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1868. Here she remained until her graduation. She was not allowed to come home for vacations on the excuse that it was too hot, or that she must get an education. At any rate, she was a very lonely girl.\*

Mollie was an art student of considerable talent. When she finally finished at Patapsco, she shipped several crates of her paintings home, eager to display her handiwork. When the paintings arrived with fifty dollars express charges, her father refused to

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\*See Etta Dent scrapbook—letter from J. T. Flewellen.

redeem them. He probably did not have the money, but it was a bitter disappointment to his daughter.

The Flewellen family seemed to have moved about quite a bit during their marriage. When Mollie left home for boarding school, the family lived in a mansion in Columbus. Upon her return they had moved into a log house on their plantation near Eufaula.

Not being happy in a log house in the country, Mollie spent a great deal of her young ladyhood visiting her dearest friend, Tade Bray, in Eufaula.

The old Bray house located on Randolph Street was originally built by Senator Pugh; it was later bought by Will McCormick for Mollie's daughter, Etta.

It was in the north parlor of this house that Dr. William P. Copeland proposed marriage to Mollie.

Soon after Mollie's marriage to Dr. Copeland, the Flewellens moved to Cuthbert, Georgia. Colonel Flewellen had secured a job teaching languages at the "Andrew Female Institute." At that time, his brother, Abner Flewellen, was President of the Institute.

In December, 1873, Colonel Flewellen received an appointment as Solicitor of the Patanlo Circuit in Georgia, for a term of four years.

Eight years later, in 1887, they moved again, this time to Washington, D. C., where Colonel Flewellen had succeeded in obtaining an appointment through Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia as an attorney in the U. S. Patent Office. This proved to be their last move.

Their daughter, Lucy Flewellen, had married a Georgian, Jim Newton. Mr. Newton was also employed at the Patent Office. Later, when Woodrow Wilson became President, he appointed Jim Newton Commissioner of Patents.

Jim Flewellen stayed on at the Patent Office until he died from a stroke on February 24, 1894. After his death Margaret took a job at the Patent Office, where she continued to work until her death in 1919.

Both Jim Flewellen and his wife Margaret are buried on the Copeland lot in Eufaula, Alabama. Their son Arthur lies beside them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Song which appeared in "Spirit of the South" by John Black (there are many verses).

#### SOUTHERN RIGHTS SONG

1st verse. Ye patriot Whigs of old Barbour,  
Ye patriot Democrats, too,  
Your bright sunny South is in danger,  
She calls on her sons to be true.



2nd verse. Our glorious loved constitution  
 Abolition's fell spirit would yield,  
 To wrest from us rights neath its sanction  
 Of which it's the bulwark and shield.

3rd verse. To the House, then, send Shorter and Jason.  
 They're able, true Southern rights men.  
 In the Senate place gallant Flewellen.  
 Leave Sanford at home to soothe Ben.

See Etta Dent Scrapbook, clipping paper.

### PARDON OF JAMES T. FLEWELLEN

Andrew Johnson

President of the United States of America

To all to whom these presents shall come, greetings:

Whereas, J. T. Flewellen

of Russell County, Alabama, by taking part in the late rebellion against the government of the United States has made himself liable to heavy pains and penalties;

And whereas, the circumstances of his case render him a proper object of Executive Clemency;

Now, therefore, let it be known, that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, divers other good and sufficient reasons me there unto moving, do hereby grant to the said J. T. Flewellen a full pardon and amnesty for all offences by him committed arising from participation, direct or implied, in the said rebellion, conditioned as follows, viz.: this pardon to begin to take effect from the day on which the said J. T. Flewellen shall take the oath prescribed in the Proclamation of the President dated May 29, 1865, and to be void and of no effect if the said J. T. Flewellen shall hereafter, at any time, acquire any property whatever in slaves, or make use of slave labor; and that he first pay all costs which may have been accrued in any proceedings hither to instituted against his person or property

(second page)

and upon the further condition that the said

J. T. Flewellen

shall notify the Secretary of State, in writing, that he has received and accepted the foregoing pardon.

In testimony where of, I have here unto signed my name and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this eleventh day of August  
A. D. 1865, and of the independence of the U. S.

Andrew Johnson

By the President.

Act. Sec. State\*

LETTER OF JAMES T. FLEWELLEN TO HIS DAUGHTER  
MOLLIE

At plantation  
Apr. 25, '68

My dear Daughter,

We are in receipt of several letters from you recently, and also the quarterly report of your studies and deportment. I am anxious to see a report with "50" opposite every study and I hope you will continue to strive until you secure it.

In your last letter you speak of coming home this summer, and I thought I told you when I was in Baltimore that you must take a summer course in French and drawing at Patapsco. You would certainly be sick if you were to return home in the summer, and though we are all anxious to see you, yet I have no other thought concerning you, but to fit you, as best I may, for the position you are to fill in society after you leave school. I beg you to think of nothing but your studies as nothing will so mortify me as to see you wanting in anything that may be reasonably expected of you by myself, or any of your friends after you enter society. I shall give you every advantage of study and travel to make you equal to anyone, and if you are not so it will not be my fault. Don't think I am mean about coming home, as I shall go on during the summer to see you.

Miss Mollie Shorter married Mr. Perkins of Kentucky on last Thursday, and your uncle Thee and Frank were at the wedding. They will go north this summer and will call to see you, and I told your Uncle Thee to get Mamie to take you on a short northern tour.

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\*Although President Andrew Johnson had frequently expressed himself to the effect that secession was treason and that the leaders of the secession movement should be punished as traitors he did not hold that the Confederate States were conquered territories to be dealt with in such manner as Congress might see fit. Accordingly, on May 29th, 1865 he issued a general amnesty proclamation granting full pardon to all ex-Confederates (except certain leaders) who would take an unqualified oath of office of allegiance to the United States. This was in direct opposition to Thaddius Stevens and a group of Members of Congress. The power to Pardon, is one power which the Congress cannot deny the President of the United States.

The above Pardon of James Flewellen is typical of the Pardons issued to the leaders of the Confederacy.



Willie Mitchell and Annie Dawson will marry next week and I learn that Emma Hill will be one of the attendants.

If you could only know one half of the anxiety I feel about your education you would devote every energy and thought to meet my wishes, and I wish you to improve during your vacation in general reading, French and drawing. Your mother and the children are very well, and send love. Your uncle Ab's family and the relatives generally are just as you left them. Your mother will write to Mrs. Archer about your clothes. Write often.

Your affectionate Father  
James T. Flewellen

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTER TO ETTA COPELAND McCORMICK FROM  
MRS. MARGARET C. FLEWELLEN

Washington, D. C.  
March 15, 1908

Dear Etta,

I was delighted to get your letter and wished it had been three times longer for I enjoy hearing from you, Eufaula news. Yes, you have had some charming social functions and in reading of them I feel almost homesick for I never have anything of that kind here. My life is a treadmill just to keep out of the poor house. The only rift in the monotony is that every Saturday evening I take tea or rather hot supper with a friend and then later on we have a little game of Eucher. Every day in the week I work from 9 o'clock to 4:30, come home, rest and read my evening paper, get ready for six o'clock dinner and afterwards sit a while in the parlor if there is anything to see which is seldom. I come to my room, sew or write letters and read, so you have my life in a nut shell. I remember that letter of your grandfather's written in Rhyme—Poor old mother Johnson thought so much of it. It is good. I wish I had the blank verse your grandfather wrote to me after meeting me the first time in "Marble Palace" in New York City. The hotel was the old St. Nicholas now torn down years ago, but in moving around many old letters and papers were lost. In those days of my married life it never seemed to me that things would change and I would be left utterly alone and helpless as to protectors and loved ones, but I will not dwell on such sad realities—yes I saw a notice of Col. Treutlens death in the Cuthbert Paper also Eli Shorter some time ago.

Your Father wrote of the trouble he had with his Buggy Boy and why the "scrap prevented him from going to the funeral. He also wrote of the illness of your family which was very trying to

you. I fully sympathize with you about Mary's high fevers, but am glad that you are now well again. Your toast to the Club dinner was fine. I know Will is proud of you.

In regards to the U. D. C. placing a little tablet on the grave of my husband, I have no objections. Your Grand Pa was a Col. of the 49th. Ala. Regiment, he raised and equipped the Regiment, paid for everything except the arms, and they were furnished by the State I think. His Commission was in that old Secretary at Mrs. Harris's that was also lost and so is everything now. This all cost your Grand Pa a pile of money. The reason he, and so many others joined an Alabama Reg. was because Georgia's quota was already full. They camped at Opelika for several weeks in the spring of 1862. Then the Reg. was ordered to Bragg's Army in north Miss. at Tupelo and near by. Your Grand Pa was taken ill out there and sent back to Georgia in 63, and put in a substitute, and in 65 was at Columbus, Ga. to defend the city, just before the entire surrender of the Confederate army. General Clayton's older children ought to know all about the history of the Regiment. Your Uncle Ab was a Capt. in the 39th Ala. Reg.

We are having spring weather, the trees are fringing in small green leaves. The Mercury was 87 on Friday but a cold wave is on the way and next week it may be freezing. Excuse scratched paper, do write to me soon again.

So you wear a "Merry widow Hat?" Love to all,

Yours as ever,  
Muddie

\* \* \* \* \*

### LIST OF MEN WHO SERVED UNDER COL. JAMES T. FLEWELLEN

#### 39th Ala. Regiment

Fabian W. Adams	William Borland	William M. Collins
Lewis N. Adams	(or Boland)	T. S. Cummings
Isaac H. Allen	J. A. Bonficle	Ed. H. Crews
John P. Anderson	J. L. Bodiform	David A. Coy
William H. Anderson	Eliza Brady	D. R. Cox
W. B. Barksdale	James L. Bradford	Lazarus F. Devane
John A. Barefield	H. Brannon	M. Dobbins
M. M. Barrington	John D. Bryan	Jerry Foulk
Millard L. Bates	J. J. Bush	Lonny Foulk
Robert W. Barr	James A. Cameron	L. Foreham
George W. Beck	Nelson Chandler	W. F. Freeman
James A. Bell	Jason Cleghorn	Andrew R. Garland
James A. Benton	James S. Clemmons	S. W. Gibbons



Thomas A. Griffin	J. A. McQuaie	Thomas A. Smith
William F. Griffin	Angus McNeil	George W. Smith
Jackson Grimes	Charles Merritt	F. W. Smith
Dolphius Hall	Hansel Middleton	John P. Smith
Sam Hall	John F. Moore	John D. H. Smith
Elizah Harrod	Thomas E. Morgan	Willis Spiver
Sterling D. Hause	M. M. Morgan	Benjamin Standford
John P. Hightower	Benjamin F. Newberry	Evans Strickland
Thomas A. Y. Hawkins	John E. Newberry	Francis Toler
Green B. Hunt	Charles H. Newman	Jacob A. Tarver
Henry W. Hunt	John T. Nolen	William D. Tendall
Granville Jacobs	William A. Nolen	W. B. Usary
William H. James	Johana M. Parks	William J. Usary
David A. Johnson	John L. Parsons	William H. Vinson
John S. Jones	James Peacock	John N. Wilken
Jacob A. Jones	Ebernezer Priest	William Wilford
W. H. Leadbetter	George Redman	James S. Wilson
William R. Long	James R. Robinson	Eli A. Walden
Barnett B. McCormick	John C. Ross	John Wills
W. A. McAlpin	A. Scarborough	W. A. Wiley
Daniel McKee	Sidney A. Sibley	
Capt. J. T. Flewellen	4th. Sgt. John A. Wills	
Ist. Lieut. J. C. Mitchell	5th. Sgt. Ebernezer Parish	
2nd. Lieut. Thomas J. Brannon	1st. Corp. Morris Morgan	
3rd Lieut. E. L. Thornton	2nd. Corp. Stevens W. Gibbons	
1st. Sgt. Alphius L. Gaston	3rd. Corp. John F. Moore	
2nd. Sgt. John C. Ross	4th. Corp. Moses Dobbins	
3rd. Sgt. William L. Brannon	Commissary, Rufus D. Jordan	

## TO MY MOTHER

*"O sweetest little Mother dear!  
I see you still as you used to be  
With eyes so blue and smile so rare,  
I love the very thought of you,  
From your dainty feet to your silver hair.*

*Watch over me, stay thou near,  
My guardian angel be.  
For love such as thou gavest me  
Must reach beyond the stars  
And live, through all eternity.*

—ETTA FONTAINE MCCORMICK  
Feb. 2, 1915

*To Him's whom she is, must flow  
back with the tide."*



## CHAPTER 8

### MARY FLEWELLEN COPELAND

Life began again for Mollie Copeland when she was established in a home of her own with a husband who adored her. She found a greater happiness than she had known since the death of her mother.

The young physician's wife busied herself with the social life of the community, church work and various civic improvements.

It was she who originated the idea of parks in the center of Eufaula's broad streets. The first park in town was laid out at her instigation in front of the Copeland house. Mollie spent many hours planting shrubbery and the lovely old oak trees which have added so much to the charm of Eufaula. In appreciation of her labors, and in her honor, the citizens of Eufaula named this park "Copeland Park."

With the coming of motherhood, Mollie's happiness was complete. Her first child, a daughter, was born on February 23, 1876. She was christened Henrietta Fontaine for the mother Mollie had loved so dearly and lost. Much of this affection was lavished upon her first born.

Six years later on May 23, 1882, there was a second daughter born to the Copelands. This little girl was named Caroline for the mother of Dr. Copeland; from that day on, Caroline occupied a very special place in the heart of her father. She was his constant companion, and after his tragic accident accompanied him on many of his calls to carry his bag for him.

Their third daughter was born on September 24, 1884; she was named Sarah Matilda for a devoted friend who lived with the Copeland family. By the time the fourth daughter arrived on the scene on December 26, 1886, the family had given up hope of having a son, as a consequence this young lady was given the name of her father, William Preston.

Besides the four children, the Copeland's household included Miss Sally Johnston, a cherished friend in reduced circumstances, and Arthur Flewellen. Each of the two permanent house guests shared on equal terms with the rest of the family, for the Copelands were kind and generous people.

Miss Sally who was called "Auntie," was a sweet gentle soul who loved the children as her own. She was noted for never making an unkind remark about anyone. She would say, "Father always taught us to praise people and say kind things every day."

Arthur was the youngest child of Jim and Margaret Flewellen. When his parents moved to Washington, he age fifteen, came to live with his half sister. The girls adored Arthur and called

him "Bud," for he was like a brother to them. Arthur remained with the family until he grew to manhood and could earn his own living. In later years he moved to Texas, returning to Eufaula an ill man, and shortly thereafter died of Tuberculosis.

Mollie Copeland had a great enthusiasm for life. When she laughed, as she often did, her eyes sparkled with merriment. She loved people and was intensely loyal to those she loved. There was no littleness in her nature.

She was never a robust person. In 1894 she lost the sight in one eye from Glaucoma. Then in 1891 she became ill. Seeking to regain her health, she took the four girls to Marietta, Georgia in June 1896.

Etta and Will McCormick had been seeing quite a bit of each other. The following letters were written to Will McCormick from Marietta, while Etta was there with her mother and sisters.

LETTER TO WILLIAM L. McCORMICK FROM  
ETTA F. COPELAND

Marietta, Ga.  
June 11, 1896

My dear Mr. McCormick,

Your letter was forwarded to me from Atlanta, has been in my possession for several days but it is unreasonable to expect me to answer immediately when I have the care of my Mother and three little sisters. I am sorry you are angry with me, you mustn't be so any more because then I might believe what some one told me about your temper. You see I did not wait from any "silly notion" only five minutes has elapsed since I received your second letter. I don't see why you can not write two to my one anyway. I have been in Marietta before and had such pleasant recollections of the place that I was quite eager to come when Papa suggested it. They claim at least five thousand inhabitants, it is not at all a stupid place; they have Germans, Card parties, and most of the girls have wheels and I have met several very charming young men already.

One of my Atlanta friends asked me to run over some evening and take in the "Summer Opera" with him, but of course right now, I have given up everything for Mama. As for Eufaula society I have considered myself an outcast since one Mr. Eddie Weedon ceased to smile upon me. We were only in Atlanta one night and are at present staying at the "Hedges" an ideal Summer boarding place but a little out of town. So will change Friday. My address will be care Miss Lizzie Marlowe. The Marlows are lovely people and it is considered the best place in town. Another reason we are going to move is Mama is quite anxious to be near her Uncle



Dr. Stewart. He is without exception the most charming old man I know, a gentleman of the old school. He has placed his carriage at our disposal and we spend a great deal of time with him. Mama is steadily improving, and I shall try and keep her here until August, but she is homesick already and I have no idea will remain longer than two weeks. You spoke of coming to see me should we remain until the fifth of July. I know of nothing that would give me more pleasure than to have you come and sure you would enjoy a trip up "Kenesaw Mountain" and a drive over this most picturesque country. The view of the mountains from the lawn is beautiful. My favorite place is out on the "Joggling Board," where I am now writing. Wish you were here with me for a chat would be so much more pleasant than words on paper—then too your letters are always typewritten but I am not going to say anything more to you on that subject.

On reading over this letter I fear you won't consider it an answer to yours, but really I cannot say more, than was said at our last interview. With regards to Dr. Cato.

Most Sincerely Yours,  
Etta F. Copeland

Wednesday. P.S. I wish you could arrange to come up next week. The children have used this pen.

\* \* \* \* \*

# LETTER TO WILLIAM L. McCORMICK FROM ETTA F. COPELAND

Marietta, Ga.  
June 1896

My dear Mr. McCormick,

On opening your letter I was charmed to see it was in your own hand writing but since you are not fond of using the pen, I give you free permission to use the typewriter. I believe the typewritten ones were the sweetest anyway. At any rate they were not filled with the charms of Miss Norwood and Clayton and Ozark sweethearts, but you write well no matter on what subject. Mama and I spent yesterday in Atlanta, saw several friends and had a very pleasant day. I am glad to say that Mama is now her old self again.

For the last week Marietta has been positively gay for me. We have three very charming young men in the house and three girls besides Miss Marlowe's brother who is quite a musician and we spend evenings playing cards. The beau of the town, a charming old man of about thirty five or forty, President of the bank and owner of large estates was here all day Sunday and nearly bored

the existance out of me. He has been given to me for a sweetheart, so of course I had to play the agreeable. I went driving yesterday afternoon and am going out and to a small card party tonight.

Louise Barnett is here for the Summer and I see a great deal of her. You know she is a young lady now and will go with our crowd when she returns home which will not be until Fall, however as they will remain here all Summer.

I understand perfectly your other letters about silly notions and was not speaking literally about temper. I don't think our house will look lonely much longer as Mama has about decided to send three of us home in about ten days and just keep one of the little girls with her.

Wednesday 17. Some one came in and prevented my finishing this year at the time. I will be glad to get home again although I am having such a nice time. Papa writes that he is lonesome so instead of this Sunday I think you will see me next Sunday July fifth.

Hoping to see you soon.

Most Sincerely Yours,  
Etta F. Copeland

Wednesday

\* \* \* \* \*

It took Will McCormick several months after the family returned from Marietta, to persuade Etta to become his wife. Etta loved home and felt that her mother needed her. They were finally married, but only after Will had consented to occupy the new wing on the Copeland's house, which was built especially for them. After their honeymoon they came back to Eufaula and settled in with the Copeland family. — Let's turn the pages and take a peek at the Copeland Family.



## CHAPTER 9

### LULLABY

*Sung by Mollie Copeland to Her Children*

*Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing,  
Let us praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise Him, bringing happy voices,  
Voices, voices sounding like the  
Songs of angels around the throne.*

*How kind is Jesus and how good  
It is for Him to shed His blood  
For us, but Jesus is reconciled,  
For Jesus loves a little child.*



### FAMILY LIFE OF THE FOUR SISTERS

The Copelands were noted for their hospitality and lavish entertainment. All guests were made to feel at home by the warmth of the welcome given them by Mrs. Copeland and her four daughters.

Friends and relatives came to visit and stayed on for months. There was a continuous stream of them.

Many of these house guests arrived by boat from Columbus. In those days the riverboats were a familiar scene on the Chattahoochee.

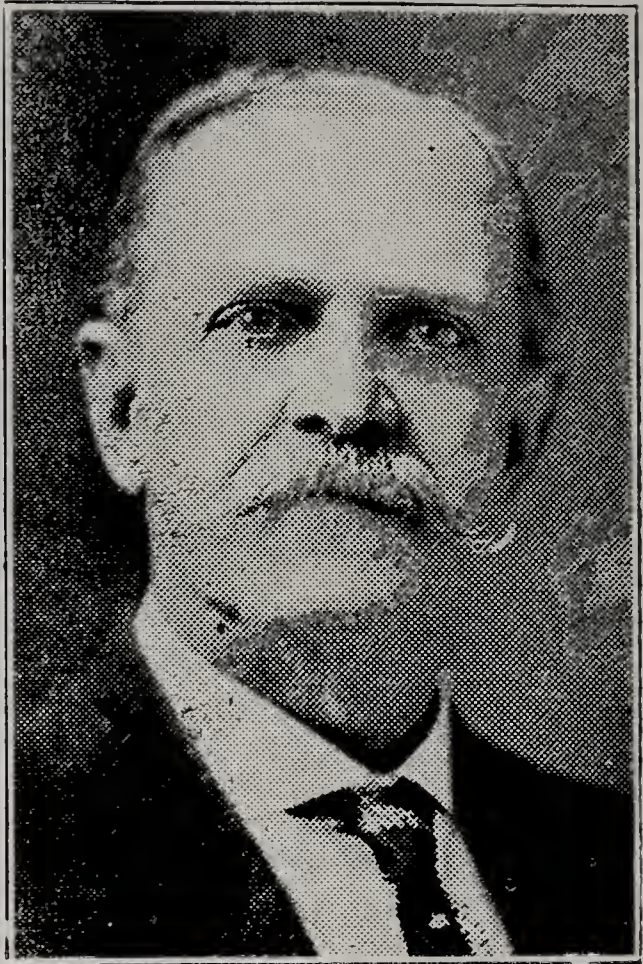
Guests came winter and summer, in spite of a few minor inconveniences. During the winter months there were times when the Copeland's large, rambling Victorian house was icy cold. Southern houses with their sixteen foot ceilings were built for the long, hot months, not for the occasional freeze which struck several times a year. There was no central heating in any of the Southern homes. Unless you stood right in front of the open fire you froze. When you crossed the large hallways you wore a sweater or a coat and you ran. When there was a freeze, the water pipes froze, the pump froze, the milk froze, and everybody froze. No one seemed to mind the cold, the cracking logs of the open fires added such a cheery note. At night when you were tucked into bed, the shadows danced around your room like fairies.

Christmas time is the happiest time in most large families, and the Copeland family was no exception. The girls hung holly





*Mary Flewellen Copeland*



*Dr. William Preston Copeland*



*Three of the Four Copeland Sisters*



wreaths in the windows and festooned the walls with garlands of smilax, not forgetting to hang a sprig of mistletoe from the chandelier. Then they strung popcorn and made paper chains to decorate the Christmas tree, which always stood in the bay window in the parlor.

For days tantalizing odors floated through the air from the kitchen. There was ham and turkey with stuffing, and egg nog and fruit cake and candy and nuts, and all sorts of goodies.

Then on Christmas morning, such excitement! If you weren't real careful, someone was bound to catch you "Christmas Gift". The girls were up a short time after midnight, on Christmas morning. Underneath the tree were presents for everyone.

Toward daybreak, the girls paraded up the street as far as the Flewellen's house, and back again, blowing horns, to let all who were yet asleep, know that "Christmas had come".

It was a long time before breakfast; Caro gathered her sisters, and Kate Oliver, Auntie's niece, into the dining room, to sit around the fire, and as they munched nuts and raisins, and Peppermint sticks, she told the most terrifying ghost stories. The little girls sat petrified with fear. At that moment, the hinges on the door to the hall began to creak, then there was a sudden burst into the room. "Christmas Gift", the girls shrieked — "I caught yawl that time", laughed Gennie Bouier, the elfish like, colored girl who took care of the children.

Strangely enough, the servants all came early Christmas morning. They knew that beneath the Christmas tree were gifts for each of them. One by one they appeared; first came Alexander, the house man, grinning, displaying a row of pearly white teeth as he wished everyone "A Merry Christmas"; then Delia, the cook, one of the most important members of the household; followed by Celi, the maid, and then the twins, Romeo and Juliet, giggling as they replenished the fires.

The Christmas spirit was shared by all — but no one was allowed to forget that it was the Christ Child's birthday they were celebrating. At the proper time, all the family put on their hats and coats and marched off to St. James Episcopal Church to give thanks for the coming of the "Light Of The World". Etta sat at the organ playing, while the congregation sang the old familiar Carols. "It Came Upen A Midnight Clear", "Oh Little Town Of Bethlehem", and Etta's favorite, "Silent Night".

On Christmas night came the climax! Arthur Flewellen had a big surprise for them — a wagon load of fireworks. For weeks he had saved his money to buy them. This was his Christmas gift to the girls. It was a real celebration!

Christmas came and went and the family settled down to their usual routine. It was nearing the turn of the century. Etta and

Caro had adopted the newest hair style, the pompadour, a style which Etta never discarded. The leg of mutton sleeve was in vogue, as was the gored skirt, the sailor hat and tennis.

Etta and Will McCormick had been married nearly two years. They were living with her family, occupying the new wing on the house, which was built to accommodate them.

Matilda and Willie were still referred to as "the children", though Matilda was showing signs of growing up and being the beauty in the family. Willie was interested in art, and even in those days she was the writer in the family.

Caro, who was a great student, was away at Shorter College in Rome, Ga. The girls all missed Caro and wrote to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Feb. 1, 1899

My dear Caro,

I am now in Professor Wardlaw's room. I have just stood my examination in Latin and as I can't talk or move I will write to you.

Cousin Sara has come but Cousin Theresa didn't. She came at 4 o'clock in the night and came up in a hack.

We have a good time eating frozen milk. It is real cold now and everything freezes. Papa has had rheumatism in his shoulder very bad. He went to bed yesterday but is up today.

I'll close now.

Lovingly,  
Willie

\* \* \* \* \*

1899

Dear Caro,

Papa received your letter but has had rheumatism in his shoulder and couldn't write.

Thank goodness I finished my exams today. I think I made 99 on it.

Sara came last night. She has beautiful hair but is not very pretty.

Papa and Willie are in bed and Mama is going in a few minutes. I think it is about nine o'clock.

Everybody who comes here Mama puts Willie's brush and comb on the bureau it makes her so mad but not as mad as it makes you.



The town cry now is don't touch my arm or you hurt my leg where I was vaccinated.

Sleepily — Love from all.

Lovingly,  
Matilda

From Etta, February, 1899

Dear Caro,

I suppose the children have written you that Sara Alexander arrived last Tuesday and Maybelle Clary is staying here also.

Mr. Swanson said tonight that Sara was a Tennyson girl, "divinely tall and fair." Her hair is beautiful, she is so refined looking and a charming girl. The girls think I am fine because I get them so many beaux. Papa has had rheumatism in his shoulder but it is well now.

I am giving a dance tonight will dance the German to Will Bouier's band. I am going to serve punch and have charlotte and cake for refreshments. Matilda and Willie are going over. I am going to see to it that Matilda gets to dance. I wish so much you could be with us but we will fix up the hall and give you a Mike Rose German next year.

The small pox seems to have died out but Alice Everett has been off visiting and a person in the house where she was staying broke out and she came home and they have nailed up the Everett's gate and have a policeman around there and they have to stay in quarantine for 10 days.

All are well and send love.

Devotedly,  
Sister

Feb. 9, 1899

My dear Caro,

Sisters party was quite a success. It stopped raining just in time for them to go. They had punch, lady fingers and Charlote. The Charlote wasn't very good but the punch was fine. I think every body had a good time. Even brother Will enjoyed himself. They danced the German and Cousin Sara led.

Cousin Sara has on her rainy day skirt today and it is very short.

Papa vacinated a whole lot of College people last night. The evening before he vacinated 45. I have been vacinated 3 times and none have taken.

We pulled some candy tonight and would have put some in the box but Mama says it's not good enough.

Lovingly,  
Willie

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Caro,

I had four more pictures taken and will send you one if you will send that other one back.

We had a candy pulling this evening and it was fine and we also had some walnuts.

Papa is snoreing and Mama is trying a dress on Willie and Willie is fussing because Mama has not enough cloth.

Mama thinks you are sick because you didn't write on Sunday. Sleeply,

Love,  
Matilda

\* \* \* \* \*

Jan. 7, 1900

My dear Caro,

We received your letter today. We all miss you very much.

You left your water colors and a pair of hemstitched drawers. Do you want them?

We killed our hog and I am so tired of hog meat I don't know what to do.

Carrie Dent is leaving on a trip to Washington. She will go on from there to Norfolk to visit Henry who has taken a house for the summer.

Professor Wardlaw's wife is very ugly. She is a blond and very tall. He wears a beaver hat to try to look as tall as she.

Much love,

Willie

\* \* \* \* \*

With summer, Caro returned home from College. Her mother was anxious that she follow Etta's footsteps and become a "Southern Belle". Caro had other ideas, in fact, only one idea, a young attorney named Lee Clayton. Lee was the son of General Henry D. Clayton, President of the University of Alabama.

Caro and Lee courted all summer over the tennis net. Dr. Charles P. Brown, a young dentist, and his fiance', Katie McDowell, made up their foursome.

The following letter was written by Caro to Lee and sent to his office by Dr. Copeland's buggy boy.



The big four were Mercer Johnson, Gene Pruden, Charles P. Brown and Lee Clayton.

Dear Lee,

Mama came in this morning and asked me if I didn't want to entertain Stella and Mary Lou Ware one night. She said I could entertain her any way I wanted to, that I could have the big four to tea with them. Well I want you all so I believe I'll have them Friday night. What do you think about it? Do you suppose Gene will come? and Mercer? I will arrange so that Gene won't sit by Stella at the table. I want to have my four best friends, especially Gene and it is so hard to get girls agreeable to all parties, and this arrangement is the best I can make.

Mama wanted to know if we couldn't have it tomorrow night. I told her that I had an engagement which couldn't be broken for a tea. She remembered that it was your night, and said "Well I have never seen anything equal to your devotion."

With love,  
Caro.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

BY MATILDA C. REEVES

*You gave me a beautiful story of  
Santa Claus long ago,  
And it broke my heart, I remember,  
When they told me it was not so.  
So now I will give back your story  
And dare anyone to say  
There is no Santu Claus for old folks  
Who are daily passing away.*

*In the workshop of Heaven the Savior  
Stands, the Carpenter of old,  
Building things for every one, the  
Needs of the starving soul.  
The Santa Claus of Santa Clauses,  
The first and last is He,  
And He's hanging things on the  
Tree of Life,  
For it is your Christmas tree.*

\* \* \* \* \*

TO ARTHUR CRAWFORD FLEWELLEN

"BUD"

*May the thought of the happiness you brought four little girls  
When you played Santa many years ago*

*Creeping up the stairs, arms full of sky rockets, Roman Candles  
and toys  
To help them celebrate with much noise  
The birthday of our Lord  
And fill their hearts with gladness all day through  
May the thought of it all bring happiness to you.  
Are you watching the little girls grow up?  
Hoping their faith will bring them by and by  
Where joy lives for ever, in the land beyond the sky.*

July '52,

ETTA F. DENT.

\* \* \* \* \*

### *Post Script*

Caro and Lee were married in June 1902. Theirs was a happy marriage, the two of them were mentally congenial and Caro was a born homemaker. She spent much of her time studying, reading, gardening, and baking, and doing Church work. She was later to become the mother of five children, two sons, Preston, and Lee, and three daughters, Mary, Victoria and Caroline.

The Claytons had scarcely settled in their new home when Will and Etta McCormick moved to Columbus, Ga. where Will had obtained another job. The following year, Mrs. Copeland, gradually, grown weaker from the illness which had plagued her for the past several years, quietly slipped away on April 8th, 1903. Her family were grief stricken. Dr. Copeland continued to mourn for her the rest of his life, never remarrying.

At the time of the death of their mother, Matilda was only eighteen years old, Willie but sixteen. The two of them grew to young ladyhood in a lonely household.

Matilda married in 1907, the handsome and genial, MacNab Reeves. Their union was blessed with seven children. Both MacNab and Matilda died early in life, and their second youngest child, Matilda, was killed in an automobile accident. The six surviving children are Malcolm, Fontaine, and John, Janie, Betty, and Virginia.

Willie was married in 1910 to Alexis A. Couric, a man with many friends. There were three sons born in this household, Coneland, Charles, and William. Willie took a job as Society Editor of the local newspaper, in 1918, a position she has held for forty years. During this period, she has served as President of the Alabama Pen Women, and as out of town correspondent for several Alabama and Georgia papers.

. . . and now we leave the four sisters, and turn back the pages of history to their forebears, the Copeland family.



## CHAPTER 10

### THE COPELAND FAMILY

John Nelson Copeland, the father of Dr. William Preston Copeland, was among the early settlers of Eufaula, Alabama. He came to Eufaula in 1840 or 41 when the little village was still surrounded by Creek Indians, and was known as Irwinton.

At the time of the birth of John Nelson, Oct. 24, 1811, his father, Joseph Copeland, a Minister of the Gospel (probably Baptist) and his mother, Nancy Treutlen, (a descendant of Gov. Treutlen) were living in the Barnwell District of South Carolina.

Close by, on a neighboring plantation, "Kings Creek", lived the Simeon Cannons. Mrs. Cannon whose maiden name was Mary O. Kennedy, was a daughter of Elizabeth Treutlen, a granddaughter of Gov. John Adam Treutlen, and a first cousin and intimate friend of Nancy Copeland's.

Three days after the birth of a son in the Copeland household, the Cannons were blessed with a baby daughter, whom they christened, Caroline Elizabeth.

From a letter written by Florida Copeland, granddaughter of John N. Copeland, comes this bit of information, "My grandparents lived close to each other in the Barnwell District of South Carolina, when father and mother were born, and she wore his baby clothes because he grew so rapidly, and Grandmother Copeland gave them to Grandmother Cannon who had to make a large amount for Father".

John Nelson and Caroline Elizabeth grew up together as children; it appears from information gathered from other family letters by Florida Copeland, that John was in love with his lovely cousin from early childhood. These letters state, "Father addressed Mother when she was a school girl, but owing to her age and a law against cousins marrying, she refused."

The Copelands had two other children born to them in South Carolina, a daughter Caroline, and a son Joseph. It is not known the exact date that Joseph Copeland moved his family across the Savannah River, to Augusta, Ga., but it was prior to 1830 as their son, McKay Massey, was born in Augusta in that year. The Copeland's fifth and last child, a daughter named Anna, arrived in 1832. Mrs. Copeland died a short time after the birth of little Anna. It is thought that she died of "Child bed fever".

Most of the available information on Joseph Copeland and his family is taken from letters written by Florida Copeland. I quote. "You remember he (Joseph C.) was a Minister during our grandmother's life time but after her death he was unable without her assistance to keep up his family, as he wished, so Mrs. Lowery proffered to take Aunt Carrie, Aunt Annie died, also Uncle Joseph.

So that left our Father, Uncle Mac and Aunt Carrie. The latter lived with our parents after my birth, though Mrs. Lowery was loathe to give her up, and Aunt Carrie always loved her as a mother".

In the year 1860 Joseph Copeland owned a hardware store in Augusta, Ga. His granddaughter Florida recalls her visit to him, "In October 1859 or 60, I went to S. C. to visit our relatives with Dr. and Mrs. Paul Lacy Baker, the Misses Alice and Margaret Dunbar and Rachael Black."

"When I met my grandfather, I was stopping at the Globe Hotel in Augusta, Ga. on my way to visit Aunt Mary and my mother's relatives in S. C. His store was not far from the hotel, so I walked down and spent a few minutes in conversation with him."

"He was standing in the front of the entrance of his store talking to a gentleman and never having seen him, went right up and introduced myself. The likeness to our father was so striking that I recognized him at once. He was erect and had iron grey hair and very dignified bearing".

"He and his wife (a second wife) who came in later, invited me to their home but it was nearly time for us to leave so I hurried back to the Globe Hotel to leave for Barnwell, promising on my return to stop and spend a week or more with Grandpa and his wife. In the meantime Mother got excited about news of Ft. Sumpter and ordered me home so I came and just in time to get ready to come to Montgomery to witness President Davis' Inauguration in 1861. Robert Cannon accompanied me home and spent three weeks with us and returned to Augusta and later to his home in Allendale. He married in a year and moved to Texas and some of his sons are now living in Memphis. Since his death I have not kept up with his family."

"I regret so much that I did not get to visit Grandpa for then I would have gotten a full account of our ancestors on both sides of the house. I met some La Fitts and Garvins in S. C. who claimed relations to sister (half sister Louise) but not us."

McKay Copeland adds this to our knowledge of Joseph Copeland, "Father (Joseph C.) lived till he was 73 or 75 years old. Was very strong and healthy until just before his death of small pox in 1865 and but for the small pox would be living today."

Joseph Copeland died in the spring of 1866. He was born in 1790 in South Carolina.

In the same letter, written by McKay Copeland, to William P. Copeland, his nephew, he adds, "Grandfather Copeland (Joseph's father) died of exposure soon after the Revolutionary War, about 70 years old. He was reported to have taken part in the Revolution." (no name is given for his g. father) McKay continues with the family history. "Our Grandmother lived to be 110 years old"



(no mention of her name—Florida Copeland thought it was “Lida Matilda”).

*Owen's History of Alabama* states that the Copelands were of French Huguenot-English descent.

Note. In searching through Church records of North Carolina and South Carolina, I found a number of Copelands living in Chowan County, North Carolina as early as 1720. There was a William Chowan Copeland living there who had several sons, William C. Jr., John, James and Charles. Recorded in the South Carolina registry of Revolutionary soldiers are five Copelands whose names were John, Aaron, Alexander, Benjamin, and William C. It is possible that Joseph Copeland's father's name is one of the five, since he is recorded as a Revolutionary soldier. The five names recorded were from Barnwell District. The above letters by Florida Copeland and McKay Copeland are in the possession of Judge Preston Clayton of Clayton, Alabama.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JOHN NELSON COPELAND

During the period John Nelson Copeland was living with his father, Joseph Copeland, in Augusta, Ga., his beloved cousin, Caroline Elizabeth Cannon married a man named James Garvin, of Barnwell. From all reports, the marriage was a happy one.

At this time, the Seminoles “began causing a lot of trouble in Florida. John Nelson bade his family goodbye and went to join in the fight to suppress the Indians, joining Capt. Robinson's Company as a private. For his Military Services he was given a land grant of forty acres in Barbour County, Alabama.”<sup>1</sup>

Upon his return from the Wars, John Nelson learned of the death of James Garvin, husband of Caroline. The death of James Garvin left his widow, a wealthy woman with one daughter, Louise.

John, who had loved Caroline since childhood, again proposed marriage to her; this time he was accepted. They were married in Barnwell, on June 27, 1838, moving almost immediately to Port St. Joseph, Florida.

A quote from one of Florida C.'s letters: “Altho my parents were cousins yet they were very dissimilar. Mother was very sentimental and once wrote for the “*Charleston Courier*”. I had several clippings when I was young but lost them in moving about. I lived in seventeen cities after the death of Capt. Brannon.”

The following letter was written by Simeon Cannon and addressed to John N. Copeland, Esq. Port St. Joseph, Fla. The date is 1838. Simeon C. was the father of Mrs. Copeland. From the letter it seems that he was dividing his estate with his children in preparation for his move to Eufaula, Ala. in 1838 or 39. His wife Mary Kennedy Cannon died in 1843 and was buried in Eu-

faula. After her death, Simeon Cannon remarried a Mrs. Penelope Trammel in 1850. He died in 1854 and was buried beside his first wife.

NOTE. Mrs. Lee Clayton remembers the family lot. Cannon's daughter, Virginia C. Dent, verifies in a letter the location of the family square. It has been obliterated.

Kings Creek, S. C.  
Oct. 31, 1838

Dear Children—

This will inform you that we are all well at this time, hoping you are in the same enjoyment with all other Blefsings nefary to give you happiness. I now have to say to you that I have attended Baree Court, got the writ of partition for a division in the est. and have just completed the same and commifsioner appointed, have saved out and aloted to you the following negroes, viz.

viz. for Louise

Sally at	600	Edwin at	900
Rose at	500	Harvest at	700
Anthony at	900	Mary at	250
Phily at	700	Willis at	150
Peggy at	700	Charlott at	400
Edward at	700	Francis at	800
Ann at	600	Ben at	700
Susan at	300	Rickey at	500
Will at	200	Richmond at	300
Wallsins at	500	Hercules at	700
		Bruce at	300
<hr/>		<hr/>	
5,700		5,700	

You will here discover that we have made your lots come out to a cent and I now have to send the Papers immediately back before the Court adjourns, so as to have the division confirmed—and get an order for the sale of the land which we have divided to have sold about the first January. One third cash with the Ballance on one or two years which appears to be the only terms we could obtain a sale as the Court did not think it advisable to sell for one half cash. I have seven Bales of cotton ginned for the Est. which I shall send tomorrow on a timber Raft, we can cut for sale. I think there is about two Bales more Picked, how much is in the field I can not tell. I am very much harrassed for

<sup>1</sup> For John Nelson Copeland's Military Record see War Dept. Records, Washington, D. C., or Ordinarys office, Gray, Ga.



money, both for the est. and on my own account. Redding left here with Nancy her children old Bob & the Cart which I hope will arrive Safe to Irvinton (Eufaula) his wife was not able to go on. I expect to be in Alabama in ten or fifteen days from this time. You had best make your arrangements to be here the first of Jan. as it may add to the sale of the land for fear it would not bring a fair Price. I hear of no one who wants except Seth and unless then he is pushed he will get it for nothing like the worth so I must conclude in haste.

Remaing your ever affectionate Father

Simeon R. Cannon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Envelope stamped King Creek, Oct. 31st, 1838, left hand corner marked free—S. R. Cannon, P. M. (Postmaster). The letter to John N. Copeland dated Oct. 31, 1838 and addressed to St. Joseph proves conclusively, that they were residents of St. Joseph at that time.

John Copeland and a man named Demerest opened a packet line between New Orleans and St. Jo. sailing the 5th. and 20, of each month. He is also recorded as a merchant under the name of John N. Copeland with his place of business on Bay St.

In March of 1840, Copeland was elected one of the aldermen of this thriving new metropolis.

The city of St. Joseph which sprang up overnight flourished for a few years and disappeared almost as quickly. It was started as a rival city to Apalachicola. Settlers foreseeing the possibility of the Apalachicola River as a commercial outlet for the rich cotton producing areas of Alabama and Georgia, had founded the town of Apalachicola at it's mouth. In 1835, there were forty thousand bales of cotton shipped from the harbour. With steamers plowing up and down the River and commerce increasing by leaps and bounds, a rival company decided to form a new town on St. Joseph's Bay. This region was only twenty eight miles to the north west. The St. Joseph Bay is seventeen feet deep at low tide and was far superior to the comparatively shallow Apalachicola Bay. The founders of the new city believed they could divert the steamers through Lake Wimico, up Depot Creek and then transport the cargo by rail from Iola, Fla. 58 miles above Apalachicola to St. Joseph.

This particular line was built by the slaves of John Fontaine of Columbus, Ga., an empire builder. In the Congressional Library may be seen a copy of the "St. Joseph Times" of Feb. 26, 1840 which gives a report of the meeting of stockholders of the railroad, held in St. Jo. when John Fontaine Esq. was elected President thereof, and also one of the twelve directors. After the abandonment of the road, the rails were taken up and sent to Georgia where they were used on a logging road.

St. Jo was a town of ten thousand people in its prime. It had a prominent Chamber of Commerce, and by 1840, had one of the best race tracks and stables in the south. The citizens hoped to make it a famous winter resort. Then disaster struck in the form of a hurricane and an epidemic of Yellow Fever. The vessel which is thought to have brought in the Yellow Fever was the schooner "Herald". It arrived on Sept. 21, 1840 with the Captain dead and all hands sick with fever. That fall a hurricane did much damage to the city, but it was the hurricane of 1844 that destroyed it.

The Copelands like most of the other residents of St. Jo fled from the city. They decided to seek a new home in Alabama and to lay claim to the forty acre land grant, given John Nelson, for Military Services against the Seminoles.

Dr. W. P. Copeland tells this interesting story of his Father's travels to Alabama. "Barbour County was formed from a portion of Pike County and a part of Creek Indian Territory. An interesting incident occurred in the early days. My Father and his wife and a little daughter were traveling through Indian Country. Night overtook them and they were much alarmed, but they stopped at the Chief's wigwam, and my Father turned over to his care, his watch and money, and asked for shelter for the night. There was not much sleeping as the little girl would wake at every little sound and excitedly nudge her parents. As morning dawned the Indian Chief returned the travelers watch and money and furnished them with a guide through the forrest along the Indian trail." A characteristic of Indian nature is not to forget a kindness, and vice versa to never forget an injury."

The Copelands arrived in Eufaula (then Irvinton) in 1840 or 41. At first they occupied a house just off Barbour Street on the Hill. Here their first child, a daughter Florida, was born in 1842. Their son William was born on Sept. 1, 1845.

Apparently John Nelson was a great admirer of the political men of his day, since he named all three of his sons for politicians, William Preston, and John Calhoun of South Carolina, and Henry Clay of Kentucky. His daughter, Florida, derived her name from the State of Florida, and a second daughter was named Augusta Georgia for a town in a neighboring state. Augusta died in 1856 at the age of four.

After living in Eufaula for a few years, the Copelands built a house on their plantation south of town. The house sat in the midst of a field and was surrounded by a fence covered with Cherokee roses, planted by their son William.

Today there is a remnant of the old Copeland house on Copeland St. a cross street from Dale road, but the once green fields have undergone such a change they are scarcely recognizable. In place of the fields, there is a cotton mill and a number of mill



houses. The Copelands were a well to do family in those days. Mrs. Copeland had inherited seventeen thousand dollars from her first husband and had been given a number of slaves by her father, Simeon Cannon. Among the slaves there was a sewing woman, several house servants and an old negro man named Uncle Ben and his wife. The children all adored Uncle Ben. Besides Mrs. Copeland's dowry, John Nelson owned several pieces of business property in Eufaula's business district. On one lot, on the corner of Broad and Randolph Sts. he built a two story building in which he maintained a Mercantile business in partnership with his brother-in-law, John Cannon. Directly behind this store, William Preston Copeland later built an office building in which he practised medicine his entire professional career.

Florida Copeland recalls her childhood, "I often tell my children of the happy years of the past when we would roam over the hills of Barbour. The little flower garden where we worked with our minature rakes and hoes, the carriage house where my pet cat was caught in the weather boarding and died. The little grave we dug for her and the flowers we gathered to put over the little mound, all come fresh to my memory. But one of the most cherished incidents was when Coleman would saddle the big roan for our father and hitch two horses to the rock away and dear Mother would fix a basket of eatables and we would spend the day fishing, bathing and enjoying the fine eatables. Coleman would fix a swing from the limb of the big oak and Charlie and Cornelia Robinson would join in our sport around the bridge spanning Barbour and assist us in digging caverns in the side of the hill and gather green moss or lichens to make carpets for our little caves which we imagined were pretty homes for our toy dolls, made of Hickory nuts for their heads and pieces of calico for their dresses."

The Copelands seemed to have lived well and were very happy; there was however one shadow which darkened their home. John Nelson had a weakness for alcohol which was the cause of much unhappiness to his wife and family. His son, William Preston, abhorred alcohol for the rest of his life.

Every few years, John Nelson would sail to New York to purchase supplies for his Mercantile business. On one of his trips, when he was returning home his ship was caught in a storm and sank. All passengers were reported lost. Mrs. Copeland went into the deepest mourning for him. Some months later, she was standing on the porch of her home, when she noticed a familiar figure coming up the long avenue of trees leading to the house. It was John Nelson—Mrs. Copeland swooned. The tale goes that a ship sailing to South America picked him up just off Cape Hattaras, and took him to South America. It was several months before he could get back to the United States and home. The only

thing saved in the ship wreck were two Cameo Pins which he had pinned inside his coat to bring back to his wife. One of the Cameos is still in existence and is the property of his great granddaughter Margaret Hubbard Denham of Montgomery, Alabama.

In 1856 there was a growing unrest throughout the country over the slave issue. It was in this year that John Nelson organized the Eufaula Rifles and was elected their first Captain. He had gained considerable experience in the Seminole War and was well qualified for the position, but his health was poor and he had put on too much surplus weight, so he soon resigned from the position.

On July 20, 1859, John Nelson died, leaving his wife and five children to struggle alone through the most tragic era of the South's history. Mrs. Copeland, the dominant personality in the family, outlived her husband only seven years, dying July 17, 1866. Her death brought great grief to her children.

Deed Record A, Page 441 in Probate Office at Clayton, Alabama:

STATE OF ALABAMA)  
BARBOUR COUNTY)

This Indenture made and executed this the eleventh day of July in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Seven and of the American Independence the sixty second year between Churchwell Gorman of the County and State aforesaid of the one part and John N. Copeland of the County of Muscogee and State of Georgia of the other part, witnesseth, that I, the said Churchwell Gorman for and in consideration of the sum of Five Hundred and twenty five dollars to me in hand paid at and before the signing, sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, hath bargained, sold, released, conveyed and granted, and by these presents doth bargain, sell, release, convey and grant unto the said John N. Copeland, his heirs, executors and administrators and assigns, all those lots or parcels of land lying and being situate in the town of Louisville in the county and state above mentioned, viz.; One lot situate on the northwest side of Main street containing one acre of land on which stands a house known as the Farmers House occupied by John Gorman as a tavern, also a lot situate in said town on the Southeast side of Main street adjoining the lot on which stands Lewis I. *Lenard's* (italized word hardly legible and may be something else) cotton gin, said lot contains one and a half acres occupied as a stable lots with all the appurtenances to the above mentioned lots belonging, to have and to hold the said lots unto him the said John N. Copeland, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever,



and the said Churchwell Gorman the said before described lots unto him the said John N. Copeland, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, will forever warrant and defend all the right, title and interest and claim which the said Churchwell Gorman has in and to the same by virtue of and from Hartwell Ball, Sheriff of said county, made and executed the thirteenth day of January in the year Eighteen Hundred and thirty-seven. In witness whereof, I the said Churchwell Gorman have hereunto set my hand and seal this the day and date before written.

Churchwell Gorman.  
her  
Jane X Gorman  
mark

Signed, sealed & delivered  
in the presence of:  
Geo. L. Barry  
J. E. Slater

Witness:  
Geo. L. Barry  
J. E. Slater

Acknowledgement July 11, 1837 before Geo. L. Barry, Notary Public, Barbour County, Ala.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MCKAY MASSEY COPELAND

McKay Massey Copeland was the son of Joseph and Nancy Copeland. He was born about 1830 in Augusta, Ga. His mother died when he was only two years old. *Owen's "History of Ala."* states that he moved to Alabama as a child and that he was educated in the public schools in Eufaula. His sister, Carrie, made her home with her older brother, John Nelson Copeland and it is possible that McKay was also a part of that household. When McKay finished school, he engaged in the merchandise business, probably as a partner or employee of his brother John Nelson who owned a Mercantile business in Eufaula. In 1856, McKay moved to Montgomery where he entered the cotton buying business.

During the Mexican War, 1845-48, he served as a first Lieutenant in the Barbour County Volunteers. Later in life, he became a member of Tennant Lomax's command in the "War Between the States", and was assigned to duty in the Confederate Commissary in Montgomery with rank of Major. At the conclusion of the War, he was again engaged in the cotton buying business and scientific gardening being among the first to plant asparagus and strawberries on a commercial basis for the Montgomery Market.

He was married in 1853 to Margaret Bledsole. He was a Baptist and a Democrat.

Coosa Station S&N, R.R.  
Autauga Co. Ala.  
June 16, 84

Dear Preston,

Your letter of the 13th was forwarded to me from Montgomery yesterday and I avail myself of the first mail to reply.

As regards the question relative to our ancestry, I can answer only as to my recollections of Father and what I heard him and sister Carrie say about my mother. I know nothing as she died when I was only two years old and I have no recollection of what was the cause but think it was from general disability and perhaps childbed sickness. As my youngest sister I know was so young when mother died. Father lived till he was 73 to 75 years old, was very strong and healthy until just before his death—he died of small pox in 1865 or 66 and but for the small pox he would probably be living today. Our grandmother lived to be 110 years old. Grandfather Copeland died from exposure soon after the close of the Revolution, was about 70 years of age.

I am located here at the home of my old friend Mr. Willingham who you remember use to live with me. I came over and found him all alone his family all gone and he gave me half his house two rooms and me and Willie and George are having a good time fishing hunting and cooking and eating. Think I will get fat this summer, I am just as pleasantly situated as I could wish. I go to Montgomery this A. M. but will return this P. M.

Love to all.  
Your affectionate Uncle Mc.

Letter written to W. P. Copeland by his uncle McKay Copeland.



## CHAPTER 11

### A CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTION

I can see him now, my grandpa Copeland, dressed in an immaculate white suit, and carrying a cane, his classical features, clear blue eyes and fair complexion, but most of all I remember his calm, quiet way which came from an inner peace. His carriage was straight and erect, in spite of one leg being shorter, due to a tragic accident.

Two of my happiest recollections of my grandfather Copeland are the afternoons I had tea with him in his office and the time I took a trip with him in his horse-drawn buggy.

During the winter months his office was heated by a coal fire in a grate. Here the tea kettle hung. We would sit there by the fire, just the two of us, and as I munched cookies I would say, "Grandpa, tell me about the Indians." Then he would get out his arrow heads and Indian relics and tell me about the tribe of Creek Indians who used to inhabit Dogtown or Irvinton (later Eufaula) and how the government moved the Eufaula tribe to Oklahoma. Next time it would be, "Grandpa, tell me about the war." For hours I would sit entranced hoping no patient would come in. When he finished his tea he would wipe his walrus mustache, which was such a part of him, and so fashionable in his day. Then he would send me home before it got too late, always with a quarter for pocket change. Some days when we forgot the time he would take me home in his buggy, or his automobile after he gave up his horse.

In the summer months I watered his pot plants, granddukes in large tubs sitting near the window to soak up the sun. These are small white flowers belonging to the Jasmine family and have a wonderful fragrance.

The buggy trip, of which I spoke, took place about 1911. My sister, Mary, and I drove to Jernigan, Alabama, with grandpa to visit his daughter, Caro, who was living on a farm at that time. We left town right after breakfast, arriving at our destination, a distance of 18 miles, about sundown. Old "Headlight" (he had a white mark on his head) as his horse was called, was reliable, but no speed demon. Mary and I used to giggle and call him "Backlight."

We ate our lunch in the shade of a tree while "Headlight" rested a while. In the late afternoon when we were getting tired, grandpa spied a colored girl coming down the road balancing a bucket on top of her head. "What you got there?" grandpa asked. "Milk," she replied. "Will you sell us some?" he inquired. Since the girl consented, grandpa pulled out his folding tin cup which he always carried in a leather case in his pocket, and the girl filled

it for each of us. We were thirsty from the long journey and even if it were unpasteurized, nothing ever tasted better than that cup of warm milk, fresh from the cow."

I remember also the hedge of pomegrante trees which bordered the driveway at my grandfather's house. One summer the fruit kept disappearing, so grandpa said he would put a stop to that. He went into the rambling Victorian house in which the Coplands lived and got his hypodermic and filled it with "deadly poison." Then he came out and proceeded to inoculate each pomegrante. A black faced buggy boy named Overdean watched from the corner of the house. From then on grandpa had all the pomegranates he wanted to eat.

Grandpa hated whiskey with a passion. Once he put some Ipecak in a bottle of whiskey which he found hidden in the barn. Soon afterwards one of his son-in-laws got violently nauseated.

The only swear word I ever heard him utter was "Damn Yankee." It wasn't until I grew up that I discovered they were two words.

When my grandfather died in 1931, I was married and living in Washington and had made him a great grandfather. Strangely enough, my daughter was also the granddaughter of his old friend, Dr. L. L. Hill.

With the passing of my grandfather (the only grandparent I ever knew) went one of the most stabilizing influences in my life. No matter what happened, he was ever calm, gentle and understanding. He had a serenity which comes from inner peace. There was a real bond between us.

His favorite saying to me, whenever I left home, was "Home keeping hearts are happiest."

After he died, some of the family became curious about two foot stools which he always kept under his bed. They were exactly alike excepting that one was higher than the other. His nurse, who cared for him in his last illness, offered this explanation. "Dr. always knelt down to pray before he retired. One leg being shorter than the other, he used stools of different heights to kneel upon."

He was a kindly and a God fearing man, which is perhaps the greatest tribute you could pay any man.

Letter of Dr. W. P. Copeland to his granddaughter Henrietta M. Hill:

Nov. 19 1929  
Eufaula, Ala.

My Precious Granddaughter,

Your dear sweet letter of 15th was received several days ago. Last Saturday week ago, I had the severest attack I have had, but



after remaining at home most of the time quietly in bed, I was able to return to my office and resume my practice. On the first of last May I left my office not expecting ever to be able to return, but some time in August did so, feeling as some one told me Dr. L. L. Hill said "I had about as well be dead as not to practice", which for the past sixty years has been my daily occupation.

This morning I am at my office and feeling very well and have been coming daily since the middle of last week.

Your Mama wrote me last week a dear cheerful letter to which I replied promptly, and hope she received it and is feeling well and happy, but she grieves over your going so far away and for such a long time, however you will no doubt enjoy Washington as it is usually gay during the session of Congress. I was at Georgetown (Jesuit College) in Sept. Oct. Nov. and Dec. 1865 and experienced many thrills but like to have gotten in trouble expressing my Southern sentiments to a D. Yankee student who threatened with reporting me to the "Union League." The students organized a cadet military Co. and elected me Captain, but I did not serve as we would have used the U. S. army tactics. I suppose they elected me because I had been an officer at the University of Alabama and had military training. There were seven students at the Jesuit institution from Eufaula, but I left there in Jan. 1866 as my mother was very apprehensive and feared that I would get in trouble. I went down to Charlottesville, Va. to the University of Virginia where I remained until June end of session.

Lex Couric has just left my office and announced that he had killed a nice fat pig and wants me to go up to breakfast tomorrow morning. I am rather Jewishly predisposed in my diet and have largely lost my taste for hog products but told him that I would go. Lex is a good cook inherited from his French ancestry and he said he was going up to the house to prepare the sausage.

Lex's grandfather and wife came to Eufaula from France soon after the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte. He opened a Confectionary store and made the most beautiful and delightful confectionaries, and owned a negro man whom he trained in the art, and as a boy I and other boys would go around to the back of the store when the negro man was working and he would give us short ends of the stick candy. Almost everybody in the South those days were either rich or in good circumstances, but wars and devastations ruined the South for the past sixty five years, however as I told one of the Yankee women who stayed with your mama last winter, the Souths Revenge has come at last in our becoming a manufacturing as well as an agricultural section and that these facts were killing northern Industry. Already they are trying to disturb our Textile relations but are too late. I see almost every day large trucks carrying 20 bales of cotton to various cotton mills at Ga.

and Ala. Mills, thus breaking up the R.R. freight and compress charges an immense issue that northern Textile Mills cannot compete with.

I guess you tire of this so I will stop. Kiss the darling little baby for me and may she be all her life as sweet and beautiful and such a lovely character as her precious Mother.

I wish you and Lister and the baby could come down next week to be with us Thanksgiving. Give my regards to Dr. L. L. Hill and family. I have never ceased to appreciate his many courtesies to me and hope he may live many years to contribute with his unsurpassed skill to suffering Humanity.

Your devoted grandfather  
W. P. Copeland

\* \* \* \* \*

### WILLIAM PRESTON COPELAND

William Preston Copeland was only fourteen years old when his father died. He had one sister, Florida, and two brothers, John and Harry. There was a half-sister, Louise, who was the child of the first marriage of his mother to James Garvin.

How his widowed mother managed to clothe and educated her family, had always been a mystery to me until I discovered that the Copelands had been more fortunate than most Southerners. They owned a mercantile business and had accumulated a considerable number of bales of cotton during the war. This they were able to sell for a tidy sum.

All during those war years food was scarce and the Copelands suffered many deprivations. William's School lunch frequently consisted of a few biscuits and syrup. He used to nunch a hole in the side of the biscuit and fill it with syrup. When he entered the University of Alabama, he was required to take 150 lbs. of side meat with him.

In 1863, while he was a student at the University of Alabama, he took part in the battle of Tuscaloosa—"and William Preston Copeland had marched with the student body after its futile defense against Federal Command"<sup>1</sup> He served as a Sergeant in Company C. Ala. Cadet Corps in 63, and was mustered into the Confederate Army in July 1864 and mustered out in April 1865, serving under Capt. Eugene Smith and Col. J. T. Murphv.

There is a memorial window in the Amelia Gayle Gorgas Library at the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa, commemorating the valor of the cadets who tried so gallantly to defend their State against the invasion of the Union Army. Among the names engraved on this memorial is that of "William Preston Copeland."

The University having burned, Preston entered the medical



school at the Jesuit College at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. in the fall of 1865. He remained there only three months. By January, 1866, he was forced to leave because of his continuous arguments with the other students over the Southern cause. Some of the students had threatened to report him to the "Union League."

His mother felt it was wiser for him to transfer to the University of Virginia for the remainder of the year.

Preston had only been at home from college a few weeks when his mother died on July 17, 1866. This left him the head of the family.

The following year he became a clerk for H. C. Hart. Not liking this occupation, he obtained a job as book keeper for T. J. Perkins and tried farming on the side. Next he decided to read medicine in the office of Dr. P. D. L. Baker. In the fall of 1866 he entered Bellview Hospital in N. Y. as an intern, finishing in 1870.

On April 16, 1872, he married Mary Fontaine Flewellen. They went by train to Montgomery, Ala. where they were met by Uncle Mac Copeland, who lent them the money to go to New Orleans for their honeymoon. Upon their return from their honeymoon, William and Mary Copeland settled down to a life of married bliss in Eufaula, Ala. a town which boasted a population of 3,185 persons in 1870.

Times were hard, and the young doctor often received payment in chickens and eggs, or no payment at all. He lived in the old horse and buggy days and was a typical country doctor who braved the elements throughout the country, relieving the sick and ministering to their need. He never refused a call, administering to rich and poor alike. He lived to the ideal so beautifully expressed by Dr. Crawford W. Long, "My profession is to me a ministry from God".

In the days when there were no miracle drugs, many doctors relied on morphine to ease the pain, and nature to do the rest. Dr. Copeland did not believe in ever giving morphine except under extenuating circumstances. He once stated that he had never lost a pneumonia patient. His method was to keep the patient in a warm room and to blister the lungs, front and back, with mustard plasters. Sometimes he used a pneumonia jacket, a shirt dipped into a solution of turpentine, gummed camphor (chipped up) and vaseline.

It was his theory that cancer is transmittible. After 50 years of research he concluded that there were houses in town that could be termed "cancer houses" where one family after another contracted the disease while living there. These families were in no way related.

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<sup>1</sup> See "Back Tracking In Barbour County", Walker, pg 220-21.

His method of treating burns is the accepted method of today. Shortly after the "Coconut Grove" fire in Boston, a mass tragedy, the following article appeared in the Saturday Evening Post.

### SO THIS IS HOW TO TREAT A BURN

(Article From Saturday Evening Post)

By Milton Silverman — Sept. 22, 1951

For burns, and for all burns in the event of a mass catastrophe when sufficient pressure dressing would presumably be unavailable, the experts are turning to the remarkable open-air exposure treatment. Efforts to develop such a treatment for burns go back at least to Hippocrates, father of medicine. The first major attempt in modern times was apparently one reported in 1887 in a letter written to the Medical Record. Doctor W. P. Copeland, Eufaula, Alabama, described two patients treated by a novel technique which he had devised largely from desperation.

One of these was a young man badly burned on his face, ears and hands after a boiler explosion. Another doctor had previously prescribed what was then customary—daily dressing of oil, powder, soap and water—but the burns refused to heal.

"The patient," Dr. Copeland wrote, "was rapidly acquiring the morphine habit by reason of the large doses given for the relief of pain, and the burns were doing badly."

Abandoning the dressings, he put the young man's hands in pasteboard boxes, not allowing anything to touch the burned surfaces. The ends of the boxes were covered with mosquito netting to keep off flies, and netting was erected about the face and ears. "On the next day," he related, "the burned surface had become dry, and was covered with a thin film or scab, which gradually thickened. The case progressed satisfactorily and speedily to a cure with very little disfigurement." He concluded, "I do not know whether the plan has been previously recommended, but it has proved very effectual in my hands."

In the year 1891, a tragic accident caused by a runaway horse nearly cost Dr. Copeland his life. He and his wife were out driving when the horse became frightened and proceeded to run away. Dr. Copeland instructed his wife to jump out the back of the buggy while he tried to stop the horse. The buggy was thrown against a telephone pole and the doctor with it. He hit with such force the bone of his leg stuck into the post which had to be cut away. Dr. Copeland directed his own rescue; he instructed neighbors to unhinge a door from his house and carry him home upon it. It was he who saved his leg from amputation. His friends marveled at his fortitude.



For six months Dr. Copeland lay in bed, his leg refusing to heal. It was then that he sent for Dr. L. L. Hill, of Montgomery, Alabama, to come to Eufaula to examine him. Dr. Hill reset his leg and in a short time the patient began to recover. Thus began a life-long friendship.

The Copelands had four daughters born to them, Henrietta Fontaine, Caroline, Matilda and William Preston.

The Copeland family first lived in a small house on the corner of Broad and Sanford Streets. Then they built a large Victorian house with turrets and gingerbread trimmings and all, for this was the latest fashion. Here the four daughters grew up.

Dr. Copeland's house had the first water works in town. He conceived the ingenious idea of piping water from a spring at the top of the hill into his own house at the bottom of it.

The first park in Eufaula was planned and planted by Mrs. Copeland and bears her name.

The first pecan trees in that section of the State were planted by Dr. Copeland in his own yard.

The following item which appeared in the local paper under date of January 30, 1880, should be of interest.

"Dr. Copeland's leeches, it was revealed, were in an icy jar congealed, but when thawed out were perfectly fit, ready again to do their bit in easing invalids of Barbour of their surplus supply of gore."

Except for the period when he was laid up from his accident, he rarely missed a day at the office. W. P. Copeland practiced medicine in the same office for 62 years. He attributed his good health to no stimulants of any kind. "I never smoke, drink coffee or alcohol," he used to say.

When he died at the age of 86, the local paper had this to say of him. "A cultured, Christian gentleman of the old school type, his clean, upright life made him loved and admired by everyone. As a physician he served many families for four generations.

"He was a member of the Vestry of St. James Episcopal Church and President of the Barbour County Medical Association several different times. He was a life-long Democrat. His special interest was history, and in Alabama Anthropological Society, in geology and astronomy.

"When he died, January 18, 1931, he was eighty-six years old, the oldest native born citizen of Eufaula."

NOTE. W. C. Copeland's half sister, Louise Garvin, married Alpheus Baker, silver tongued orator of Civil War fame. Florida Copeland married Capt. Tom Brannon and moved to Montgomery, Alabama.

Letter to Dr. William P. Copeland from his sister Florida Copeland:

July 15, 1930  
Monday morning, 10:30  
Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Brother,

After a scorching day of heat and the loud crash of terrible thunder, and a terrible display of electricity, we are now alive, but breathing more freely than we have during the past three weeks. In my long years in the Sunny South I don't think I ever felt the heat so depressing. Since reading the morning paper and finding there was no telegraphic news from Eufaula, I feel quite apprehensive of some trouble there. Do hope none of you had any serious happenings.

We have been anxious about the weather for various reasons. First on account of the heat prostration, the terrible conditions of the farmers, and their crops, and the state of the unemployment, to say nothing of finances. Farmers come in bringing a few knotty peaches, a few eggs, but no butter, or vegetables of any kind, stating their families are living only on meat and bread, a little syrup, no vegetables or fruit. It is distressing to hear them talk, and to see whites and blacks going from house to house asking for work, and sometimes for food. It is lamentable, and it seems to me we must have men of little interest at the head of the State affairs that they can't manage better than they are now doing.

How is McNab, we try to hear from him, but we see nothing of Son, and hear little from him, he is so busy, and not having a way to ride we don't get out to the hospital, and since the extreme heat are afraid to venture in the sun.

I was so glad to get your letter and find you were able to enjoy your trip to St. Jo, and pleased to hear of some historical facts, that I had forgotten of its history and date of its demise. Do you know what year our parents moved to Eufaula? I remember hearing them say that it was Irvinton when they first decided to move to Ala. and as I was among the first babies born in Eufaula it must have been some where near the early forties. I remember hearing them speak of some of the anxiety and trouble about a war like Indian group that were there after they moved but forgot the name of the tribe. Ma said that the freight cost so much, and means of conveying it so haradous, that she left a handsome beureau there, and sold it after they left for a verv small amount. All of their furniture was of rare make, and antique, but the condition of St. Jo and its future prospects very bad when they left. I say it with all due respect to our father, and his judgment, but from our past experience it seems, he has some rascals



connected with his interest in Apalachicola that got the best or better part of the assets of his firm, and things were certainly in a jumbled condition when he died, and our portion fell far short of what he always told me. "But 'tis past the years are gone, I'll not call their shadowy form. But say to them lost years sleep on, Sleep on nor head life's pelting storms".

Do you remember Aisay or sai, the Indian woman who was such a fine laundress? She had two boys who carried the clothes back and forth each week, but I have forgotten their names. She washed at the spring which ran into a little branch that flowed into the pool where Flora McNab and me were baptized in a beautiful grove of trees near the place used by Mr. Cargill as a tan yard. O what changes. I have been somewhat of a wanderlust having lived with my daughter since Capt. Brannons passing, and yet my life as a whole has been one of many joys, and sweet associations. Thirty one years ago I've been traveling, from Alabama to Hot Springs, Ark. to meet Sam and Julie at the Southern Baptist Convention, from there to Arkadelphia where Sam was finishing up his literary course, then to Pine Bluff to a sweet little cottage to spend our vacation. From there to Louisville, Ky. to finish his Theological course, and while engaged in that he was preaching at two country churches, where we were pleasantly and comfortably housed on a most wonderful estate, built on a massive foundation of stone, with a spring of cold clear water which ran into a basin of stone where milk, butter and fruit kept as cool as a refrigerator. Running between the house and garden was a lovely stream and on its banks grew an abundance of mint, and we supposed it had once been owned by one of Kentucky's sporting Lords who indulged freely in his Julep. Then after that lovely year of peace and plenty Carrie came for me and took me to Savannah. I spent a year with her then went to South Carolina to visit our cousins in Barnwell district in their lovely Colonial homes. Carrie Dunbar, Aunt Mary's daughter being an only child fell heir to a hundred slaves, and thousand of acres of land on the Savannah River. So numerous were her slaves we were riding out to the plantation when we met three negro women that she thought quite suitable for maids so stopped and asked them who was their owner. They answered "Miss Carrie Dunbar Mam". She was astonished and delighted, as she had little communication with the overseer, but she sent for them on her return, and had one as a maid, the others trained as seamstresses, and was well fixed in new servants. When I left with a carriage driver, hostler for a pair of glossy blacks a buggy horse, and two or four saddle horses. Thus we can recall favored days of long ago. Now how changed, every thing gone. Home laid low in ashes by vandal hosts, negroes who had their comfortable homes deserted, separated from those who had reared them

in plenty, now leaving all listening to the false promises of those who were infamous and vile.

I regret so much that Janie did not stay with us the evening we left, and hope when it is cooler to have her with us. Gussie and I have both been almost prostrated by the heat, and eat very little food, but live on milk and fruit and cool drinks Coco Cola and ginger ale occassionally.

Did the Eufaula paper write up Malcolm's wedding? If so tell Willie to send me a copy. I sent them a telegram, but was not able to send an expensive gift, but hope some thing pretty and useful when it turns cool, and I can shop.

Hope this will find you all well, and in fine spirits after the lull of stormy weather, Gussie joins me in love to all.

Fondly your Sister,  
Florida B.

\* \* \* \* \*

Letter to Dr. W. P. Copeland from his Aunt Virginia Dent (his mothers sister).

Lometa, Texas.  
July 10, 1899

My Dear Nephew,

Your kind welcome letter was received some time ago and would have been answered; circumstances have prevented; your letter was forwarded from Columbus to this place I am now with Frank and Laura three hundred miles from Columbus in North West Texas hoping my health would improve induced me to take the trip. I think I have been benefited some yet my health is still very poor. Mae and the little boys are with me. Yes I received the letter from Maggie Brodnasc with the sad intelligence of Mr. Brodnasc's sudden death. At the time it was received I was very ill and the family thought best to withhold the news from me. Weeks elapsed before I knew the contents. I wrote to Florida. I am afraid she never received it. Mae directed it wrong and after it was mailed discovered the mistake in the number of the street; You wished to know where my Father and Mother were buried. As near as I can tell they were buried in the public Grave yard as there was no other place in Eufaula at that time. My Brother Milton and Bro. Redding's little Willie were in the same inclosure near the entrance of the Cemetery. This seemed to be my remembrance of it. I was only thirteen when my dear Mother was laid to rest. She was a sufferer for many years from Dispesia and a complication of diseases. You asked in your letter what my Mother's Maiden name was and where she was born and where in Effingham



County. The date of her birth I am unable to give. She was fifty seven years old when she died, in Jan. 1843 or 44. I was not certain which. Her maiden name was Mary O. Kennedy.

We have had a serious time in Texas with high water. The Rivers have all been higher than ever known, thousand of acres of land under water houses and stock lost and many lives also. We had a rise in the Colorado before we left Columbus and we feared an overflow of the town, lost a fine Bridge which cost the county thousands of dollars. We had no trains on this road for several days. All trains from Galverston and Houston delayed on account of high water; for a week the papers report the River still on a boom. I don't know how long I will stay up here. Will have to be home the first of Sept. as the schools will commence then. I often think of the happy days I spent with Cousin Mac Copeland and the pleasant time we spent with them after his marriage. It is sad to revert to the past, think of the loved ones who have passed to the great beyond. With an eye of Faith look to a reunion where no more tears and heart aches and separations will ever more take place. Dear Pres, how happy I would be to meet you once again. I remember you as a manly boy and one whom I loved so dearly. I must close this poor letter wishing you well look over all errors. I am nerveous, my eye sight not very good. Hoping I will hear from you again soon. With love and kindest wishes. Remember me as address me for the rest of the month at Lometa, Sampacus Co. Texas.

Your loving Aunt  
Virginia Dent

\* \* \* \* \*

April 13, 1917

Letter to W. P. Copeland from his comrade in arms Jas. G. Cowan:

Dr. W. P. Copeland  
Eufaula, Ala.

Dear Comrade.

Just 52 years ago today, we disbanded at Marion and departed for our homes, and your letter was received this morning. Rather a singular coincidence. I congratulate you and felicitate myself that we are still alive. Fifty two years is a long time and many of the incidents of the thirteenth of April 1865 are as fresh in my mind as of recent occurrence. In my squad were G. W. Townsend, O. W. Ford, W. R. May, Jesse Dixon Marshall from Columbus, Ga. and myself. We too crossed the Alabama River at Selma about sundown. All of us besides the owner of the bateau crossed at once and I recollect we were very much frightened for fear the boat

would sink. The River was very full and swift. We landed on the opposite side nearly half a mile from where we started. We stopped about four miles from Selma at a house and the lady gave us some supper, we then continued our journey until eleven o'clock when we tied up for the balance of the night. We were making for the home of my old uncle, for whom I was named and who lived twenty one miles from Selma. We got to his house next day about noon. But I am spinning my yarn too long. I must say I have written the whole matter up which embraces the time we left Tuscaloosa until I reached my home on the 18th. Two days after I reached home the two Comer boys and J. E. Kendrick came to my father's house and he sent them on their way to a Mr. Bell's cousin to Kendrick.

I very much regret that I will not be able to see you when you come down next Tuesday as I leave Monday for Marengo County.

Yours most cordially  
James G. Cowan  
Craig and Craig  
Lawyers

May 24, 1921  
Selma, Ala.

My Dear Copeland,

You ask if I was there when the University was burned—Yes, I was 1st Lt. "C." Company and commanded part of the skirmish line that fought Croxtons Yankee Brigade. Will Rose of Mobile was Capt. I was 1st. Lieut. and Alf Beal of Tuscaloosa and Labuzan the 2nd, and 3rd. Lts. and old Doc Willingham orderly. After the first year we were there Ross was Captain "C" Co. Holmes 1st. Lt. Moody May 2nd. and Ben Robinson 3rd Lt., and Reed orderly. At the end of that term, we went first to Selma, then to Blue Mountain, then to Montgomery, then to Pollard, then to Blakely and Sibley Mills, where we drilled the new Regiment stationed there. T. G. Bush our Adjt. resigned there and was made Adjt. of Hughees Regt, Reid resigned as our orderly Adjt, and I was made orderly of "C" Co. and next year I was made first lieutenant. Holmes resigned and went to New Orleans. When we left Sibley Mills, we went back to Montgomery, and there furloughed and went home and back to the University in Sept. Shortly after this, ordered back to Mobile, Camped at Spring Hill—ordered back to Tuscaloosa and remained until the Yanks made us leave. Marched to Marion and disbanded. I then joined Gen. J. T. Morgan Cavalry and surrendered with him at Meridian, Miss.

God be with you until we meet again,

Cordially  
George H. Craig



## CHAPTER 12

### HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF THE TREUTLEN FAMILY

#### *THE SALZBURGERS*

The Treutlen Family came to America from Berchtesgaden, Austria (now Germany). They were known as Salzburgers and were driven out of Austria because of their religious beliefs, just as the Huguenots were forced to flee from France.

Steven's *"History of Georgia"* tells a dramatic story of the Salzburgers, their persecutions, their exodus from Austria, and their search for religious freedom in foreign lands. "These Germans belonged to the Archbishopric of Salzburg, the most eastern district of Bavaria, but now forming a detached district in upper Austria, and called Salzburg from the broad valley of the Salzer River, which is made by the approximating of the Norric and Rhetian Alps. Their ancestors, the Vallenges of Piedmont, had been compelled by the barbaries of the Duke of Savoy to find a shelter from the storms of persecution in the Alpine passes and vales of Salzburg and the Tyrol. Before the Reformation, and frequently since, had they been hunted by the hirelings and soldiery of the Church of Rome, and condemned for their faith to torture of the most cruel and revolting kind.

"From 1684-86 they were threatened with extermination until the Protestant States of Saxony and Brandenburg intervened. For fifty years they were comparatively safe until the Archbishop Leopold issued a fanatical decree, banishing from his domain all who would not accept the Catholic faith.

"Thrilling is the story of their exile. The march of these Salzburgers constitutes an epoch in the history of Germany. They were an army of martyrs, setting forth in the strength of God and triumphing in faith under the rigors of persecution. Marshalled under no ensigns but the banners of the Cross, led on by no chieftains but their spiritual pastors, armed with no weapons but their Bibles and hymn books, they journeyed on, everywhere singing paeans, not of military victory, but of praise and thanksgiving to Him, who, though they were cast out and oppressed, had yet made them more than conquerors.

"In all, thirty thousand people were driven from their homes. More than two-thirds settled in Prussian States, the rest spread themselves over England, Holland, and other Protestant countries.

"As early as October 12, 1732, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge (of England) expressed a desire to the Trustees for the establishing of the Colony of Georgia in America that the Salzburgers should have asylum provided for them in

Georgia. The trustees, in December, 1732, sent over to Germany an invitation to fifty Salzburger families from Berchtesgaden to be transported to Georgia, the Society having resolved to pay their expenses from Germany to Rotterdam (Holland), then to London. Those thought worthy, the Trustees resolved to defray their passage to Georgia and to provision them gratis in Georgia till they could take in a harvest. They were also to be provided with a minister who was to be paid by the Crown, to give them three lots—viz; a lot for house and yard within the town, and a lot for tillage at a small distance from the town, the said lands to be a freehold to themselves and heirs forever. In consideration of these privileges, they were to obey the Trustees orders and become denizens of Georgia, with all the rights and privileges of Englishmen.

“In answer to the invitation addressed by the Trustees to the venerable Samuel Welsperger, forty-two men with their families, numbering in all seventy-eight, left Ausburg on the 21st of October, 1733, and took their melancholy journey to the seaboard. Furnished through kindness of their Ausburg friends with three rude carts, one to carry their baggage and the other two to carry their feeble women and children, the rest traveling on foot, they began the pilgrimage as strangers to a far country.

“They embarked on December 2nd from Rotterdam, reaching Dover on the 21st of December, 1733.”\*

Upon their arrival in London, a number of the Salzburgers agreed to sail for America with General Oglethorpe, to become Colonists of Georgia. Armed with their hymn books and Bibles, they embarked on the “Purysburg”, leaving England in December, 1733. The “Purysburg” reached Charleston in March, 1734 and set sail on March 9th for Savannah, arriving the next day, which in the Lutheran Calendar is “Reminiscers” Sunday (Day of Remembrance). They entered the Savannah River, arriving at Tybee Island on March 12th. The next day they landed at Peepers Island. General Oglethorpe led the passengers to a rising ground and there kneeling gave thanks to God for their deliverance from the perils of the deep and their safe arrival in America.

The Salzburgers first settled at a spot which is described in the Journal of Von Reck. “The lands are enclosed between two rivers which flow into the Savannah. The Salzburgers’ town is to be built near the largest, and is called “Ebernezer” (stone of help) in remembrance that God had brought them thither.” The Salzburgers remained at Ebernezer for a period of two years. Finding this an unhealthy spot, they abandoned the original site and built a new town two miles distant. The new location was given the name of “New Ebernezer” (or Red Bluff).<sup>1</sup>

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\* NOTE. (See Pages 105 and 108, Stevens’ “History of Georgia”, Congressional Library.)



A second expedition of Salzburger sailed from England for Georgia in the month of October, 1735, accompanied by the Rev. Frick, under the protective care of Captain Hernsdorf and Baron Von Reck and General Oglethorpe. Among the passengers on the voyage were the Treutlen Family, and John and Charles Wesley.<sup>2</sup>

"The voyage was long and tempestuous. During one of the terrible storms which rolled its heavy waves over the vessel, John Wesley nearly found a watery grave. The tempest began on Sunday Noon in the midst of the psalm which commenced the church service. The English screamed out in terror. The Germans sang on. "Were you not afraid?" said Wesley to one of them. "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" "No," he mildly replied, "our women and children are not afraid to die." Beautiful example of the power of a living faith and strength of a Christian hope."<sup>3</sup>

"John Wesley's conversion came while on this voyage, for among these strangers he beheld Christianity in a light more gentle, attractive and consoling than he had ever known."<sup>4</sup>

The first building the Salzburger erected in New Ebernezer was an orphanage, which served as a place of worship. In 1744 they built a frame church where the first Sunday School in Georgia was organized. These Germans were industrious, as well as religious people. They built the first sawmill in Georgia and the first rice mill in America. They devoted much time to the growing of mulberry trees and the manufacture of silk, and the cultivation of cotton, maize, rice, indigo, hemp, tobacco, and grapes.

In 1769 the thrifty Colonists replaced their frame church with the present brick structure, using hand made brick which they baked themselves in a nearby kiln, the women of the Parish carrying these bricks in their aprons to the site of the building.

The Salzburger were very strict in their moral code. No alcohol was permitted among their church members and the possession of slaves was not allowed. Eventually, the ban against ownership of slaves was rescinded, in the hope of converting these slaves to Christianity. The Salzburger contributed much to the stability and character of America.<sup>5</sup>

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### *JOHN ADAM TREUTLEN*

One of the most outstanding of the Salzburger was John Adam Treutlen, who was born in Berchtesgaden, Austria (now

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<sup>1</sup> "Annals of Georgia" by Caroline Wilson

<sup>2</sup> Steven's "History of Georgia"

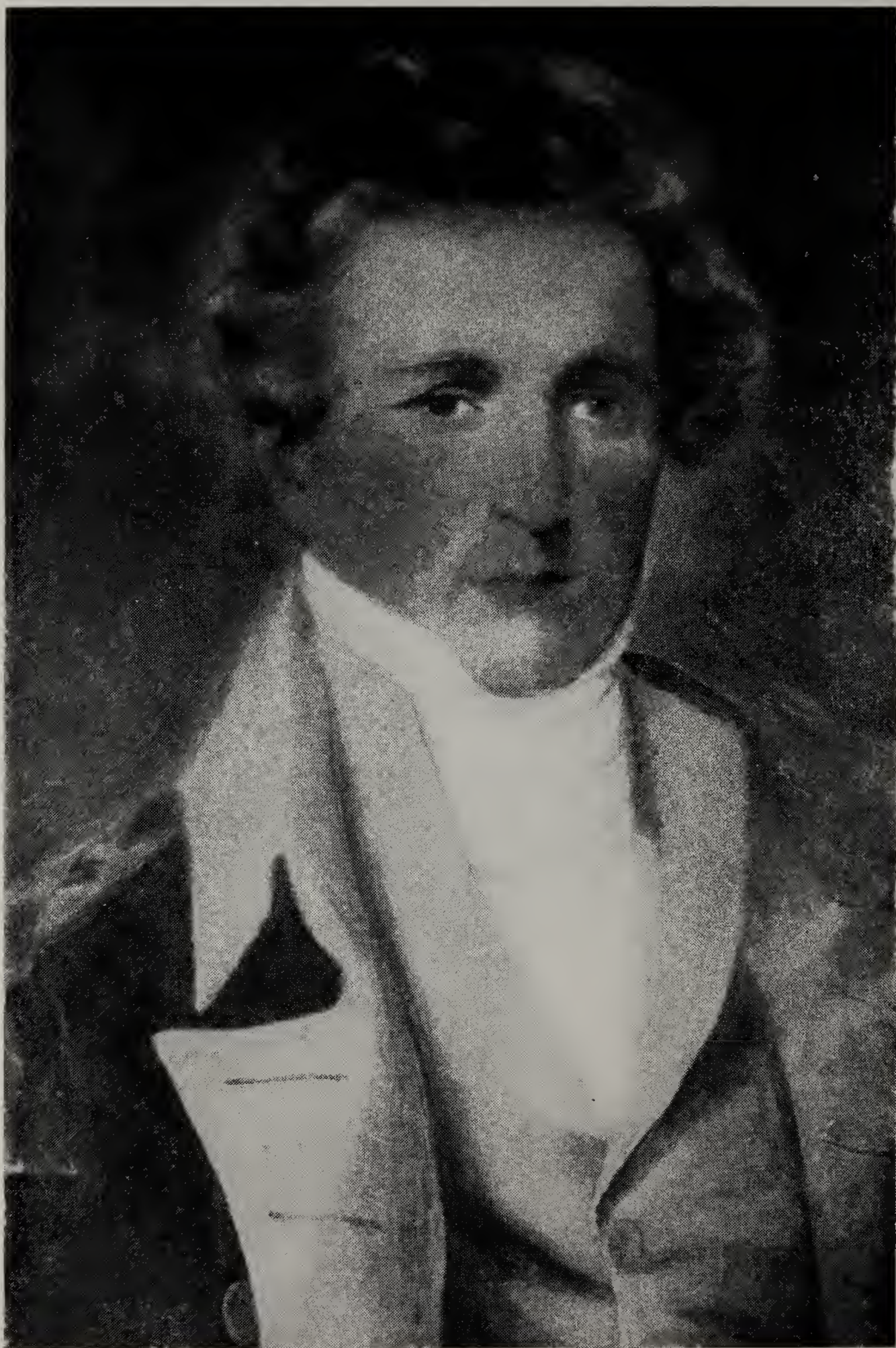
<sup>2</sup> Newspaper article by Walker, Etta Dent's Scrapbook

<sup>3</sup> Steven's "History of Georgia"

<sup>4</sup> Etta Dent's Scrapbook

<sup>5</sup> Steven's "History of Georgia"





*Governor John Adam Treutlen  
First Provincial Governor of Georgia, a Revolutionary  
Patriot, Who Was Brutally Murdered by the British*



Germany) in 1726. When John Adam was a small boy, his family was forced to flee from their homeland with other Salzburger because of a fanatical decree of the Archbishop Leopold, who banished from his domain all who would not accept the Catholic faith.

John Adam, his father, Frederick Treutlen, his mother and his three brothers were a part of that historic exodus of Salzburger who left all of their worldly possessions behind, rather than give up their religious beliefs to seek freedom of worship in foreign lands.

The Treutlens journeyed on foot to Rotterdam, Holland, then by sea to England. It appears that the father, Frederick Treutlen, became an officer in the British Navy. While he was stationed in the British Isles one of his sons was drowned at Gosport. The Rev. Frick is quoted in "Annals of Georgia" as saying that Frederick Treutlen was also drowned. Another version of the death of Frederick Treutlen is that he died on shipboard enroute to America with his wife and three sons.

At any rate, Mrs. Treutlen landed in Georgia in 1736 accompanied only by her three sons, Frederick, Jr., John Adam, and Christian.<sup>1</sup>

The Treutlens lived first at "Sister Ferry", Georgia. A short time after their arrival Mrs. Treutlen was remarried and moved to Vernonsburg, near Savannah, Georgia. Because she felt that the step-father was a bad influence on John Adam, she sent him to live at Ebernezer.

Adam was more fortunate than most young men of his day, for he received a liberal education under the tutelage of the learned John Martin Bolzins and Rev. Grael Christian Gronau, who taught him French, German, Latin, English and mathematics. Being an excellent student, he took advantage of his opportunity to acquire an education.<sup>1</sup>

As a young man, Adam served as a Captain in the British Army; during the Revolution, as Governor of Georgia, he served as Commander of Georgia's Armed Forces. There is a portrait of him in his blue Colonial uniform, which hangs today on the walls of one of his descendants, Mrs. Frank Petry of Eufaula, Alabama.

On page 198 of, Sophia Foster's "Revolutionary Reader", is the following description of John Adam Treutlen. "He had a military bearing—profused stock of hair futilely bombarding an obstinate cowlick, large piercing (blue) eyes fringed by shaggy brows with a drooping lid, nose Roman, a bold intellectual fore-

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NOTE. It is possible that Christian Treutlen, the third brother, was the son drowned in England. However one family paper in my possession, states that he came to America and was a "Justice of Peace" in Ga.

head, marked cheek bones with a face—sharp angular chin, thin lips closely plastered together. Altogether not a man to take liberties with”.

In 1747 Adam was confirmed in the “Jerusalem Lutheran Church”, at Ebernezer. From then on he was a devoted member of the church. In later life he served as Senior Deacon and took part in the trial of Rev. Christopher F. Tribner.

The “Jerusalem Church” records show that a young lady by the name of Ann Margareth De Puis was confirmed in the church in 1754. This young lady was of Swiss-French descent and lived in a Swiss-French colony just across the Savannah River from Ebernezer. Recorded in the same church register is the marriage of John Adam Treutlen and Ann Margareth DePuis in the year 1756. On another page appears the marriage date of Adam’s brother, Colonel Frederick Treutlen to Margaret Schads of Purysburg, S. C. Margaret Schads was of Swiss-French parentage also; and a sister of Colonel Schads of Revolutionary fame.

In all, there were nine children born to Margareth and Adam Treutlen. Three died in infancy, while three sons and three daughters grew to maturity, John Jr., Christian, DePuis, Elizabeth, Mary and Hannah. John Jr. married Margaret Miller, Elizabeth married John William Kennedy, and Mary married Ed. Dudley.

Had Adam come into the world at a more peaceful time, he would have been a great statesman. His talents were more political than military. He held quite a few political offices, among them Justice of Peace of St. Matthews Parish, Commissioner and Surveyor of Roads for Provincetown of Ebernezer. He also served as a member of the Georgia Assembly from St. Andrews Parish from 1761-66.

As a member of the First Provincial Congress, which met in Savannah on July 4, 1775, he was active in the cause of independence. Among his co-delegates to the Provincial Congress were such men as Walton, Habersham, Bryans, Telfare, Houston, Clay, Cuthbert, and McIntosh. Treutlen was a strong adherent to the Whig Party and was the first Governor elected under the Constitution of 1776. He became Governor on May 8, 1777, being elected by a large majority over Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The same year, 1777, that Treutlen was elected Governor, his wife Margareth died. He remarried, the following year, on Jan. 14, 1778 a widow, Mrs. Annie Unselt.

While Treutlen was Governor, William Henry Drayton set about to destroy the independence of Georgia by seeking to combine it with South Carolina. Treutlen offered a reward of a hundred pounds for the apprehension of Drayton, who kept out of the



State. He thus preserved the sovereignty of Georgia as a separate State.

When hostilities broke out between England and the Colonies, Treutlen was among the first to espouse the Rebel cause. Although he was then 53 years old he became head of Georgia's military forces, joining with General Anthony Wayne. Treutlen's actions had a great influence on other Lutherans, most of whom supported the cause of the Republic. The notable exception being the Rev. Tribner, who declared his allegiance to the Crown and led the British soldiers into the city.

In the year 1779, the British took possession of St. Matthews Parish and used Jerusalem Church as a hospital, stable, and commissary for the army. The interior of the church was ruined and many records destroyed.

The British offered protection to all who would take the oath of loyalty to the Crown. A large majority of the Salzburgers remained faithful to the cause of the new Republic.

During the last days of the war, General Wayne recaptured Ebernezer and the Salzburgers were free to return to the town. However, the town had been completely demolished and was never rebuilt. Many years later "Jerusalem Church" was restored and stands today after 188 years as a link with early Georgian history. The white belfry with its two church bells is topped by a white metal swan, a historic symbol of Luther. In the swan is a bullet hole left by a British musket shot fired during the Revolution. The moss covered trees which surround the red brick church with green shutters is a picturesque symbol of faith.

Truetlen remained Governor until 1780, when the British destroyed his house and furniture and all of his property and he was forced to flee for his life to Orangeburg County, South Carolina. In 1769 Adam Treutlen owned a plantation consisting of twelve thousand acres with twenty-three Negroes.

In South Carolina Adam continued his interest in public affairs. He became a member of the Jacksonborough Assembly under Governor Rutledge. Almost immediately upon his arrival in South Carolina the clouds became dark again and his doom was sealed. He was declared a dangerous Rebel by the British, who set about to destroy him. There are several versions of his brutal murder by the British. The Rev. Frick writes in "Annals of Georgia", "While riding his horse one night in 1782, he was apprehended by the British, who tied him behind his horse, and caused the horse to run away at great speed. He was literally hacked to pieces."

Another version of his death is that British officers disguised as Revolutionary soldiers, came to his home begging bread, and that they seized him when he approached them, and murdered him in the presence of his family, burning his remains.

From an old newspaper clipping in the scrapbook of Etta Dent, I quote from an article by Mrs. J. L. Walker; "One of the traditions of that terrible night in St. Matthews is told by one of his descendants and is considered authentic. While Governor Treutlen was being so inhumanly murdered some of his children were on their way to a dance. Later the murderers proceeded to the scene of the festival occasion, and while Miss Treutlen was dancing with one of the British officers, she noticed that he wore her father's watch fob and came near fainting. Knowing of the perilous times, she felt that something had happened to her father. She sought her brother, who also was attending the dance, and told him what she had seen. He and his friends seized the British officer and his companions, nine in number, and put them to death."<sup>2</sup>

The State of Georgia paid tribute to John Adam Treutlen by naming a county "Treutlen County" in his honor.

The South Carolina D.A.R. have erected a monument to Treutlen at Metts Cross Road near St. Matthews, South Carolina in Calhoun County.

Five miles south of St. Matthews, South Carolina stands an eight-foot granite boulder at the intersection of the old St. Matthews Road running from Charleston to Columbia and the Bellville Road from Fort Metts to Orangeburg. It is called "Metts Cross Road".

The boulder bears a bronze plaque which reads:

JOHN ADAM TREUTLEN  
Governor of Georgia, 1777  
and a Stern Revolutionary Patriot  
Born at Berchtesgaden, Austria  
1726  
and Brutally Murdered by Tories  
about 1782 near this spot.  
Erected by  
William Thompson Chapter D.A.R.  
& Emily Giger Chapter C.A.R.  
St. Matthews, S. C.  
1914

<sup>1</sup> "Annals of Georgia" by Wilson, Quote Rev. Frick page 102

<sup>2</sup> See Etta Dent's Scrapbook for newspaper article by Mrs. J. L. Walker

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84. (Continental Hall, D.A.R. Library).

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“Lutheran Landmarks” by Strobel; Strobel’s “History of Salzburger and Their Descendants”, pgs. 200-202-3-4, 286-7.

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EDITORS NOTE: John Adam Treutlen should be of special interest to Henrietta and Charles Hubbard since they are each related to him in two different ways and their children are thus a kinsman of Treutlen four times.

## CHAPTER 13

### FOUNDERS OF THE FONTAINE FAMILY

The story of the Fontaine Family has been told so well by Ann Maury Fontaine in her "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family" that I shall only give a brief review of their history.

The Fontaines were French Huguenots. The founder of the family, John de la Fontaine, was martyred because of his religious beliefs. After the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1765, the only course left for Protestants was to flee from France. A grandson of John de la Fontaine, the Rev. James, escaped with his wife and sister Elizabeth to England. From England they went to Ireland, and eventually some of the children of the Rev. James emigrated to America.

It is interesting to find that those who came to America were prominent in the early Colonial days of Virginia, and that each contributed to the spiritual and cultural life of his times.

The first member of the Fontaine family to arrive in this country was John Fontaine. He was an Ensign in the British Army in 1710 and visited Virginia in 1714. The Rev. Peter Fontaine, his brother, had commissioned him to seek lands for him in the new country. John devoted much of his visit to looking over the colony and acquiring lands for himself and his family. His leisure time was spent in Williamsburg, the Colonial Capital of Virginia.

In August and September, 1716, John accompanied Governor Alexander Spotswood and his party on an expedition up the Blue Ridge Mountains, opening up the Shenandoah Valley to settlers. The members of the expedition were dubbed "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" by Governor Spotswood, who gave each gallant gentleman a golden horseshoe studded with jewels in recognition of his exploits.

In July, 1718, John deeded his lands to his brother James and returned to England to live.<sup>1</sup>

The Rev. Peter Fontaine, the second member of the family to come to America, arrived in 1716. He was followed soon afterwards by his brothers, Rev. Francis and James, and his sister, Ann Fontaine Maury and her husband, Matthew Maury. At first they all settled in Manakintown, a Huguenot settlement on the James River, located twenty miles above Richmond, Virginia. The Rev. Peter served as rector of King William Parish from 1720-21 — after which he was made Chaplain to Col. William Byrd and to the Virginia Commission which ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728. His next Parish was at "Westover," on the James River.

In a novel by Marion Harland called "His Great Self", founded on the Westover manuscript of Col. William Byrd, Pierre Fontaine



is shown to be a familiar member of the household, and an intimate friend of the beautiful Evelyn. He is described as a "polished scholar and courtly gentleman of winning manners, with an olive complexion, clearly chisled features, soft dark brilliant eyes, "a true descendent of the handsomest man in "Navaree".

Romance says he was in love with Evelyn Byrd but realizing the hopelessness of his own suit aided her by every means in his power in her unfortunate love affair with her English lover, Lord Peterborough. The story goes that Col. Byrd refused to allow his daughter to marry Lord Peterborough because he was a Catholic and that Evelyn Byrd died of a broken heart.

Rev. Peter and his nephew, Rev. James Maury, seemed to have had a number of differences, over the vital issues of the day, with Patrick Henry. However, the family must have become reconciled to the orator, since Rev. Peter's grandson, Col. John Fontaine, married Martha, the daughter of Patrick Henry.

Another grandson of the Rev. Peter, Col. William Fontaine, served under General Washington during the Revolution and was present at Yorktown for the surrender of General Cornwallis.

The Rev. James Maury, son of Ann Fontaine Maury, became rector of Frederickville Parish, Louisa County, Virginia. In addition to his ministerial duties he conducted a boys school in Walker Parish. Among his pupils were five signers of the Declaration of Independence, three of his students became Presidents of the United States, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. The young Thomas Jefferson lived in the Maury home for two years, paying 20 lb. per year for board and tuition. Jefferson admired his teacher for his broad and liberal views.<sup>2</sup>

## THE PARSONS CAUSE

Rev. James Maury was involved in the famous "Parsons Cause" case in 1763. It was in this case that the then unknown Patrick Henry leaped into fame as an orator and by his impassioned words ignited the flames which led to the Revolution.

The case dealt with an act of the King in 1751, fixing the salary of the Virginia clergy at 16,000 lbs. of tobacco a year. The House of Burgesses of Virginia passed a law allowing payment of salaries in Virginia currency at the rate of two pence a pound. Since tobacco was frequently worth a great deal more than two pence, and was acceptable as a medium of exchange in England, which Virginia currency was not, the ministers felt defrauded. As a body, they sent a protest to the Bishop of London. On August 10, 1759, the Crown nullified the Virginia law. Maury, who had twelve children to support, brought suit for payment of his back salary.





*Rev. Francis Fontaine  
The French Huguenot Minister From Whom We Are Descended,  
Came to America in 1720, Settling in Virginia*



When the case was brought to trial in the Court House at Hanover County, Virginia, Patrick Henry denounced the King as a tyrant, appealed to the prejudices of the jury and won his case for the defendants. Maury, who had the law on his side, only received one cent damages.<sup>3</sup>

Another member of the family who achieved fame was Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas." He was the grandson of the Rev. James Maury, and great grandson of Ann Fontaine Maury.

The Rev. Francis Fontaine, from whom we are descended, arrived in America in 1717, bringing with him a letter of introduction from the Bishop of London. In 1720 Francis became rector of St. Margaret's Parish, Virginia. From 1722-24 he served as rector of King William Parish in Henrico County, Virginia. The year 1724 found him installed as rector of York Hampton Parish, York, Virginia. In 1729 he received an appointment as Professor of Oriental Languages at William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Virginia.

Shortly after Francis and his family arrived in this country, his wife, Marie Glannison, died. She was a gentle French lady who found life in the new country too rugged for her.

Rev. Francis' second wife, Susan Brush, was the daughter of the gunsmith of Governor Spotswood at Williamsburg. She was a cruel woman who caused her husband to disinherit his children by his first marriage. At the time of Rev. Francis' death in 1749, his estate was said to be worth L I, 500 Virginia currency, quite a fortune for a minister.

The Rev. Francis had four children by his first marriage, to Marie Glannison, three sons and a daughter. The three sons were named John, Francis, Jr., and Thomas, the daughter, Mary. There were two children by his second marriage to Susan Brush, a son James Maury and a daughter Judith.

Thomas died as a youth. John and Francis Jr. left home because of the cruelty of their step-mother, going to New Bern, North Carolina, about 1747. The two brothers had been apprenticed to a carpenter as young men and had learned that trade. In a pioneer country building was a profitable business. Francis acquired 640 acres of timber land and set about to help build a town. The two brothers prospered.

John married but left no heirs. His estate was willed to his brother Francis.

Francis Jr. married a Miss Jasper, who gave birth to four children, Francis, Thomas, Mary and Benjamin.

Thomas and Benjamin, sons of Francis Jr. moved South. The census reports of 1790, Charleston District, gives the names of Thomas and Benjamin Fontaine as living on Edisto Island, S. C., sixty-five miles from Charleston.

Thomas and Benjamin Fontaine married two sisters, the daughters of Benjamin Bruton who lived in Dobbs Co. N. C. (now Craven Co.) Thomas married Clarissa, his brother Benjamin, Mary. Benjamin Bruton the father, was born in 1720 in Dobbs, Co.

In Williamsburg, Virginia stands a historic Church, "Bruton Parish". It was built in the early seventeenth century, and was the first Episcopal Church built in this country. Clarissa and Mary Bruton were of French-Hugenot descent, and it is possible that they are of the Bruton family of Williamsburg.

In 1800, both Thomas and Benjamin Fontaine and their families moved to Georgia. It appears that Thomas lived in Warrington, Warren County, Georgia. He and his wife had seven children born to them, Thomas, John, Francis, Peter, Benjamin, Lucy and another daughter (name unknown). Benjamin and Mary had two children, Sarah and Peter.

There is a possibility that both Thomas and Benjamin Fontaine and their wives are buried in Warrenton, Georgia, or at Eatonton, Putman Co., Ga. Their graves have never been located. It appears that Thomas had a second wife named Sally Threewitts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will of Rev. Francis Fontaine:

#### IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN !

I, Francis Fontaine, being mindful of the frailty and mortality of human nature, and that it is appointed for all men once to die, but considering the uncertainty of the time thereof, being now (I thank God) in perfect health, sound mind, memory and understanding, do therefore make this my last will and testament in manner and form following, that is to say, first, and principally, I most earnestly commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, my Creator, hoping through the merits, passion and death of my only Savior, Christ Jesus, to receive full pardon and remission of all my sins, and to inherit eternal life.

And as for my body, I commit it to the earth in the comfortable hope of a glorious resurrection to be buried at the discretion of my executrix hereafter named.

And as to the disposition of what estate I own, real or personal, which I shall die possessed of, I give and dispose thereof as followeth, (that is to say) my just debts and funeral expenses first paid.

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<sup>1</sup> "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family", Ann Maury

<sup>2</sup> Page 13, "The Young Thomas Jefferson". by Claud Bowers

<sup>3</sup> Page 64, "The True Patrick Henry" by Geo. Morgan, also pg. 36 "American Statesmen", by M. C. Tyler



I give unto my youngest son, James Maury Fontaine all my printed books and manuscripts.

And for as much as my eldest son, Francis Fontaine, Jr., behaved himself wickedly and unfaithful, to present any trouble or vexation which he might cause to my dear wife, Susanna Fontaine and my children, I do hereby absolutely and entirely disinherit him, the said Francis Fontaine, and my will is that he, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever have no claim, right or title whatsoever to any part of my estate.

And to prevent any vexation or trouble being caused to my dear wife by any of my other children viz: Mary Fontaine, John Fontaine, Thomas Fontaine, James Maury Fontaine, and Judith Barbor Fontaine, I do hereby give and bequest to my dear wife, Susanna Fontaine above mentioned, the whole residue of all such estate whatsoever which I shall die possessed of, to her to be disposed of as she shall think fit, with as full power and authority as if I myself were living, relying entirely upon her love and discretion in bringing up and providing for my five last mentioned children. To her (under God) I commit the care and government of them.

And my will is that my estate be not inventoried or appraised but that my dear wife above mentioned alone have the whole and sole management and disposal thereof.

And I do therefore, by this my last will and testament, constitute and appoint my said dear wife, Susanna Fontaine, sole executrix and administratrix of this my last will and testament and I do hereby absolutely revoke and disannul all former wills made by me, and declare this alone to be my last will and testament, written all with my own hand.

IN WITNESS THEREOF, I have hereunto set my name and seal this twenty-third day of April, one thousand seven hundred and forty-nine.

Francis Fontaine (L. S.)

Signed, sealed and declared to be my last will and testament in the presence of - - -

(P.S. The Rev. Francis Fontaine's *second wife*, Susanna Brush Barbor, was not related to us—his *first wife*, a lovely French lady (Mary Glannison) *was our line.*) E. F. D.

At a court held for York County the 19th day of March, 1749, this writing was presented in Court by Susanna Fontaine as the executrix therein named, and Mary Fontaine, daughter of the decedent, being first sworn, said that the writing aforesaid was all of the handwriting of the said decedent, and that she heard him in his lifetime read the said writing and publish and declare the same to be his last will and testament and John Fontaine being

also sworn said that the above mentioned writing was all of the proper handwriting of the said decedent, and that the seal affixed thereto was the proper seal and arms of the said decedent.

Whereupon the said writing was by the court established as and for the last will and testament of the said Francis Fontaine, deceased and ordered to be recorded and the said executrix, having made oath thereto, according to law, certificate was granted her for obtaining a probate thereof in due form.

Teste

Thomas Everard, Ch. Cur. Wills  
and Inventories

No. 20, page 177.

A copy tests:

Floyd Holloway, Clerk of the Circuit Court for the County of York, Virginia.

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From William and Mary Quarterly Historical Magazine—Editor Lyon G. Tyler, Pres. Williamsburg, Virginia, 1897 (Richmond, Virginia, Millet and Shepperson, Gen. Printers).  
Excerpt, page 196—

Susanna Barbor Brush, widow of Thomas Barbor, married secondly Reverend Francis Fontaine, Professor of Oriental Languages in William and Mary College in 1729 and for many years rector of York Hampton Parish.

His will was proved in York County 19th March, 1749.

Will of Thomas Fontaine from the Court—Warren County, Ga.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN !

I, Thomas Fontaine, of Warren County, Georgia, being in perfect mind and memory, calling to mind the approaching mortality of my body, do make and constitute this, my last will and testament. What is to say, principally and first of all, I recommend my soul to God who gave it the earth from whence it came to be buried at the discretion of my executors.

ITEM. 1. I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Sally Fontaine, one negro girl named Sealy, and five hundred dollars in cash which was the sum I sold Ned for, a negro I intended for her, and a child's part of all my household furniture at her own disposal free from all encumbrances forever.

Also wish my wife to continue to live with my family during her life or widowhood and enjoy a support as the rest of my family,



but if she should marry or remove, then my executors or my children to be clear of the charge of her support.

ITEM 2. My will and desire is that my sister, Sally Fontaine, remain and live as one of my family and be supported as in my life time. I desire also that at the division of my estate if said Sally choses to live with any of them, my will is that my heirs jointly throw in for her support, the sum of fifty dollars a year as long as she choses to live with them.

ITEM 3. It is my desire that all my negroes continue to live on my plantation and live together as heretofore to be managed and directed as my executors shall think best, nevertheless, if my executors shall have reason to believe it best to hire out any part of the negroes, I hereby authorize them to do so as I wholly confide on their judgment.

ITEM 4. I will all my stock to continue as at present for the support of the family until the coming of age or marriage of one of my children and then my stock and plantation, tools and household furniture to be equally divided between my children, not interfering with my wife's part and also to have two negroes which may be taken of by lot and any part of my plantation which my executors may think equitable and right and so continue until the coming of age of my youngest child and then all to be brought together and equally divided between my children, that is all my real and personal estate.

ITEM 5. I do hereby nominate and appoint Elisha Hurt, James Allen and John Fontaine, my brother, executors of this my last will and testament and in the case of the death, refusal to act, or removal of either of the above nominated executors. I hereby appoint my son, John to fill up said vacancy at or after the age of eighteen years and I Thomas Fontaine do acknowledge this my last will and testament January the 7th eighteen hundred and eight.

Tos. Fontaine (SEAL)

Signed; sealed and acknowledged in the presence of us:  
Cader Worley, William and Taylor  
Sally Fontaine.

\* \* \* \* \*

GEORGIA, Warren County.

Personally appeared in open court the within named Sally Fontaine, one of the legatees mentioned in the within will and testament of Thomas Fontaine, deceased, and voluntarily and of her own free will and accord relinquished and resigned up to the

other co-heirs and legatees and bequeathes therein contained in her forever and signed the same with hand.

Sally Fontaine.  
7th November 1808.

Test.  
Septimus Weathrby  
C. C. O. W. C.

-----  
Rev. Francis Fontaine (Francis 1), Williamsburg, Virginia—  
his son.

Francis Fontaine (Francis 2), New Bern, North Carolina—  
his son.

Thomas Fontaine, Warren County, Georgia—his son.

John Fontaine, Columbus, Georgia—his daughter.

Henrietta Fontaine Flewellen, Columbus, Georgia—her  
daughter.

Mary Fontaine Flewellen Copeland, Eufaula, Alabama.

The son of Francis (2nd), Thomas Fontaine, moved to Warrenton, Georgia; he was the father of John Maury Fontaine, of Columbus, Georgia, my mother's grandfather.

Etta F. Dent  
1951.



## CHAPTER 14

### JOHN MAURY FONTAINE

John Maury Fontaine, the son of Thomas and Clarissa Bruton Fontaine, was born on July 9, 1792.

He was married in 1825 in Warrenton, Warren County, Georgia, to Mary Ann Stewart, the daughter of Charles D. Stewart and Henrietta Hargraves Stewart of Greensboro, Georgia.

John and Mary Ann lived for a time at Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia. They moved from there to Columbus, Georgia, in 1829, the first year after the settlement of that town.

"John Fontaine became one of the most successful and extensive business men of his time. A man of large mercantile and planting interest, he was also connected with its manufacturing enterprises. He acquired lands in Georgia and Alabama, in Texas and Mississippi successively in those states as they were opened up. He acquired considerable land and great influence."<sup>1</sup>

"He became the first mayor of Columbus after it became a city in 1836."<sup>1</sup>

"John Fontaine was said to be a just and conscientious man as well as a good business man. During the Civil War in which he was too old to take an active part, he was distinguished for his charities and his efforts to keep down the rise in prices that so seriously injured the cause of the Confederacy."<sup>2</sup>

He died one year after the war on November 6, 1866.

His wife, Mary Ann, died September 16, 1852. Both are buried on the Fontaine square in Columbus.

(Copy of letter from Mr. John Fontaine to Lucy F. Thompson Kerr in her Texas home "Spring Hill," Burton County, Texas)

Columbus, Georgia,  
May 29, 1854.

My dear Cousin Lucy,

I was very much pleased to receive yours of Nov. 20, 1853 and your later one this last April. They reminded me of times long passed.

I am also truly pleased to have your picture. It does not look much like the Lucy I remember, but very much like your mother.

I have not seen a near relative for forty years, and when I look at one who in my youth I was much attached to, I assure you you have given me an unexpected pleasure.

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<sup>1</sup> Page 131, "Columbus on the Chattahoochee," by Etta B. Worsley

<sup>2</sup> Pages 133-134, "Columbus on the Chattahoochee," Worsley

I return you my own likeness as you will see I, too, am getting old. Some five years ago I became partially paralyzed. For some time I lost the use of my right side, but by exercise treatment I am much improved.

I am now sixty years of age and weigh 185 pounds.

I presume you will see little in my picture to remind you of me when we were children.

I was pleased to hear of your brother, Alexander, and that he, his family and yours enjoy good health.

Lucy, you must have endured many privations and perplexities living in that frontier country, reared as you were, which by comparison must have been luxury and ease. Your children, however, may be more independent than if reared in older regions.

Yet all who are industrious in the more populated country are usually successful.

The main thing is health, with legal protection for ourselves and property, protected by the law and our religious privileges properly respected.

I have never joined any church, but am friendly with all, with strong faith in Christianity.

I note you have heard of my brother's death. He left his family comfortably well off financially. They left Mobile and have settled nearby where one of his daughters, married to my wife's brother, was living.

My brother's eldest son is in poor health. They fear he will not live much longer. My sister-in-law and her daughter, Mary, are at present visiting me. They are attending the Methodist Conference but will be leaving in a day or two. They beg to be affectionately remembered to you.

I had the great misfortune to lose my wife three years ago. While the loss is great to me, I feel it is even greater to my children. I have two daughters and five sons living. My eldest is twenty, the youngest but five. The girls are married, the boys are with me. The eldest son is just home from college. You may imagine what a care it is having the responsibility of these young boys, with no mother to aid in controlling their morals. Yet I feel that their happiness and perhaps mine will be promoted by not encumbering them with a stepmother. I have seen so much trouble result from second marriages where there were other children, I shall remain single, doing the best I can for them. A better and more affectionate mother never lived than theirs. To risk their happiness or have them annoyed in any way I could prevent, is more than I could bear.

I have long since retired from the mercantile business. I invested my money in planting and manufacturing. By superintend-



ing both, I find it a pleasant and profitable business. It is necessary to my health that I have plenty of outdoor exercise.

I have accumulated quite a competency for myself and my children but have done so with no desire to acquire wealth. No one should seek that alone.

Honesty, industry and reasonable economy are the chief requisites to succeed in supplying the needs for a family, and a contented state of mind is far more essential to one's happiness than accumulating a fortune.

Our dear Aunt Sallie Fontaine departed this life thirty-five years ago. She lived a happy life and died so I am surprised that you had not heard of her death.

Remember me affectionately to all inquiring friends and relatives, with the same affectionate love of old, to you, dear Lucy.

Believe me ever truly yours,  
John Fontaine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Excerpts of a letter from Margaret Ingraham of Los Angeles, California, to Mrs. L. J. Clayton:

Dec. — 1950

My dear Cousin,

My grandmother, Lucy Thomson Kerr, passed on before my day, but my mother and older cousins who knew her said she often talked of this Cousin John whom she knew in her early childhood in her grandfather Fontaine's Charleston, S. C. home, a beautiful place of apparent wealth where she was born. She and great grandfather Kerr had twin sons in Augusta, Ga., whom she named John Fontaine and Lewis Fontaine.

As you may know the lineage of our Fontaines descend from our first American ancestor Rev. Francis and the latter's son Thomas. Thomas' daughter Lucy married Alexander Thomson born in Scotland. Came to America settled in Penn. After the Revolution Alexander II went to Charleston thence to Warren Co. where he met and married Lucy Fontaine, daughter of Thomas who had gone to Georgia after the Revolution. Family Bible records give Lucy Thomson's birth in Charleston in her grandfather's home. Her father lived to an elderly age, but her mother, the first Lucy, died early leaving my grandmother Lucy II and her brother Alexander III; both of whom with families, came to Texas soon after General Houston's defeat of Santa Anna head of the Mexican Army.

Thomas Fontaine and his wife reared these two Thomson children. John Fontaine and my grandmother grew up like a brother and a sister. In this letter he wrote her in 1854, some

forty years ago he had last seen her in Georgia, he marveled that "one reared in practical luxury of that day as you had been could face and bear the hardships of such primitive frontier life as you must have faced in Texas."

But he had evidently forgotten that she came of Spartan pioneer stock, the dauntless Fontaines whose ancestors fought valiantly for their freedom to live and worship God in the way they chose.

My grandfather Kerr was a highly educated man and by no means a poor one. Their Texas home in 1854 was a beautiful plantation with all the comforts obtainable in that day. My father said all his children were well educated.

I have a copy of a letter John Fontaine wrote my grandmother Lucy Fontaine Thomson Kerr in 1854. He addressed her as Cousin Lucy. But Miss Hudson gave me conclusive proof that this John Fontaine was a son of Thomas Fontaine of Charleston, S. C.—son of Francis.

This Thomas was definitely the grandfather of my grandmother Lucy. Therefore John would have been her uncle but they were near the same age. The fact that he called her cousin, could be accounted for as a European custom which I believe is still the custom to consider all descendants of parents, brothers and sisters as cousins, instead of aunts and uncles. All my father's brothers called my brothers and sisters cousins.

My grandmother talked much to her first granddaughters about these Bealls and her other relatives. These older cousins told me. One of these older cousins twenty years or more older than I, wrote me what she knew about our paternal grandmother Lucy. She wrote as I quote "As a child, I used to sit entranced listening to grandma's reminiscences of her childhood in Charleston. She still remembered the dreadful effects of the Revolution. They had an old Colonial Home (her grandfather's where she was born) of many rooms, always filled with relatives. Charleston was a grand city with many cultured people from England and France many of whom were friends of her grandparents. (Her mother died early.) Grandmother was a cultured woman, she spoke fluent French.

My grandfather Hugh Kerr was also of a distinguished Scottish noble family intermarried with the royal house of Stuart but unlike my grandmother's quiet manner, he was austere and haughty in his bearing it was said. He demanded the same attention royalty demands. Many of his descendants were like him while others were like my grandmother whom my mother revered as "one of God's noble women."

A Merry Christmas Cousin Caro to you and yours.

Sincerely,  
Margaret Ingraham



NOTE. It has not been established definitely where John Fontaine was born but it appears by this letter that he was probably born in the Charleston, S. C. area. In the old Huguenot church in Charleston are two tablets of marble dedicated to the memory of the Rev. Peter Fontaine, and Ann Fontaine Maury. Indicating that some of the family were members of that church at some time.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JOHN FONTAINE'S AND MARY ANN'S CHILDREN

The John Fontaines had seven children. Henrietta Hargraves, Mary Elizabeth, John who died as a youth, Benjamin, Theophilus, Francis, and George, five other children died in infancy.

Henrietta married Col. James T. Flewellen. She died in 1857. leaving one daughter, Mary. Mary Eliazbeth ran away and married a Yankee, Dr. F. A. Stanford. Her mother never forgave her; but Henrietta Fontaine continued a clandestine correspondence with her sister. Several of her letters are in existance.

Benjamin Bruton married Elizabeth Shorter. They had two daughters, Mary (Mrs. Dozier Pou) and Bennie (Mrs. S. T. Weyman).

Theophilus married Miss Molly Young. They had no children.

George was killed at the Muscogee Club, when he attempted to intercede in a duel between two friends.

Francis married first Mary Fournoy. They had one daughter, Mary F. His second wife was Natalie Hamilton—no children.

The following is taken from an article which appeared in the Atlanta papers:

A "Founder's Roll" subscription of 1,000 to Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial by Mrs. Samuel T. Weyman in memory of her father, Captain Benjamin Bruton Fontaine, was announced Wednesday at Memorial headquarters.

Captain Fontaine commanded a company of the famous Third Georgia Cavalry in General Joe Wheeler's Division. He equipped his company at his own expense and fought throughout the War Between the States, distinguishing himself for bravery under fire on many fields of battle. His two brothers, Francis Fontaine and T. S. Fontaine, also were soldiers and officers of the Confederacy, the latter being in General Benning's Division of the Army of Northern Virginia and winning the soubriquet of "Fighting Fontaine" for his intrepid courage.

A still younger brother, too young to get into the army, nevertheless managed to get a taste of battle in the engagement fought at Columbus after Lee's surrender at Appomatox. He rode his pony so near the Union lines that he was captured as a prisoner.

John Fontaine, the father of these brothers, was one of the founders of the first cotton mill in Columbus. He laid out the city and was the first head of the city government.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

1851

My very dear Sister,

Your kind and affectionate letter I received with much pleasure about ten days ago and should have certainly given you the best evidence of my gratification by replying to it immediately but my dear little Abbie was quite sick and I did not have an opportunity until my return to Columbus. Since then I have put it off from day to day without having any good reason for my postponement. I am sure I have thought of you very often and I have spoken so frequently of you that I fear sometimes I try Julia's patience, when I speak of my sister *Mary*. I am sure she could testify that you are not forgotten. She expresses great desire to see you, appears to anticipate such pleasure in meeting at Montpelier next October. I think she has improved very much in every respect. She plays and sings very sweetly both on the guitar and piano. I think her at times very pretty and she is so affectionate that I could not but love her. Callie and herself are bosom friends. They speak of going on to Washington this winter, together, where they expect to enjoy themselves amazingly; at least you could judge so to hear the many plans they have formed. Callie often says, "Oh Hen, I wish you would let Betty leave school and go on with us." I tell them "no" that two years hence when they are old and saturated with pleasure, you will come out young and fresh and capable of appreciating the pleasures which they no longer enjoy. Oh how often I said this summer I am so glad sister Mary is at school. I hope you will never enter into much dissipating scenes as I have witnessed this summer. Do my dearest sister try and place your affections on things above, for believe me it is far easier to mind religious young. The temptations which a young lady is subjected to are very exciting and inviting, but in the end you will find it is all vanity and vexation of spirit bringing no comfort and dissipating all religious thoughts and feelings. Why do you delay your confirmation. Why not determine with the Grace of God to do your duty and begin by obeying his commands. Look at dear Ma and think of how little peace and pleasure she had in living without a God. Begin now and it will grow easier every day. I am so anxious that you should connect yourself with the Church before you leave school for I know you will have so many helps there which you have not at home. I hope you will not throw this aside

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<sup>1</sup> See "Columbus on the Chattahoochee," Worsley



and say here is another of sister Hennie's letters. Be proud it is only my love for you and my anxiety to see my only sister surrounded with such safe guards and shields which will render happy not only in this world, but in one to come. I shall leave the subject now with many prayers for your spiritual welfare.

I suppose you were a little surprised to hear that we had returned home so soon. Ma was anxious to come down to meet Pa who arrived yesterday and Abbie was so ill that I did not feel like separating from her so we came the day after she left. It has been very warm this week and I am afraid Pa will make himself ill if he goes to his plantation soon. We have all been well and Ab was very much improved, but yesterday his father gave him some hot pound cake which threw him into a fever and gave him something like cholera morbis. I was very much alarmed at first, but he is quite well today, although a little weak. We are now with Mrs. Johnson so I have heard no news. I suppose you hear that Apalachicola was over-flowed by the storm. Several drowned and all who could ran to the graveyard for safety, which was the only place which was not over-flowed. I cannot give you the full account, but it was very distressing. I sent you two dresses by Mrs. Hurt which I hope will fit you. Oh, sister, I wanted to tell you that you must not speak disparagingly of the Columbus girls. It does not appear amiable, but try and make the best of them. No one but your brother saw your letter to me. You need not think of any harm being done. I only write to assure you. You must study your dictionary. In several of your letters you spell heard — hurd. Try and correct that. Excuse the liberty for you know I love my darling sister. Brother James sends a kiss to you. Write me and do not think I read your letters with a critical eye. Goodbye.

Your affectionate sister,  
Hennie

NOTE. This is a copy of an original letter written by Henrietta Fontaine Flewellen to her only sister, Mary Elizabeth (nicknamed Bettie), afterwards married to Dr. Stanford. The date is between 1850-51, as Ab. died in '51. Two names in original are almost illegible and questionable—both look like Ma. Ma died in '52 (Mary Ann Fontaine).

NOTE. The following is a quote from a letter addressed to Mrs. W. L. McCormick written by a cousin Sally Flewellen on the announcement of the arrival of Henrietta Fontaine McCormick. "Congratulations upon the safe arrival of Miss Henrietta Fontaine. We heartily endorse the name, not only for its beauty, but as commemorative of the beautiful life and character of a noble ancestor."

*JOHN FONTAINE'S WILL*

The State of Georgia, Muscogee County

I, John Fontaine being now blessed with ordinary good health and of a sound and disposing mind and memory but being admonished by my advanced age that I must soon in accordance with the law of nature go hence and no more have a place or existence on this earth and having heretofore made and published my will disposing of the property and effect with which God has blessed me and which I had hoped to leave as a Legacy to my Children and grandchildren but much of which property has been lost and destroyed by the misfortune and exigencies of the times through which the Country and its people have passed within the last five years do hereby make publish and declare the following as my last will and testament hereby revoking and making null and void all wills and testaments which have heretofore been made by me.

Item 1. It is my will and I hereby direct that my Executors hereinafter named shall pay off and discharge all my just debts if there should be any against me at the time of my death.

Item 2. And whereas I have heretofore given to my daughter now deceased the former wife of James T. Flewellen Esq. a plantation of considerable value I do now hereby give and bequeathe to my Granddaughter Mollie Flewellen The sum of Ten thousand dollars to be paid to her in cash by my Executors when she shall arrive at legal age or upon her marriage if before her legal maturity to have and to hold to her and her heirs forever.

Item 3. I hereby give and bequeathe to my Grandson Charles S. Stanford the sum of Ten thousand dollars to be paid to him in cash by my Executors when he shall arrive at legal age. And it is my will and I hereby direct that my said Executors shall pay annually to Dr. F. A. Stanford or in case of his death to the Guardian of my said Grandson Charles S. Stewart during his minority the sum of One thousand fifty (\$1050) dollars, said sum being the interest arising and accruing on the demand I hold against Mr. Metcalf for my interest in the Columbus Factory recently sold to him upon time to be applied and used for the support maintenance and education of my said Grandson and upon his legal maturity my said executors shall pay to him the said Sum of fifteen thousand dollars for which said note was given to have and to hold to him his heirs and assigns forever.

Item 4. I hereby give bequeathe and devise to my sons Benjamin Fontaine Theophilus Fontaine Francis Fontaine and George Fontaine all of the remainder and residu of my estate both real and personal of every kind whatever to be equally divided by them after the legal maturity of all of them or if it should be



necessary or desirable to divide said estate before all of said children should arrive at legal age then it shall be divided as the law may direct and prescribe to have and to hold to them their heirs and assigns forever.

Item 5. I hereby constitute and appoint my said sons Benjamin Fontaine Theophilus Fontaine Francis Fontaine and George Fontaine as Executors of this my last will and testament with full power and authority to carry out and execute the provisions of the same in any jurisdiction or State without giving bond and security as executors aforesaid.

In testimony whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal on this the 8th day of March 1866.

John Fontaine (Seal)

We the undersigned hereby certify that John Fontaine who is known to us signed sealed published and declared the foregoing instrument to be his last will and testament in our presence. That we subscribed the same as witnesses at the request of the said testator and in his presence and in the presence of each other on this the 8th day of March 1866

Alfred Iverson  
B. Beasley  
Wiley Williams

Codicil. It is my wish and I hereby direct that my Executors shall pay to Mrs. Eliza Fontaine the widow of my brother Benjamin Fontaine the legal interest annually accruing upon eight thousand dollars amounting to the sum of five hundred and sixty dollars which shall be paid to her yearly for and during her natural life.

Witness my hand and seal this the 9th March 1866

John Fontaine (Seal)

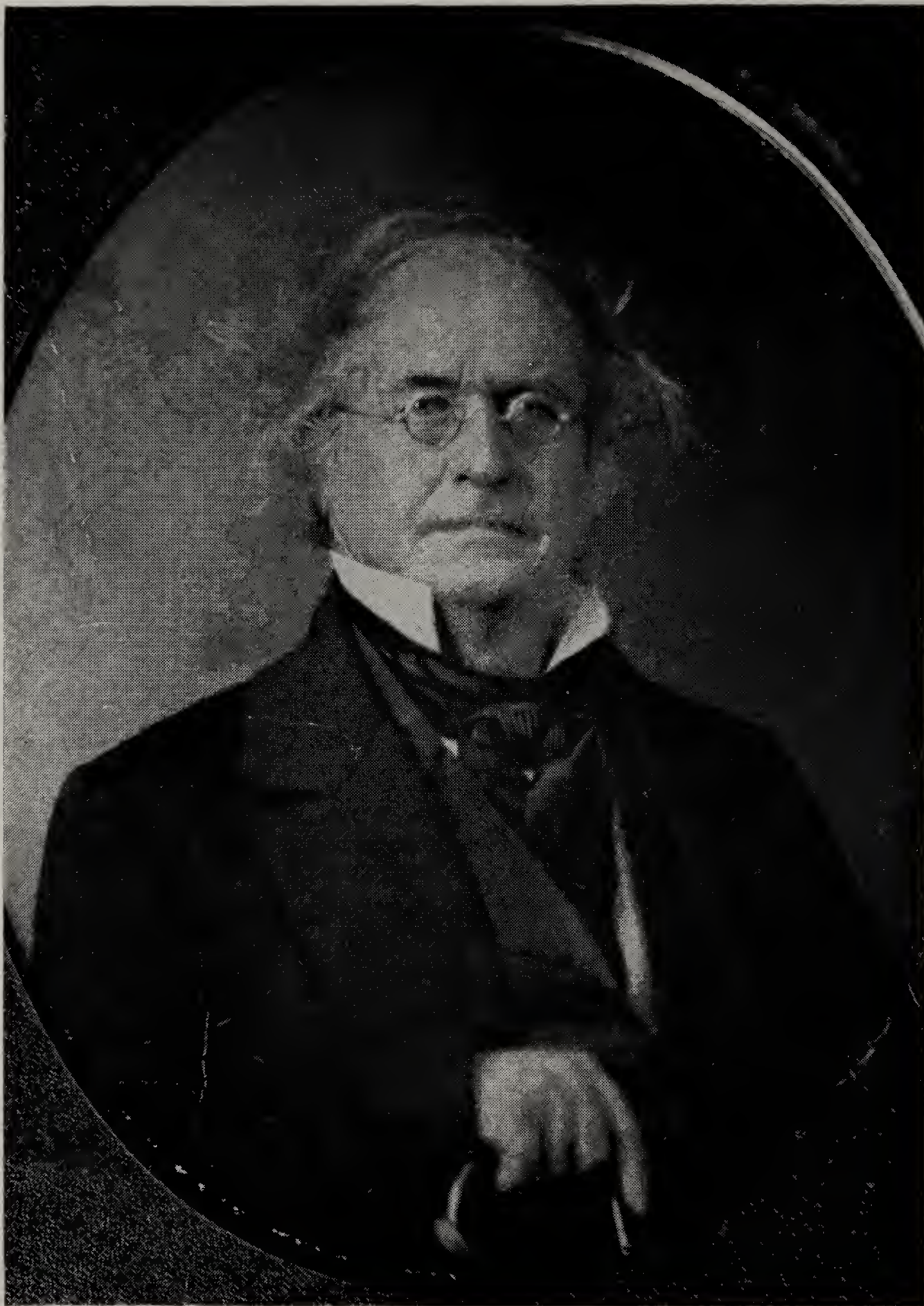
Signed Sealed published  
and declared as a Codicil by said  
testators in our presence

Alfred Iverson  
Hervey E. Hall  
Wiley Williams

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE FONTAINE HOMES

John Fontaine owned two homes. "His plantation in Alabama overlooking the Chattahoochee was called 'Bellefonte.' John Fontaine's country estate and also his Greek columned home in Colum-



*John Maury Fontaine  
First Mayor of Columbus, Georgia, Was An Empire Builder  
Who Helped Lay Out The City of Columbus*





*The Fontaine Home  
Built By John Maury Fontaine On The Banks of The  
Chattahoochee River, in Columbus, Georgia*



bus had extensive gardens in front.”<sup>1</sup> The gardens of the Columbus house were terraced down to the river banks and led to private wharfs.

In winter the Fontaine family occupied the Columbus house, located on Front Street. Front Street became known as “Golden Row,” from the number of bankers and successful business men who had their homes there with gardens down to the River.<sup>1</sup>

“The town house faced the Alabama hills and was like a Greek temple with portico supported by beautiful proportioned Doric columns.”<sup>2</sup> The house was built entirely of handmade brick covered with cement and painted white. The walls of this structure were about eighteen inches thick and were designed to shut out cold in winter and to keep out heat in summer. The roof, which was of slate, was connected with a water cistern to catch and store rainwater for the family’s use.

A Colonial doorway with a lovely glass fanlight greeted visitors and welcomed them into a wide hallway with two large rooms on each side. The hall was broken by fluted columns in the center. In the back of the hall hung a mahogany circular stairway, leading to the upper floors.

As you entered the hall, the first room on the left was the parlor. One could not help being impressed by the beauty of the details of this house. At the top corner of each of the deeply recessed windows were carved acorns and oak leaves. This motif was followed throughout the house and in the dadoes surrounding the chandeliers. In the parlor and dining room adjoining were black marble mantels over which hung gold framed mirrors. On the mantel in the parlor sat a French clock which had ticked away generations.

When you left this room you passed through mahogany folding doors to enter the family dining room where the Fontaine’s hospitality was enjoyed by so many throughout the South.

### MARY FONTAINE POU

The last member of the family to occupy 1044 Front St. was Mary Fontaine Pou, (Mrs. Dozier Pou) the daughter of Benjamin Fontaine, youngest son of John Fontaine.

Although Mary Pou was only a second cousin of my mother’s, my sister Mary and I called her Aunt Mary.

Every summer I spent a part of my vacation visiting Aunt Mary, Uncle Dozier and their daughter, Betty, either at the Fontaine home or at their country place, “Folly Farm”. In speaking of me, in later years, Aunt Mary would say “I helped raise the child”.

<sup>1</sup> See “Columbus on the Chattahoochee”, by Etta Worsley

<sup>2</sup> See “Columbus on the Chattahoochee”, by Etta Worsley



Mary Pou was a dominant personality, a militant suffragist, a person of great wit, and an intellectual who challenged thought. When I was very young, I thought her a bit overpowering, later in life I made the discovery that she had great warmth of soul. She was unpredictable, but there was never anything she wouldn't do for those she loved. One minute she was blessing you out with "You must have everything Jam up". Never would she tolerate a poor effort. Then she hammered at you determinedly, "Character and Integrity are the most important things in life". Today I know that she was one of the great influences in my life. Bless her !

Aunt Mary had one sister, Bennie Fontaine Weyman (named for their father) who lived in Atlanta, Ga. The difference in their personalities was amazing. Aunt Bennie was the most charming person I have ever known. Her motto was "Tact, Tact, try it and you will find that it works for a fact". In her prosperous days, Bennie Weyman was lavish in her generosity. There were always at least three extra places set at their dining room table, each day, in case anyone came to call, and could be persuaded to stay and "Break bread" or if any of the four children George, Sam, Fontaine and Betty invited guest without warning. At eighty five, Aunt Bennie's mind was just as keen as it had been at fifty. She never lost her interest in life or people. I have never seen a person of any age or station in life she could not charm.

### MARY'S DINING ROOM

By Edith F. Hudson

Whenever I think of Mary, there comes a faint perfume  
Of pungent plummy pine boughs in Mary's dining room;  
The golden glow of tapers, the silvers bright array,  
The heirloom urn in the center high on the old buffet.

Luscious icy grapefruit, quail on its golden toast,  
Oysters rich and bubbling haunt my memory most.  
And everyone is happy and bursting into song;  
There's poetry in coffee and wit in scuppernong.

And Mary talks religion as serious as a sage,  
And Mary talks of the occult and why there should be no age.  
Till the fire has burned to embers and the room is dusky red,  
But no one is ever sleepy or wants to go to bed.

For this is Mary's party, queen in her own domain  
And no one cares for the weather and no one care for the rain.

## TO MARY FRANCIS FONTAINE

By her Father — Francis Fontaine  
The signet of a woman's worth,  
The truest test of gentle birth  
Is modesty.

The charm that links her to the sky,  
The blossoms that can never die,  
Love forms that pure, sweet alchemy  
That leads the heart with sympathy  
To perfect truth.

The Kohinoor, the brightest gem  
In happy childhood's diadem.  
My little child, may these traits bless  
Thy innocence with joyousness  
And gentleness.

For modesty and love and truth  
Alike in childhood, age or youth  
Make happiness.

NOTE. The above poem was written by Francis Fontaine, uncle of Mary Pou for his daughter Mary F. Stokes.  
"Mary's Dining Room" was written by Edith Hudson, a friend of Aunt Mary.



## CHAPTER 15

### WEDDING BELLS AND A BRASS BAND

Lister and I were married in the Fontaine Home in Columbus, Ga. With Lister in public life, we either had to have a small wedding, or have the ceremony performed in a stadium. Since my father had only been dead a few months, and we both preferred a small affair, we planned to be married in the presence of the two families and a few friends—it did not work out exactly as we planned.

There is always excitement the day of a wedding. Our cake, a three tiered embossed work of art, ordered from Birmingham, arrived in pieces. This was a challenge to Aunt Mary. She had a dish pan, and a cheese box iced, then topped them with a small cake, surrounding them with real Valley Lillies. The guests were none wiser—but, I am sure they wondered why the Bride cut the cake so sparingly.

A train wreck prevented the minister who was to perform the ceremony from reaching his destination. Lister's uncle, Rev. Lot Hill of Athens, Ga., called an hour before the ceremony to inform us of his predicament. The local Episcopal Minister, Dr. Alston Wragg, had to be found and pressed into service at the last minute.

As I stated before, we planned a quiet wedding with a simple announcement afterwards. A representative of the press remarked, "She need not think she can marry a Congressman and keep it quiet". My initiation into public life commenced with wedding bells and a "Brass Band".

It would not happen like this again in a thousand years. The leader of the Army Band, Capt. Wm. J. Stannard, had promised Congressman Hill to play at his wedding, in grateful appreciation of a favor, a few years before. This was one of those remarks you take facetiously. It was sheer coincidence that the Army Band was on tour at Ft. Benning, Ga. (12 miles from Columbus) in the right town, on the right day. Capt. Stannard picked up the local paper the morning of the wedding and read of the coming event. At eleven o'clock he rang the door bell of the house, and announced to us, "Mr. Hill, I have come to fulfill my promise."

Here is an account of that momentous occasion, our wedding, as recorded by the "Montgomery Advertiser". Like most Brides I pasted it in my scrapbook.

The Montgomery Advertiser, Feb. 20, 1928  
Hill-McCormick Wedding Takes Place At Impressive  
Home Ceremony  
Marriage Is Event Of Nation Wide Interest; Mr. Hill and Bride  
Leave For Washington Following Reception  
Columbus, Ga. Feb. 20. Special to the Advertiser. Due to the

prominence of the families united, to the position of the groom, who is Congressman from the Second Alabama District and to the extreme attractiveness of the bride, no marriage in years has been of wider interest than that of J. Lister Hill and Miss Henrietta Fontaine McCormick, of Eufaula, which was performed at one thirty o'clock Monday, at the ancestral home of the bride's grandmother, the late Mrs. W. P. Copeland, (Mrs. Mary Fontaine Copeland) now the residence of Mrs. J. Dozier Pou, in Columbus.

The impressive ceremony was performed in the presence of the two families and a limited number of intimate friends.

The gracious interior of the home which has been the scene of many marriages in the family, presented a picture of stately dignity and beauty.

The drawing room was adorned with huge clusters of Easter Lilies which filled the urns and large receptacles. The improvised altar placed before a beautiful old pier mirror before which were vases of waxen white blossoms, placed alternately with candlelabra holding white burning candles. Flanking each side were seven branch candlelabra, resting on floor stands. Groupings of stately palms were placed throughout the apartments.

Dr. S. Alston Wragg, rector of the Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony.

Proceeding the service, a beautiful and appropriate program of nuptial music was rendered by Mrs. C. G. Caldwell, soprano of Eufaula, who sang "Oh Fair, Oh Holy", Miss Louise Johnson harpist. Professor Louis Chase pianist, Miss Louise Johnson violinist. During the taking of the vows, improvisations of soft melodies were played. The Matron of Honor was Mrs. Mary McCormick Comer, sister of the bride. She wore a charming model of King's blue with a black picture hat.

The bride entered with her cousin Samuel T. Weyman of Atlanta, by whom she was given in marriage. They were met at the altar by the groom and his Father, Dr. L. L. Hill who served as best man.

The bride's blond beauty was enhanced by her handsome bridal attire, which was an afternoon gown of rose taupe lace. A large hat of lace and felt was in matching tones. The bridal bouquet was a gorgeous arrangement of yellow roses and valley lilies and orchids.

A wedding breakfast followed. The dining room, where the brides table, veiled with lace and adorned with magnificent antique silver pieces, was placed, the decorations were in a variety of pastel shaded flowers. Quantities of pink roses, Japanese Honeysuckle, Fresas and Hyacinths, were also used in attractive abundance.

Assisting in serving were Mrs. Douglas Mobley, Mrs. Mote Andrews, Mrs. Richard Desportes, Mrs. Fred Dismukes. Later



in the afternoon Mrs. Hill changed her wedding costume for an imported model of dark blue with which she wore a close fitting hat of the same color, a corsage of violets completing her costume. Mrs. William McCormick, the brides' mother, wore a gown of Navy blue georgette and lace with a corsage of violets. Mrs. L. L. Hill of Montgomery, the groom's Mother, was gowned in black lace. She wore a corsage of violets and pink roses. Mrs. Dozier Pou was handsomely gowned in black satin with touches of real lace. Mrs. Samuel Weyman of Atlanta wore black velvet with touches of real lace.

The bride is the second daughter of Mrs. William L. McCormick of Eufaula and the late Mr. McCormick. She is the granddaughter of the venerable Dr. W. P. Copeland and a sentiment attached to the fact that Dr. L. L. Hill, the father of the groom, and Dr. Copeland have been closest of friends for many years. The bride graduated from St. Mary's School in Raleigh, N. C. and has enjoyed a pronounced popularity in many cities in the South and East.

Mr. Hill is the son of the eminent surgeon, Dr. L. L. Hill and Mrs. Hill, is Representative in Washington from the Second Congressional District of Alabama.

He graduated from the University of Alabama with honors and received his legal degree from Columbia University. He is the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mark Lyons of Mobile.

Great interest was evidenced in many ways in Columbus, in the marriage which took place in this city for reasons of sentiment. Among many attentions shown the bride and groom was the U. S. Army Band which is on tour from Washington to army posts throughout the country and which was at Ft. Benning Monday, and came to the residence to serenade the bride and groom.

During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hill left for Washington, where they will make their home.

Out of town guest at the wedding were Mrs. McCormick and her grandson, James D. Comer Jr., Dr. W. P. Copeland, of Eufaula, Dr. and Mrs. Hill, Miss Amelia Hill, and Miss Elizabeth Hill of Montgomery, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Rucker of Birmingham, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Reeves, Mrs. A. A. Couric, Mrs. C. G. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McKenzie, Mrs. Comer Jennings, Mrs. A. B. Roberts, Mrs. H. K. Ross of Eufaula, Mrs. George Beauchamp and Mr. George Beauchamp Jr. of Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. LeBaron Lyons of Mobile, Mrs. W. H. Flowers, Mrs. John Fitts, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Weyman, and Fontaine Weyman of Atlanta, and Mr. and Mrs. John Davis of Albany, Ga."

Little did I realize, as I walked down the circular stairway—past the portraits of John and Mary Ann Fontaine, that I would be the last bride in the family to be married in this lovely old house. My great grandmother Henrietta Fontaine, was the first.

A few short years after our wedding, in 1932, Aunt Mary died and the place was torn down for encroaching business.

A filling station sits where the house stood. The view of the River is obstructed by a cotton mill. Follow the muddy waters of the Chattahoochee down stream to Eufaula. Our house there has been sold. Other voices echo through the broad hallways — As I write these words a quotation keeps running through my mind, Mother repeated it so often her last few years. "In my Father's House are many Mansions."

### CONCLUSION

When I graduated from High School in 1922, Aunt Mary presented me with a copy of Ann Fontaine Maury's "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family", published in 1853. I can remember thinking, "Who ever reads family history?" I am ashamed to say that the book sat on a shelf for thirty years before I finally got around to reading it through. To my surprise, I found it full of romance, adventure, and inspiration. It was this book along with the material left by my Mother, which inspired me to pick up the threads of the family, where Ann Maury left off. When and if my descendants get around to reading this manuscript, I can think of no better message to leave them than the one found in Ann Maury's Memoirs.

Be grateful, then, for your descent from religious, as well as noble ancestors. It is your duty to be so, and this is the only worthy tribute you can now pay their ashes.

Rev. James Fontaine in "Memoirs  
of a Huguenot Family"

Ann Maury. Conclusion in "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family."

My own mind is forcibly impressed with the conviction that we have reason to hope for especial blessing which God has promised to the seed of the righteous. May we all strive to obtain the faith of our forefathers, and so to walk as not to prove degenerate scions from a worthy stock.



# GENEALOGY OF THE FONTAINE FAMILY

## FONTAINE FAMILY

Partial List of the Descendants of John de la Fontaine<sup>1</sup>, who was  
Martyred in the Year 1563 in France

John de la Fontaine, of noble origin<sup>2</sup>, was born in the Province of Maine, France, near its borders, about the year 1500.

He received, at an early age, a commission in the household of Francis I, in what was then called "Les Ordanances du Roi," a command he retained, with honor, through the succeeding reigns of Henry II, Francis II, and until the second year of that of Charles IX, when he voluntarily resigned. He had desired to retire to private life at an earlier period, but had remained in the royal service as a safeguard against religious persecution, having with his father embraced Protestantism about the year 1535. He had married, and had had born to him four or more sons. Under the Edict of Pacification of January 17th, 1561 or 1562, he was deluded into retiring to his paternal estates in Maine. He, his wife, and eldest son were martyred there, in 1563.<sup>3</sup>

### FONTAINE FAMILY CHART

John de la Fontaine. B. 1500, Province of Maine near borders of Normandy, France. A leader of the Huguenots, assassinated with his wife, 1563, in his chateau Le Mans.

1. Son, martyred 1563.
2. Jacques, b. 1549, d. 1633, married twice, left property Rochelle, amounting to 9,000 livres.

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<sup>1</sup> Compiled from "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family—Fontaine" and also from "Chart of the Fontaine and Maury Families," and other sources. The Fontaine Chart is in the possession of Fontaine Weyman, of Atlanta, Georgia.

<sup>2</sup> The Arms are emblazoned on the "Chart of the Fontaine and Maury Families," as follows: "Ar. a fisse embattled, two elephants' heads erased, with tusks depressed, in chief, and in base a three masted ship with sails spread and pennant at the prow. Crest—an elephant's head erased, with tusks elevated."

<sup>3</sup> Symbolism of Fontaine Coat of Arms.

Or — gold, generosity

Ar — silver, peace and purity

Gu — red, military bravery

Ppr — natural color

The Elephant is of high strength and stature and very sagacious and courageous. Guillaume says it is of great strength, great wit and greatest ambition. There can be little doubt that such bearings as the Ship Lymphiad or galley were adopted with the intent of commemorating some special activity performed, or danger escaped, in connection with the world of water. All such symbols would point to some notable expedition by sea, by which perhaps the first bearers had become famous.

The Fess or band borne in the center of the shield is the military belt or girdle of valor.

W. Cecil Wade's Symbolism of Heraldry.

3. Abraham, b. 1551, married                      had issue,  
daughter.      M. Mr. Broussaux

4. Son.

#### Issue of Jacques Fontaine

1. Daughter, m. Bouquet.
2. Rev. James, b. 1603, d. 1666. Pastor of Vauxs Royan. M. 1st in 1628 Miss Thompson, d. 1640. 2nd marriage 1641, Marie Chailon, who died age 63 years.
3. Daughter, m. Reaud.

#### Issue by two marriages of Rev. James

1. Jane, b. 1628, m. L. Hommeau
2. Judith, b. 1630, m. Guienno
3. Rev. James, b. 1633, d. 1685
4. Elizabeth, b. 1636, m. Rv. Satreau
5. Rev. Peter, b. 1638
6. Francis, b. 1640, died young  
    Children by second marriage
7. Susan, b. 1643, m. Stephen Gachot
8. Rev. Peter, b. 1646, m. Oissard
9. Mary, b. 1648, m. Rev. Peter Forrestier
10. Anne, b. 1651, m. Leon Testard
11. Rev. James, b. April 7, 1658, at Jenoville, of which estate, and that of Jaffe, he became possessed; received degree of M.A. from College of Guienne, imprisoned as a rather young man on account of religion, married February 8, 1686, Ann Elizabeth Boursiquet; escaped after revocation of the Edict of Nantes to England, with his sister Elizabeth and niece Janette Fontaine; landed December 6, 1685. Admitted to Holy Orders by the Protestant Synod at Taunton, England, June 10, 1688. His life given "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family"—Fontaine, Rev. James, father of those who emigrated to America.

#### Issue of Rev. James Fontaine and Anne Boursiquot

1. James, b. 1686, married in Ireland, arrived in Virginia, October, 1717
2. Aaron, b. 1688, d. 1699
3. Mary Anne, b. April 12, 1690, at Taunton, England, d. December 30, 1755, in Virginia. Married October 20, 1716, in Dublin, Ireland, Matthew Maury of Castel Mauron, Gascony, d. 1752. Immigrated to Virginia 1718. Had two sons, one Matthew Fontaine Maury.
4. Moses, b. 1694, received B.A. degree but became an engraver, remained in England.
5. Elizabeth, b. August 3m 1701, m. David Torin
6. Rev. Peter, b. 1691, ordained by Bishop of London, married 1st March 29, 1714, Elizabeth Fourreau, d. March, 1715; 2nd marriage E. Wade. Emigrated to Virginia, 1716. Rector of



King William and Westover Parishes, Chaplain, William Byrd, Chaplain to the Virginia Commission which ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728. D. July, 1757. Moved to Kentucky, descendants in Louisville.

7. John, b. 1693, appointed October 16, 1710, Ensign in British Army and served in Spain. Visited Virginia, 1714, made expedition up Blue Ridge Mountains with Governor Spottswood, 1716, was made a Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, returned to England, m. M. M. Sabatiere, lived in Castle, became a watchmaker.
8. Rev. Francis, M. A., b. September 16, 1697, first married Mary Glannison, 1719, second marriage to Susanna Brush who caused him to disinherit his children by first wife. Was Professor of Oriental Languages at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia. 1729 Rector of York Hampton Parish, Virginia, also Rector of St. Margaret's Parish, 1720. D. 1749. Left a large estate all to second wife. Emigrated to America 1717.

Issue of Rev. Francis and Mary Glannison d. 1733

1. Francis, Jr., b. 1721, moved from Virginia to New Bern, North Carolina, around 1747, married, had issue Francis, Mary and a son, died 1773.
2. Mary, b. 1724
3. John, b. 1726, moved to New Bern, N. C. Had one child, died young. Property willed to brother Francis.
4. Thomas, b. 1730, d. young

Issue of Rev. Francis and Susan Brush

5. James Maury Fontaine, 1738
6. Judith, 1740

Issue of Francis Fontaine, Jr., and wife, Miss Jasper

1. Francis
2. Mary
3. Thomas, b. 1752, moved to Georgia, 1800, d.
4. Benjamin, b. 1754, m. Mary Bruton, moved to Georgia, 1800

Thomas born 1752, died —, married about 1772

Clarissa Bruton born 1759 (daughter of Benjamin Bruton born 1720 Dobbs Co. N. C.)

Children:

1. Thomas
2. John Maury, born July 9, 1792, died Nov. 6, 1866
3. Francis
4. Peter
5. Benjamin married Susan Eliza Beall, married Dec. 22, 1818. Benjamin born Dec. 30, 1791, died Oct. 1851
6. Lucy married Thompson
7. a daughter, married Peacham

Second marriage of Thomas Fontaine to Sally Threewitts, recorded Warrenton, Ga.

John Maury Fontaine born July 9, 1792, died Nov. 6, 1866, married Jan. 13, 1823 (or 25), Warrenton, Ga.

Mary Ann Stewart, born Feb. 15, 1808, died Sept. 16, 1852 (daughter of Charles Dawson Stewart born Aug. 7, 1782, died June 27, 1872, and Henrietta Hargraves Stewart, born Jan. 1782, died March 1835)

Children:

1. Charles Stewart born Nov. 22, 1825 died Oct. 19, 1849
2. Thomas born Feb. 8, 1826, died Sept. 19, 1827
3. Henrietta Hargraves born Jan. 1827, died Dec. 12, 1857
4. Benjamin born May 27, 1830, died Aug. 20, 1832
5. Mary Elizabeth born June 25, 1835, d. —, married Dr. Stanford
6. Alfred Spalding born Jan. II, 1837, died Oct. 8, 1840
7. John born July 29, 1838 (or 33) died April 18, 1862
8. Benjamin Bruton born Nov. 15, 1838, died Nov. 15, 1887
9. Clarissa born Sept. 5, 1840 died March 12, 1842
10. Theophilus born June 15, 1842, (or 1840) died Dec. 27, 1896
11. Francis born May 7, 1844, died May 3, 1901
12. James, died June 12, 1848
13. George Hargraves born Oct. 25, 1850 died Feb. 10, 1904.

George H. died trying to save the life of a friend in a duel.

\*Henrietta Fontaine born Jan. 1827, died Dec. 12, 1857, married James Threatt Flewellen Jan. 18, 1848, James born Sept. 17, 1814, died Feb. 24, 1889.

Children:

1. Abner Holloway, born Dec. 24, 1849, died Dec. 11, 1851
2. Mary Fontaine, born Dec. 1, 1852, died April 8, 1903

Mary Flewellen, born Dec. 1, 1852, died April 8, 1903, married April 16, 1872

William Preston Copeland, born Sept. 1, 1845, died Feb. 18, 1931

NOTE. Henrietta Hargraves Fontaine Flewellen and son Abner H. Flewellen buried Columbus, Ga. Marked by a Marble Shaft bearing the name "Henrietta", and surrounded by an iron fence. Mary Ann Fontaine and John Fontaine buried Fontaine lot Columbus, Ga. Charles D. Stewart and wife Henrietta Hargraves Stewart buried Fontaine lot, Columbus, Ga.

### FONTAINE-SHORTER

Benjamin Bruton Fontaine (son Mary Ann and John Fontaine) born Nov. 15, 1838, died Nov. 15, 1887, married Aug. 12, 1868 to Elizabeth Shorter born Nov. 15, 1870

Children:

1. Mary born —, died July, 1935



2. Benjamin Bruton (daughter) born Aug. 12, 1870, died Dec. 24, 1952

Mary Fontaine born —, died July 1935, married to John Dozier Pou  
Children:

Elizabeth Shorter born —, married —, Steven Douglass Mobley

Children of Betty Mobley and Douglass Mobley

Children:

1. Betty Fontaine born —, married —, Robert Crevling
2. Mary Peabody born —, married Donald Kohler

Bennie Fontaine Weyman born Aug. 12, 1870, died Dec. 24, 1952,  
married Samuel Thompson Weyman born July 1, 1861, died Nov.  
29, 1929, born Texas

Children:

1. George Hargraves born Oct. 1, 1902, died Feb. 11, 1958
2. Samuel Maverick born Aug. 3, 1903
3. Fontaine born May 9, 1912
4. Elizabeth Shorter Weyman born Nov. 29, 1913

George and Mary Ann Lipscomb married June 3, 1925

Children:

1. Ann Fontaine born —, married Cecil Brownlow (child Mary Ann)
2. Margaret Lipscomb born —

Samuel Weyman married Harriett Campbell

Children:

1. William
2. Harriett Campbell
3. Josephine Maury
4. Samuel Maverick Jr.

Betsy Weyman married Alexander Yearly on Feb. 5, 1936

Children:

1. Bennie Fontaine
2. Helen Durant

Francis Fontaine (son of John and Mary Ann Fontaine) born May  
7, 1884, died May 3, 1901, married Mary Flournoy

Child: Mary Francis (Minnie)

Mary Francis born —, died —, married Stokes

Child: Natalie born —, married James Hicks

Children of Natalie Stokes and James Hicks

1. James, married Kate Blankenship
2. Natalie, married Taylor (Houston, Texas)
3. John Fontaine
4. Larry

*FONTAINE THOMSON*

Lucy Fontaine (daughter of Thomas and Clarissa Fontaine married Alexander Thomson)

Child: Lucy Fontaine Thomson, married Hugh Kerr in Warren County, Georgia

Children of Lucy F. Thomson and Hugh Kerr

1. Alfred Benjamin Fontaine Thomson Kerr, married Susan Clayton Stelle in Goliad, Texas, both of Tenn.
2. Mary Steel Kerr 1st married Finis Columbus Bates, Jr., Miss. 2nd married Arthur Lowell Ingraham born in N. Y. died 1925

Children of Mary S. Kerr and Finis Bates

Reginal Carol Bates, died young

Children of Mary S. Kerr and Arthur L. Ingraham

1. Margaret Ingraham
2. Alfred Fontaine Ingraham (2 children)

Fontaine Genealogy taken in part from "Virginia Historical Society Vol. 5 — Hargraves from Maryland"—Fontaine Family Chart owned by Fontaine Weyman, Atlanta, Ga.

*BENJAMIN FONTAINE*

Benjamin, b. 1754, m. Mary Bruton, d. —

Issue of Benjamin and Mary Fontaine

1. Sarah, m. Threewitts (2) *Elijah Hudson*
2. Peter (fought in War of 1812)

Issue of *Elijah Hudson* and *Sarah Fontaine*

1. John Fontaine Hudson, m. Cornelia Lockhart
2. George Franklin Hudson, m. three times

Issue of John Fontaine and Cornelia Lockhart

1. Richard Franklin Hudson, m. Susan Amanda Billups
2. Rowena Lockhart Hudson, m. Chas. Hartwell Cocke
3. Thomas Henry Hudson, m. Bessie Newman (no issue)
4. John Fontaine Hudson, (never married)
5. Amelle, m. Harry Manning (no issue)

*CHART OF BENJAMIN BRUTON FONTAINE*

Benjamin Bruton Fontaine, the son of Thomas and Clarissa Bruton Fontaine and brother to John Maury Fontaine, moved to Mobile, Alabama. His daughter Mary married Charles Hargraves Stewart, the brother-in-law of John M. Fontaine.

Benjamin Bruton Fontaine, b. December 30, 1791, d. October, 1851, m. December 22, 1818, to Susan Eliza Beall, b. —, d. January 15, 1885

Issue of Benjamin Bruton and Susan Beall Fontaine

1. John Thomas, b. February 10, 1821, d. —, m. December 29, 1846, Ann C. Marrast, remarried Mrs. F. J. Garrett July 1, 1853



2. Mary Elizabeth Fontaine, b. April 8, 1825, d. July 25, 1863, m. December 12, 1844, to Charles Hargraves Stewart
3. Millicent Clarissa Fontaine, b. August 18, 1828, d. October 16, 1860, m. January 12, 1847, to Lewis McQueen
4. Benjamin Beall Fontaine, b. January 7, 1830, d. February 13, 1870, m. May 13, 1856, to Mattie M. Cox
5. Alfred Battle Fontaine, b. August 23, 1832
6. Robert Augustus Fontaine, b. November 8, 1837, d. —, m. December 22, 1857, to Alice Winston

Issue of Benjamin Beall Fontaine and Mattie M. Cox

1. Benjamin B. b. February 17, 1857, d. —, m. October 9, 1883, to Celestia Penick, d. January 9, 1925

Issue of Benjamin and Celestia P. Fontaine

1. Benjamin B., b. September 18, 1888, d. November 13, 1941
2. Josph Moses, b. —, d. October 3, 1897
3. Celestia May, b. May 25, 1890, d. September 20, 1895
4. Mattie Fontaine, b. —, d. —, m. John Ray Copeland
5. John Penick, b. August 5, 1884, m. Annice Vickers

Issue of John P. and Annice Vickers Fontaine

1. John Penick, b. —, m. December 24, 1939, to Helen Webster
2. Martha C., b. —, m. July 6, 1942, to Howard E. Cook
3. Benjamin B., b. —, m. April 10, 1945, to Earline Dowdy
4. Laura Elizabeth, b. —, m. January 12, 1946, to Woodrow Wilson Biar

Issue of Millicent C. Fontaine and Lewis McQueen

1. Mary Eliza b. February 24, 1848
2. Clara F. McQueen b. January 15, 1850
3. Agnes A. McQueen b. Nov 21. 1851
4. Henrietta B. McQueen b. July 30. 1853
5. Louise A. McQueen b. Sept. 11th. 1853
6. Fontaine McQueen b. August 15, 1858
7. Lila McQueen d. February 10, 1873

## CHAPTER 2

### FLEWELLEN FAMILY

#### FLEWELLEN HERALDY

Gules—three Chevrans—argent

Crest—a lamb bearing a banner charged with a cross of St. George  
—a glory round the head.

#### LANE

Per pale azure and gules—three salties coupled argent.

Crest—two eagle heads issuant out of a crescent or dexter gules  
the sinister azure.

Motto—Celeriter.

#### *FLEWELLEN*

Richard Flewellen, born about 1683, married Betsy Taylor, (or Nancy) born 1680. They lived in Surrey, Bristol Parish, Va. in 1727

(2) Children:

1. Obadiah, married Miss West
2. John, went to South Carolina
3. Richard, went into army
4. William, settled in North Carolina

William Flewellen (2) born 1720 Bristol Parish, Virginia, died 1786.  
Tombstone bears war record of 1776. Married 1750, Halifax Co.,  
North Carolina, Betsy Holloway.

(3) Children:

1. Howell, married Polly Daniel
2. James, married Miss Heath
3. Taylor, married Miss Burt
- \* 4. Abner, married Nancy Lane
5. Shadrach, married Betsy Williams
6. William, married Miss Branch (no record)
7. Alexander, married Kate Peoples
8. Nancy, born 1764, married Soloman Slatter (Rev. soldier)
9. Richard, never married
10. Edward, married Rose Fitzuh Newsom

Howell (3) (son of William (2) and Betsy Holloway Flewellen)  
married Polly Daniels

(4) Children:

1. Sally, married William
2. Polly, married first, Brooks, 2nd, Howell, 3rd Joiner
3. Betsy, married Joshu Bunkley
4. Nancy, married Charles Baldwin



5. Temperance, married Wood (one son Warren Wood)
6. Loderic, married Miss Branch (left 3 sons and daughters)
7. Mary, married Robert Rix
8. Abner
9. Shadrach

Sally (4) Flewellen (daughter Howell) married William

(5) Children:

1. Mary, married Drake
2. Betsy, married McDowell
3. Martha, married Moore
4. Rebecca, married James Bunkley
5. W. D. Williams, married S. Myrick
6. Howell

Betsy (4) (daughter Howell (3) married first Joshua Bunkley, 2nd. Billigale, 3rd. Lowther.

Children of Betsy and Lowther

1. Nancy, married Parrish

#### *FLEWELLEN HOUSER*

Mary Flewellen (4) (daughter of Howell Flewellen and Polly Daniels) born —, died —, married first Robert Rix, born N. C.

(5) Children:

1. Catherine Holloway Rix
2. John

2nd marriage Mary Flewellen to William Powell

3rd. marriage to James Joiner

Cathrine Holloway Rix (5) born Oct. 10, 1803, d. May 6, 1861. married Jan. 23, 1823 James Averett Bryan, born April 18, 1801. Jones Co., N. C., died March 22, 1847 (son of Major James C. and Ann Averett Bryan) lived in Houston Co. Ga., Mulberry Grove.

(6) Children:

1. Mary Flewellen, born 1825, died young
2. Dr. Robert Campbell Bryan, born 1826, married Eliza Brown (children, Catherine Bryan m. Wardlow, Sadie Bryan m. Jerry Davis)
3. Andrea A. (served with General R. E. Lee, died Sept. 20, 1861)
4. Ira Hugh
5. Cornelius S.
6. Nancy Averett
7. Abner Council
8. Catherine Penelope
9. James A. (lived Houston Co. Ga.)
10. Honora T.

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FOOTNOTE — Asterisk indicates our line for my children

11. Laura Averett born May 24, 1847, married first McDonald Stewart; 2nd marriage to John T. Hartley (children, Iza Bryan, Sadie born Feb. 9, 1887 m. Glenmore Green)

Iza Bryan Hartley born Aug. 22, 1882, married John A. Houser II, born March 9, 1880

Children:

1. Edwina born June 22, 1907 married Oct. 4, 1930, William Burton Collins, born Sept. 4, 1907, died Oct. 10, 1942  
(Children: William B. Collins Jr. b. May 10, 1934, married Elizabeth Matthews, Sept. 16, 1956; Joe Houser Collins, b. Oct. 10, 1939)
2. Doddridge Killen Houser b. March 4, 1909, married June 20, 1930 Emily Anderson (children: Clair Houser b. Feb. 9, 1932 m. William Crowder (child: Emily C., b. Nov. 19, 1954); Mary Killen Houser, b. Feb. 20, 1937)
3. Laura Bryan Houser b. Jan. 7, 1911, m. July 7, 1933 S. V. O'Lenic, b. Aug. 7, 1904, (child: Laura H., b. May 19, 1936, m. Ned Clark, b. Sept. 1, 1933), Kathleen, b. Sept. 1, 1940
4. John Andrew Houser III, born March 4, 1913

### *FLEWELLEN*

Nancy (4) Flewellen (daughter Howell (3) ) married Charles W. Baldwin

(6) Children:

1. Baldwin
2. Eliza
3. Catherine
4. Thomas Beverly married 1st. Miss Skidmore, 2nd. Francis Harriss
5. Howell
6. Augustus

Thomas Beverly Baldwin (6) and Francis Harriss

(7) Children:

1. Charles W.
2. Benjamin A.
3. Thomas B.
4. Annie C.
5. H. W.
6. Fannie J.
7. Sally

James Flewellen (3) (son William (2) Flewellen) and Miss Heath

(4) Children:

1. Betsy, married 1st. Wright, 2nd. Billy Blount



2. Polly, married 1st. Ben Wright, 2nd. John Fannin
  3. Sally, no children
  4. Archelaus, married Nancy Pace
  5. James
- Archelaus (4) Flewellen and Nancy Pace (son of James (3) Flewellen)
- (5) Children:
1. James
  2. Thomas, married Mariah Drake
  3. Cebill, married Thomas Persons (son Thomas Jr.)
  4. Sally
  5. Martha
  6. Polly
  7. Enos Russell, married Susan Jones
  8. Russell
  9. Elizabeth
  10. Augustus .
  11. Benjamin Lawrence
  12. Lawrence Augustus
  13. Nancy (or Mary Ann) first married Dr. J. G. Drake, lived Thompson, Ga., 12 children

### *FLEWELLEN*

James (5) Flewellen (son of Arch (4) Flewellen and Nancy Pace) married Elizabeth Persons (daughter of Thomas Turner Persons and Sally Williams)

(6) Children:

1. Edward Archalaus, married Nancy Myrick 1860
2. Robert Turner, married first Carrie Bivvins (son Robert) 2nd. Eugenia Andrews (2 sons John B. and Ed.)
3. Sarah Ann, married Dr. Joseph A. Holland (daughters, Ella married Call, Ida married Dr. Joe Sheppard, Ann married Johnson)
4. James P., married Miss Everett (Mary, James, Edward, Bessie,) Edward never married
5. Polly
6. Henry, married Marcilia
7. Enos Russell

Enos Russell (6) Flewellen (son of James (5) ) married Susan

(7) Children:

1. Enos Russell, married Susan Jones
2. Charlotte
3. Augustus
4. Benjamin
5. Lawrence Augustus (daughter Mary Ann married Dr. Calvin Drake of Thomaston, Ga.)

Thomas (5) Flewellen (son of Arch (4) Flewellen and Nancy Pace) married Mariah Drake

(6) Children:

1. Francis, married John J. Cary
2. Elizabeth, married James Throatt
3. Thomas, married first Victoria Throatt, 2nd. unknown
4. Eugenia, married Kitchen Throatt
5. Molly, married Nat Hill
6. Cobill, married unknown
7. Russell, married Mrs. Drake
8. Wilber
9. Joseph

Enos Russell (5) Flewellen (son Arch (4) Flewellen) died Russell Co. Ala., married Susan Jones

(6) Children:

1. Antionette Flewellen, married first Henry Thompson, 2nd. Edgar Johnson

Antionette (6) Flewellen (daughter Enos (5) Flewellen) married Edgar Johnson

(7) Children:

1. Junius or James, never married
2. George, married Miss Alexander
3. Mollie, married Pat Carnes
4. Mattie, never married
5. Georgia, married J. C. Mitchell (son Jules Mitchell)
6. Randall, married Mary
7. Zulika, married Reid

Nancy (5) Flewellen (daughter of Arch (4) Flewellen) married Dr. J. G. Drake

(6) Children:

1. Nicholas
2. Thomas
3. Francis
4. John G. Jr.
5. James
6. Martha
7. Mariah
8. Carnes
9. Archalaus
10. Ida
11. Edward
12. Flewellen Lee

Taylor Flewellen (3) (son of William Flewellen and Betsy Holloway) married Miss Burt

(4) Children:

1. Eaton, never married



2. Taylor, never married
3. Stephen, never married
4. Fannie (Francis)

Francis (4) Flewellen (daughter of Taylor (3) and Betsy Flewellen) died 1807, married 1779 Warren Co. Ga., John Gibson, born 1759, died 1839

(5) Children:

1. Nancy, married Whitfield
2. Julia Francis
3. Lizzie, married William Lowthers
4. Wiley, married Sarah A. Bennett

Wiley Gibson (5) (son Francis Flewellen and John Gibson) born August 9, 1801, Warren Co. Ga., died Dec. 8, 1868 Wacoachee, Ala. married 1819, Sarah A. Bennett, born 1802, died Sept. 9, 1883

Children:

1. William B. Gibson born Feb. 18, 1850, married Louise Monk

William B. Gibson born Feb. 18, 1850, died Jan. 1, 1898, married Mary Louise Monk born August 3, 1852, died Sept. 19, 1893

Children:

1. Jennie, born April 19, 1873

Jennie Gibson, born April 19, 1873, died Aug. 12, 1939, married 1897, Goodman Basil Espy, born Feb. 10, 1868, died Aug. 12, 1937

Children:

1. Nell Goodman Espy, born August 21, 1901
2. Paula R. Espy, born Feb. 10, 1904
3. G. B. Espy, born Dec. 23, 1906
4. Jannie Gibson Espy, born Sept. 13, 1912

Goodman B. Espy married Dacy Pugh, March 14, 1934

Children:

1. Goodman Basil Espy, born Jan. 3, 1935
2. Patrick Newton, born June 30, 1936
3. Isaac Pugh, born March 23, 1939
4. Paul Dacy, born Nov. 1, 1941

### FLEWELLEN

\* Abner (3) Flewellen (son of William and Betsy Holloway) born June 25, 1760 Halifax Co. N. C., died August 15, 1815 Baldwin Co. Ga., married Nancy Ann Lane, born Jan. 25, 1766 Halifax Co. N. C., died Dec. 1846

(4) Children:

1. Elizabeth
2. Delilah
3. Virginia

4. Patsy, born Aug. 17, 1785, married Timothy Matthews
5. Betsy Lane, born Aug. 21, 1793, married Tarpley Holt
6. Nancy, born Jan. 4, 1798, died Oct. 16, 1873, married James Myrick
7. Margaret, born Jan. 26, 1803, married W. C. Redding
8. Abner, born May 19, 1800, married Miss Jones, 2nd. Miss Alexander
- \* 9. William, born April 24, 1787, married Mary Thweatt
10. Fanny Taylor, born Nov. 15, 1807

### LANE

Benjamin Lane born 1725 Bertie Co. N. C., his son William Lane born 1786 Halifax Co. N. C., married Elizabeth Alford (daughter of Sarah and Todwick Alford) born 1744 Halifax Co. N. C.

Children:

1. Ann Lane, born 1776, died 1846, married Abner Flewellen

### FLEWELLEN

Betsy Flewellen (4) (daughter Abner (3) and Nancy Lane Flewellen) married Tarpley Holt

(5) Children:

1. Ann
2. William
3. Margaret
4. Sarah
5. Tarpley

Nancy (4) Flewellen (daughter Abner (3) and Ann Lane Flewellen) born Jan. 4, 1798, died Oct. 16, 1872, married James Myrick, born Feb. 28, 1788, died Sept. 1855

Children:

1. Fannie
2. Susan
3. James

Margaret (4) Flewellen (daughter Abner (3) ) born Jan. 26, 1803, died 1860, married Oct. 23, 1821 W. C. Redding, born 1798, died 1874

Children:

1. Martha L., born 1830, died 1858, married March 2, 1845 James B. Ross (daughter Margaret Ross)

### FLEWELLEN

Abner (4) H. Flewellen (son of Abner (3) and Ann Lane Flewellen) born May 19, 1800, married Miss Jones

(5) Children:

1. Catherine, married Graham
2. William



3. Ann Lane, married Col. William Chambers

4. Nancy Jones

5. Abner C., married Sarah Sheppard

2nd. marriage of Abner Holloway (4) Flewellen to Miss Alexander

(5) Children:

1. Lizzie, married Dawson

2. Elvira

3. Mary, married W. C. Redding, died Nov. 6, 1883 (children Mary Ann, Martha, James, Tarpley, Charles)

3rd. marriage of Abner (4) H. Flewellen

(5) Children:

1. May

2. Mollie

3. James

4. Lankley

5. Charles

6. Julia

7. Betsy, daughter married A. Myrick

8. Ann, married John B. Ross

Shadrach (3) Flewellen (son William (2) Flewellen and Betsy Holloway) married Soloman Slatter

(4) Children:

1. Abner

2. Hull

3. Shadrach

4. Jefferson

5. Nancy, married Jonathan Parrish

Alexander (3) Flewellen (son William (2) and Betsy Holloway) married Kate Peoples

(4) Children:

1. Elizabeth, married Humbler

2. William

3. Polly, married Soddard

° General William (4) Flewellen (son Abner (3) and Nancy Lane Flewellen) born April 24, 1787, died August 31, 1835, married Nov. 3, 1814, Mary Thweatt, born Aug. 6, 1797, died Nov. 1, 1874. (daughter of James Thweatt and Elizabeth Peterson)

(5) Children:

1. Elizabeth, born Dec. 31, 1815, died Aug. 26, 1836

2. Dr. William, born Oct. 30, 1825, died Dec. 8, 1884, married May 24, 1860 Caroline L. Love, no heirs

3. Abner Holloway, born Feb. 14, 1830 (President, Andrew E. Female College, Cuthbert, Ga.)

4. Julia, born Oct. 23, 1834, married William F. Williams

° 5. James Thweatt, born Nov. 8, 1827

6. Mary Antovnett, born May 27, 1819, died June 8, 1823

7. Francis Ann, born March 28, 1822, died Jan. 8, 1823
8. Mary Antoynett, born Dec. 15, 1823, died Dec. 15, 1824
9. Martha Ann, born Feb. 17, 1832, died July 29, 1836

2nd marriage of Mary T. Flewellen, married Nov. 24, 1842 Isaac Newton Johnson, born April 16, 1797, died Sept. 7, 1812

Abner H. (4) Flewellen (son of William (4) and Mary Thweatt Flewellen) born Feb. 14, 1830, Jones Co. Ga., died Dec. 11, 1851, married Oct. 9, 1850, Columbus, Ga., Sarah Hardaway, born Oct. 23, 1830, Macon Co. Ga., (daughter of Robert S. and Martha Harday) died —

(6) Children:

1. William Washington, born Muscogee Co., Ga. July 14, 1851, lived Eufaula, Ala.
2. Robert Hardaway, born Nov. 4, 1852, Columbus, Ga., died June 9, 1854
3. James Thweatt, born June 9, 1854, Columbus, Ga., married Sept. 6, 1877 Americus, Ga., Lucy E. Williams, born June 11, 1858, lived Union Springs, Ala.
4. Abner H., Jr., born March 27, 1857 Chattahoochee, Ga., married Miss Bishop, lived Spring Hill, Ala., no heirs
5. Martha Bibb, born Nov. 11, 1858, Chattahoochee Co., Ga., married Nov. 8, 1876 Carlton J. Smith in Cuthbert, Ga., lived Seattle, Washington
6. Sarah Eliza, born March 22, 1861, married Oct. 25, 1882, Cuthbert, Ga., lived Birmingham, Ala., m. Eugene S. Smith
7. George Hardaway, born Dec. 25, 1865 Quitman Co. Ga. lived Birmingham, Ala., never married

William (6) Washington Flewellen, born July 14, 1851 Muscogee Co. Ga., married Jan. 31, 1884 in Eufaula, Ala. Willie May Cox, born Barbour Co. Ala., died —

(7) Children:

1. Robert Hardaway, born Jan. 13, 1885 Eufaula, Ala.
2. Mattie Loula, born July 21, 1886 Eufaula, Ala.
3. William Crawford, born March 4, 1889
4. Walter, born March 28, 1895

Robert Hardaway (7) Flewellen, born Jan. 13, 1885, died Oct. 28, 1937, married Dec. 12, 1911, Louise Sparks

(8) Children:

1. Robert, born Aug. 27, 1916
2. Sarah, born July 20, 1915
3. Marv, born July 20, 1915

Robert (8) Flewellen, born Aug. 27, 1916, married March 15, 1944, Lenora Salter

Children:

1. Paula
2. Louise Sparks



3. Robin

Sarah (8) Flewellen, born July 20, 1915, married Aug. 25, 1936 O. B. Carter

Children:

1. Otha Burnette, Jr.
2. Sarah Sparks
3. Louise Flewellen
4. Mary Ernestine

Mary Flewellen (8) born July 20, 1915, married Jan. 15, 1937 Carl Griffin

Children:

1. Carlisle Patrick
2. Mary Flewellen
3. Emily Elizabeth

### FLEWELLEN

Mattie Loula Flewellen (7) born July 21, 1886, died April 15, 1945, married Jan. 1915, Dr. E. C. McMillian

Children:

1. May F.
2. Dr. E. C. McMillian married Genevieve Woodard

William Crawford Flewellen (7) born March 4, 1889, died Dec. 23, 1946, married 1915 Lena Hurt

(8) Children:

1. William, married Sue Kendrick
2. Lelia Alice, married Dr. Crawford Tatum
3. Willie May, married Dixie McCall

Walter Flewellen (7) born March 28, 1895, died Jan. 24, 1944, married June 12, 1929, Stella Drewery

James Thweatt Flewellen (6) (son of Abner H. (5) and Sarah Hardaway Flewellen) born June 9, 1854 Columbus, Ga., married Lucy E. Williams Sept. 6, 1877, born June 11, 1858 Americus, Ga.

Children:

1. Lucy May, born June 8, 1878, Americus, Ga.
2. Leila Jane, born Feb. 14, 1881, Bullock Co. Ala.

Mattie Bibb Flewellen married Carlton J. Smith

Children:

1. Flewellen Jackson, born April 1880, Lumpkin, Ga.
2. Mattie Eugenia, born Aug. 8, 1883

Sarah Eliza Flewellen married Eugene Sidney Smith

Children:

1. Eugene Sidney Jr., born July 4, 1884, Bullock Co., Ala.
2. Brockie Flewellen, born Nov. 27, 1886, Cuthbert, Ga.

\* James (5) Thweatt Flewellen (son of William Flewellen and Mary Thweatt) born Nov. 8, 1827, died Feb. 24, 1889 Washington,

D. C., married Jan. 18, 1849 Henrietta Hargraves Fontaine (6) born Jan. 1826 Columbus, Ga., died Dec. 12, 1857, buried Columbus, Ga.

(6) Children:

1. Abner, born Dec. 24, 1849, died Dec. 11, 1851
2. Mary Fontaine, born Dec. 1, 1852, died April 8, 1903

2nd. marriage of James T. Flewellen, married March 12, 1861, Margaret Crawford (daughter Joel Crawford, Columbus, Ga.)

Children:

1. Lucy Terrell, born Jan. 5, 1862, married James T. Newton
2. Walter Crawford, born July 4, 1864 Russell Co. Ala., died Aug. 13, 1898 Daytona Beach, Fla.
3. Crawford, born 1867, died as a baby
4. Arthur, born May 30, 1870, died March 5, 1906

\* Mary Fontaine Flewellen, born Dec. 1, 1852, died April 8, 1903, married William Preston Copeland, born Sept. 1, 1845, died Feb. 18, 1931, Eufaula, Ala.

\*Children:

1. Henrietta Fontaine
2. Caroline Elizabeth
3. Sarah Matilda
4. Willie P.

#### *FLEWELLEN-THWEATT*

Mrs. William Flewellen Johnson, mother of James T. Flewellen, buried Cuthbert, Ga. Capt. Abner Flewellen buried near Holton, Bibb Co., Ga. near old Wynum house, home of Nancy Parish. Flewellen Cemetery, Damascus Church near Bolenbroke, Ga., also Colbert Dairy Farm, Monroe Co. Ga. (Mrs. John A. Houser, Ft. Valley, Georgia)

James Thweatt born 1751, died Sept. 17, 1814, married April 1777 Elizabeth Peterson, born 1761, died May 11, 1806

Children:

1. Uriah, born Jan. 13, 1781, died Nov. 10, 1815
2. Eliza, born March 14, 1784, died Jan. 30, 1851
3. Thomas, born Sept. 23, 1786, died Feb. 2, 1853
4. Kitchen P., born June 4, 1789, died Jan. 1849
5. James Jr., born Aug. 19, 1793, died April 4, 1867
6. Mary, born Aug. 6, 1797, died Nov. 1, 1874

Julia Francis (5) Flewellen (daughter of Gen. William Flewellen (4) ) born Oct. 23, 1834, died Oct. 26, 1893, married March 4, 1854, William F. Williams, born June 19, 1829, died Jan. 24, 1883

(6) Children:

1. Eugenia R., born Feb. 21, 1861, died Dec. 3, 1914, married Nov. 27, 1878, Joseph Clayton



2. Mary F., born 1855, died —, married Oct. 16, 1878 Charles H. Markham
  3. Julia, born Aug. 2, 1865
  4. Wiley Jr., born Feb. 23, 1858, died March 24, 1913, married Jan. 28, 1885, first Mattie Seawell, 2nd. wife Victoria Clayton
  5. Maggie Crawford, born April 24, 1864, married Robert Shelton (2 sons, no heirs) *E. Sally m. Wm. McGhee*
- Eugenia Randolph Williams and Joseph Clayton

## Children:

1. William W., born Oct. 8, 1879, died Aug. 6, 1949, married Dec. 26, 1907
2. Henry D., died early
3. Helen W., born April 11, 1886, married 1909 John Snodgrass
4. Julia Francis, born Oct. 2, 1884, married Thomas Melton, June 14, 1905
5. Sarah Maxwell, born Aug. 15, 1899, married June 25, 1912 Walter M. McCoy (son Will, 3 sons living Birmingham, Ala.)

William W. Clayton married Titelle Truehart

## Children:

1. W. W., Jr., Pensacola, Fla.
2. Charles T., Birmingham
3. Robert S., Mobile, Ala.

Sarah Clayton married Walter M. McCoy

## Children:

1. Dr. Walter C. McCoy, Birmingham, Ala.
2. Mrs. Charles N. Van Houston, Birmingham, Ala.
3. Mrs. Rob. O. Whidden, Dallas, Texas

*FLEWELLEN-WILLIAMS*

Mary F. Williams (daughter of Julia F. and W. W. Williams) born 1885, died —, married Oct. 16, 1878 Charles H. Markham

## Children:

1. Katherine, no heirs
2. Woodie, one son, no heirs
3. Julia, (three boys, three girls)

Maggie Crawford (daughter of Julia and W. W. Williams) born April 24, 1864, died —, married Robert Shelton (two sons no heirs)

Julia (daughter Julia F. and W. W. Williams) born Aug. 2, 1865 died —, married David Johnson

## Children:

1. David White, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.
2. Flewellen W., Atlanta, Ga.
3. Sidney, Commerce, Ga.

4. Dr. J. J., Chatham, N. J.
5. Martha, no heirs

Wiley Williams (6) born in Lee Co. Ala. (son of W. W. Williams) Feb. 23, 1858, died March 24, 1913 in Columbus, Ga., married first Mattie Sewell

Children:

1. Joseph Sewell Williams, born March 26, 1882, died Nov. 1939 (2 children, Ceasar McCoy Williams born Sept. 8, 1903 Columbus, Ga.; Martha Williams (Mrs. Tombs Howard) Columbus, Ga., Feb. 15, 1906

2nd. marriage of W. W. Williams to Victoria Clayton

Children:

2. Evelyn Williams Puckett (Mrs. Paul R.) born May 14, 1887, died Birmingham, Ala., August 14, 1938 (two children, Virginia E. Puckett, born June 19, 1909; Mary P. Puckett, born Sept. 30, 1915)
3. Henry Clayton Williams, born in Columbus, Ga. 1889, died Nov. 1914, never married
4. Edward Jeff Williams, born Colb. Ga. June 14 1892 died Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 13, 1918 (1 child, Marion Koonce W.)
5. Wiley Williams, born in Columbus, Ga. Oct. 1, 1896 (Charles Ray Williams)
6. Victoria Virginia Ewing (Mrs. Walter) born Colb., Ga. Dec. 2, 1898
7. Bertram Hunter Williams, born Columbus, Ga., May 25, 1902, no children

James T. Flewellen buried Eufaula, Copeland lot.

Margaret Crawford Flewellen buried Eufaula, Alabama, Copeland lot.

Arthur Flewellen buried Eufaula, Copeland lot.

Mary Thweatt Flewellen buried in Cuthbert, Georgia, with Abraham Flewellen.

Captain Abner Flewellen from Baldwin County, Georgia, buried near Holton, Bibb County, Georgia, used to be Jones County, Georgia, home of his daughter Nancy Parrish.

Nancy Flewellen, wife of Abner, buried near home of Mr. John B. Green, several miles from Clinton, Georgia.



## CHAPTER 3

### COPELAND FAMILY

Joseph Copeland, born 1790, in S. C. died 1866 in Augusta, Ga., married Nancy Treutlen (a descendant of John Adam Treutlen and a second cousin of Mrs. John Nelson Copeland) died 1832

Children:

1. John Nelson, born Oct. 24, 1811, Barnwell District, S. C., died\* July 20, 1859
2. Caroline (never married)
3. Joseph (died young)
4. McKay Massey, born 1830, Augusta, Ga.
5. Ann, born 1832, married Wolff

It is thought that Joseph Copeland married a second time, name unknown

John Nelson Copeland, born Oct. 24, 1811, married June 27, 1838, died July 20, 1859, married Caroline Elizabeth Cannon Garvin, Oct. 27, 1811, died July 17, 1866

Children:

1. Florida, born Nov. 30, 1842, Eufaula, Ala.
  - \* 2. William Preston, born Sept. 1, 1845, Eufaula, Ala.
  3. John Calhoun (two sons both dead, daughter of Ben C. named Caroline married Barney Bland)
  4. Henry Clay (children Lottie, Brannon, Harry) a son by first wife named William Preston (son William)
  5. Augusta Georgia, born Jan. 24, 1852, died June 23, 1856
- \* William Preston Copeland, born Sept. 1, 1845 in Eufaula, Ala., died Feb. 18, 1931 in Eufaula, married Mary Fontaine Flewellen on April 21, 1897 on Tuesday, ten A. M. at Eufaula, Episcopal Church. Mary F. born Dec. 1, 1852 Columbus, Ga., died April 8, 1903, twelve thirty, night of Wed., 8th.

\* Children:

1. Henrietta Fontaine, born Feb. 23, 1876, Wed. 6 P.M.
  2. Caroline Elizabeth, born May 23, 1882, Tuesday 11 A.M.
  3. Sarah Matilda, born Sept. 24, 1884, Thursday 8 P.M.
  4. William Preston, born Dec. 26, 1886, Sunday 12 A.M.
- \* Henrietta Fontaine Copeland, born Feb. 23, 1876, died April 18, 1956, married April 21, 1897 to William Love McCormick, born Aug. 12, 1868 Eufaula, Ala., died Sept. 21, 1927

Children:

1. Mary Flewellen, born March 7, 1901, Eufaula, Ala.
2. Henrietta Fontaine McCormick, born Dec. 6, 1904, Eufaula, Ala.

Second marriage of Henrietta C. McCormick, Jan. 30, 1932, to Henry Augustus Lent, born August 4th, 1872, Eufaula, Ala.

Mary F. McCormick, born March 7, 1901, first married James Drewery Comer, May 8th, 1920

Child:

James Drewery Comer Jr., born Aug. 4, 1921, died Dec. 22, 1936

Second marriage of Mary McCormick to James Warren Andrews on March 7, 1931

Children:

1. Warren McCormick, born June 6, 1932

2. John Fontaine, born Jan. 6th, 1938, Montgomery, Ala.

\* Henrietta Fontaine McCormick, born Dec. 6, 1904, married Feb. 20, 1928 in Columbus, Ga., Joseph Lister Hill, born Dec. 29, 1894, Montgomery, Ala.

Children:

1. Henrietta Fontaine, born Jan. 18, 1929, Montgomery, Ala.

2. Luther Lister, born Feb. 15, 1936, Montgomery, Ala.

Henrietta F. Hill, born Jan. 18, 1929, married Nov. 25, 1950, Montgomery, Ala., Charles C. Hubbard, born Aug. 18, 1924, Montgomery, Alabama

Children of Henrietta and Charles C. Hubbard

1. Charles Clark, born Feb. 12, 1952, Montgomery, Ala.

2. Joseph Lister Hill Hubbard, born Oct. 15, 1954

Luther Lister Hill, born Feb. 15, 1936, married Aug. 29, 1957, Washington, D. C., Catherine Nelson Gore, born Nov. 4, 1937, Washington, D. C.

### COPELAND-CLAYTON

Caroline Elizabeth Copeland, born May 23, 1882, daughter of W. P. Copeland and Mary F. Flewellen, married June 4, 1902, Lee Johnston Clayton, born Feb. 10, 1874, died May 19, 1946

Children:

1. Preston, born Sept. 21, 1903

2. Mary Elliott, born July 30, 1905

3. Victoria Virginia, born Dec. 18, 1907

5th Caroline Copeland, born Sept. 28, 1914

4th Lee Johnston Clayton, born Dec. 9th, 1910;

Preston Clayton married Gladys Robinson Easterland, married July 20, 1933

Children:

1. Mary E., born Dec. 3, 1934, married Robert Dixon, (child Mary C. 1956, Janie Dickert born April 18, 1958)

2. Sarah Hunter, born July 23, 1937

3. Preston Clayton, born April 20, 1942

Mary Clayton, married William Kenneth Penhallegon

Children:

1. William Kenneth, born June 4, 1931 (son Wm. III April



6, 1955, son John Edmond born May 1957) married Marianne Edmunds

2. Lee Clayton, born Nov. 16, 1935

Victoria Clayton married Vance Custer, born July 20, 1903, married June 4, 1929

Children:

1. William Vance, born Sept. 26, 1931

2. Henry Clayton Custer, born May 8, 1938

Lee Clayton married Margaret Venable Norton

Children:

1. Margaret Venable, born Feb. 17, 1937

2. Lee Johnson, born May 27, 1943, died March 6th, 1951

Caroline Clayton married Howard Houston

Children:

1. Howard Douglas, born Dec. 3, 1939

2. Caroline Elizabeth, born March 4, 1948

### COPELAND REEVES

Sarah Matilda Copeland married MacNab Reeves

Children:

1. Malcolm McNab, born Nov. 25, 1908

2. Janie Jennings, born Oct. 10, 1910, married Campbell Blake

3. Fontaine, born March 20, 1914, married Marie Carroll

4. Betty Mary, born July 15, 1918, married Robert Montgomery

5. John Nelson, born May 20, 1916

6. Sarah Matilda, born 1920, died 1924

7. Virginia Augusta, born Aug. 27, 1924, married Tom Brown

Malcolm McNab Reeves married Virginia Chapman

Children:

1. Malcolm III, died young, born Sept. 22, 1931, died July 6, 1934

2. Benjamin, born Feb. 2, 1936

Janie Jennings Reeves, born Oct. 12, 1910, married Sept. 10, 1932,

Campbell Blake, born Aug. 14, 1904

Children:

1. Campbell Jr., born Dec. 10, 1934, married Mary Annette Moss, Nov. 23, 1957

2. Mary Jane, born Jan. 10, 1945

3. William Preston, born March 24, 1949

4. Flewellen Blake, died as an infant

Fontaine Reeves married Marie Carroll

Children:

1. Fontaine, born May 16, 1939

2. Lee Mac, born June 14, 1941

3. Mary Jane, born July 2, 1944
4. Marie, born Nov. 10, 1945
5. John Thornton, born May 31, 1951

Mary Betty, born July 15, 1918, married Nov. 30, 1941, Eufaula, Ala., to Robert Munger Montgomery, born June 17, 1916

Children:

1. Mary Fontaine, born March 17, 1943
2. Virginia Celeste, born June 24, 1945
3. Marlin Elizabeth, born June 9, 1949
4. Robert Munger Jr., born July 11, 1956

Virginia Reeves, born Aug. 27, 1925, Eufaula, Ala., married Sept. 14, 1946 to Thomas Tarrt Brown, born Oct. 22, 1918, Birmingham, Alabama

Children:

1. Betty Bestor, born July 7, 1947
2. Jane Campbell, born May 11, 1949
3. Thomas Tarrt Jr., born Oct. 10, 1953
4. Charles Pratt, born July 1, 1955

### COPELAND-COURIC

Willie Copeland, born Dec. 26, 1886, married Jan. 5, 1910, to Alfred Alexis Couric Jr., born May 11, 1876, died May 23, 1941

Children:

1. Alfred Copeland, born Oct. 5, 1910
2. Charles Maturon, born Dec. 2, 1912
3. William Preston, born Jan. 22, 1914

Alfred Copeland Couric married Leola Swann Dec. 14, 1928, born July 26, 1909

Children:

1. Alfred Copeland Couric Jr., born July 8, 1937
2. Mary Louise, born Jan. 27, 1942

Charles Maturon III, married Marie Schackleford, born Oct. 15, 1936. Camilla, Ga.

Children:

1. Carol, born Nov. 25, 1937
2. Sarah Elizabeth, born Nov. 22, 1943
3. Charles M. IV, born Aug. 12, 1946

NOTE. William Preston Copeland buried Eufaula, Copeland Lot. Mary Flewellen buried Eufaula, Copeland Lot. James T. Flewellen buried Eufaula, Copeland Lot. Maggie Crawford Flewellen buried Eufaula, Copeland Lot. William L. McCormick buried Eufaula, Copeland Lot. Arthur Flewellen buried Eufaula, Copeland Lot. Etta F. McCormick Dent, buried Dent Lot, Eufaula. John Nelson Copeland buried Eufaula, old Copeland Lot. Caroline Elizabeth Copeland buried old Copeland Lot.

3rd child of Willie and Alex Couric named William Copeland Couric; married Kathaleen Pead, born Feb. 21, 1919; one child, Kathy, born Feb. 5th, 1947



*COPELAND-BRANNON*

Florida Copeland, born 1840, died 1931, married Aug. 1864 to Thomas Brannon, born Feb. 27, 1836, died Jan. 1899

Children:

1. Caroline, died 1913
2. Augusta, born 1865, died 1949
3. Margaret
4. Florida

Augusta Brannon married William Hubbard 1886

Children:

1. Lewis, born June 23, 1889, died June 13, 1953
2. Brannon, born Feb. 9th, 1887
3. Margaret, born May 12, 1892

Thomas Brannon Hubbard married Caroline Clark 1917

Children:

1. Brannon Jr., born Feb. 5th, 1918
2. Ann, born Feb. 22, 1922
3. Charles Clark, born Aug. 19, 1924 (or 18)

Brannon Hubbard Jr. married Virginia Berry Richards

Children:

1. Virginia Berry, born Sept. 18, 1942
2. Thomas Brannon 3rd, born Feb. 10, 1947
3. Caroline Clark, born Feb. 7th, 1948
4. Ernest Thompson Fraser, born Jan. 11, 1950

Ann Hubbard married Clausen Ely

Children:

1. Clausen Jr., born Feb. 18, 1945
2. Thomas, born Feb. 28, 1952
3. Ann, born Aug. 16, 1948

Charles Clark Hubbard married Henrietta Fontaine Hill Nov. 25, 1950

Children:

1. Charles Clark Jr., born Feb. 12, 1952
2. Joseph Lister Hill, born Oct. 15, 1954

Margaret Hubbard married Robert Denham Feb. 3rd, 1916

Children:

1. Robert Jr., born Dec. 8, 1917

Lewis H. Hubbard married Myrtle Scott 1921

Children:

1. William Hubbard, born Sept. 8, 1924
2. Lewis H. Hubbard, born June 22, 1927

*COPELAND*

MacKay Massey Copeland (son of Joseph and Nancy Copeland) born 1830, Augusta, Ga., died 1885, Montgomery, Ala., married 1853 in Eufaula, Ala. to Margaret Bledsole

## Children:

1. Elizabeth, married Donald Christian Hanson
2. John, died age 14
3. Florida
4. Richard, married Nancy Fannin
5. William, married Leona Herbert
6. Maggie
7. George, married William's widow, Leona Herbert

Elizabeth Copeland married Donald Christian Hanson

## Child:

1. Maggie Lou, married Issac Bell Feagin

Maggie Lou Copeland married Issac Bell Feagin

## Children:

1. Bessie Copeland Feagin
2. Issac Bell Feagin, Jr.
3. Margaret Louise, married Henry P. Johnson
4. Sarah Feagin

Bessie (deceased) married to Cecil Baldwin Cowan Jr.

## Child:

1. Cecil Baldwin Cowan, married Elizabeth Branch



## CHAPTER 4

### TREUTLEN FAMILY

#### TREUTLEN COAT OF ARMS

Treutlen—Silesie—Austria

Arms granted 1600

Arms—1st. Azure, a demi-lion or issuing from coupe. 2nd. a chevron counter charged, argent and gules of 5 pieces.

Crest—a lion issuing between probosus dexter or on azure, sinister argent on gules. Mantling. Dexter of argents and gules—Sinister of or on azure.

Motto—A Dee Lumen (light from God) Reilstaps “Armerial General.”

Symbolism—

Or. (gold) generosity

Au—Silver Peace and Purity

Gu—red Military Bravery

Az—blue Truth and Loyalty

The lion has always held a high place in Heraldry as the emblem of deathless courage. Guillem, speaking of the lion says; It is a lively image of a good soldier who must be valiant of courage—strong of body—politic in council and a foe of fear.

The Chevron signifies protection, and has often been granted in Arms as a reward to one who has achieved some notable enterprise. It is supposed to represent the roof-tree of a house and has sometimes been given to those who have accomplished some work of faithful service.—W. Cecil Wades “Symbotism of Heraldry.”

#### TREUTLEN

(1) John Adam Treutlen, born in Berchtesgaden, Austria in 1726, died 1780\* or 82, Orangeburg County, S. C. Confirmed 1747, married 1756 to Ann Margareth DuPuis, born about 1734 of Swiss-French descent. Lived in Purysburg, S. C. Confirmed Jerusalem Church, Ebenezer, Ga. Died June 25, 1777.

Issue of John and Margareth Treutlen

(2) 1. Christian Streit, m. Mary 1775

2. DePuis

3. Jonathan, born Aug. 22, 1758, died Aug. 29, 1759

4. Christiana Elizabeth, born Feb. 13, 1757, died Dec. 9, 1759

5. Hannah, born Feb. 26, 1766, died 1827, m. Tribner, 2nd. Wm. DuPuis

6. Dorothea, born Feb. 21, 1762, died young

7. Elizabeth, born April 8, 1760, m. Wm. Kennedy

8. Mary, born Nov. 16, 1764, married Ed. Dudley

9. John Adam Jr., born Aug. 29, 1770, baptised Aug. 31  
John Adam Treutlen Sr. remarried after the death of his wife Margaret, to Mrs. Annie Unselt, (widow of David Unselt.) on Jan. 14, 1778

\* (2) Elizabeth Treutlen, born April 8, 1760, died 1804, married April 8, 1778 John William Kennedy, born Aug. 12, 1757 in Mount Pleasant Bethamy, died 1808. John William Kennedy was the son of Hugh Kennedy a Revolutionary soldier, lived at Black Creek on the road to Savannah from Ebernezer, Ga.

Issue of Elizabeth and William Kennedy

(3) Benjamin Kennedy married Ann Cox Campbell

2. Benjamin, born 1781, died 1826, married Ann Cox Campbell (daughter of Thomas and Sarah Cox Campbell)

\* 3. Mary, born 1786, married first Seth Daniels (a son Seth Jr.), 2nd, Simeon Cannon

4. Catherine, married Dec. 24, 1812, Abraham Mallette

5. Dolly, married Hardwick (d. Fanny, d. Mrs. Lipscomb, four sons)

(3) Benjamin Kennedy married Ann Cox Campbell

Issue (4)

1. Ruben

2. Benjamin

3. Thomas

4. William Hardwick, born 1815, married three times. 1st. Emily Whetstone, one son D. J. Kennedy; 2nd. Catherine Cook, a son John Kennedy, married Mary Agnes Henson; 3rd. wife Leonora Metzger, issue Henry, Hattie, Lewis, Julia, Benjamin, Walter A., Willie (daughter married Lemuel W. Colson) Sarah married Benjamin Porter March 22, 1827 (Benj. and Alex, Ed)

### BENJAMIN KENNEDY

(3) Children of Benjamin Kennedy

(4) 5. Dorothy, married John Metzger (son of David and Mary Metzger) Dec. 9, 1829

(4) 6. Ann Campbell, born July 30, 1821, married Benjamin Berry (first wife Mary Metzger) Ann died March 2, 1864

7. Elizabeth, married Ed Dudley, 2nd John Gindratt Morel, (ch. Annie married Colding, Thursa married Mr. Bryant, Joe W. married Laura Mingledorff, Georgia married Augustus H. Mallory, Jack, Benjamin Kennedy 2nd wife Mrs. Ann Mary Mason

8. Lenora

NOTE. Hugh and William Kennedy were brothers and came from Pennsylvania to Georgia, settling on the Ogeechee River in 1753. Hugh was the father of John William Kennedy



William Kennedy died 1821 age 79. Martha Kennedy died 1825 age 83, Robert, no date. Will of William Kennedy probated Columbia, S. C. April 13, 1761. Ex-wife Catherine, and son John William Kennedy, son Benjamin, daughter Sarah. Wm Kennedy, Jr. married Elizabeth Treutlen (daughter of John A. T.)

### TREUTLEN-KENNEDY

(3) Mary Omie (or Oma) Kennedy, born March 12, 1786, S. C., died 1843 or 44, first married Seth Daniels of Beauford, S. C. March 12, 1807, one child Seth Jr. After Daniels death, Mary Kennedy remarried in 1825 to Simeon Redding Cannon. Simeon Cannon born 1790, died 1853 (son of Redding Cannon, died April 6, 1808. Will probated in Barnwell, S. C. Aug. 26, 1808, named in will wife and two children, son Simeon; daughter Eliza (Eliza married Murphy, one daughter married Dunbar (d. Carrie)

Simeon R. Cannon married Mary Omie Kennedy

Issue (4)

- \* 1. Caroline Elizabeth, married John N. Copeland
- 2. Milton
- 3. Redding
- 4. Eliza, married John Martin
- 5. John
- 6. Virginia, married Theodore Dent
- 7. Robert, married Hattie —, (sons Miles, Will, Charles, Eugene; daughters, Mary, Mrs. Lipscomb)

(4) Caroline Elizabeth Cannon, born Oct. 27, 1811, Barnwell District, S. C., died July 17, 1866, Eufaula, Ala., married first, James Garvin, one daughter Louise who married Alphos Baker. After Garvin's death, Caroline E. Cannon remarried on July 27, 1838 to John Nelson Copeland, born Oct. 24, 1811, Barnwell, S. C., died July 20, 1859 Eufaula, Ala.

(4) Virginia Cannon, born March 5, 1830, died March 22, 1913, married Dec. 19, 1849, Theodore Dent, Eufaula, Ala., died 1863 Texas. (moved first to Tuscaloosa, Ala., then to Texas)

(5) Issue

- 1. Tom C., lived at Ft. Worth, Texas
- 2. Mae Laura, married Dr. R. B. Stockton of Lomento, Texas (Robert and D. Annie)
- 3. Frank W. of Lomento, Texas (d. Ruth)
- 4. George Malcolm (d. Kathleen Selman of Houston, Texas)
- 5. Dora A., born July 27, 1863, married Lewis Milton Wirtz
- 6. Lorn
- 7. James

(5) Dora A. Dent married Oct. 21, 1883 to Lewis Milton Wirtz, born June 13, 1854

## (6) Issue

1. Infant son, born Sept. 21, 1886, died same day
2. Alvin Jacob Wirtz, born May 24, 1888, died Oct. 1951
3. Lewis Milton Wirtz, born Jan. 8, 1892

(6) Alvin J. Wirtz married Kitty Mae Stamps, born Jan. 8, 1888

## (7) Issue

1. Ida Mae Wirtz, born May 24, 1917, married June 6, 1938 to James Clarence Cain, born March 19, 1913

## (8) Issue

1. Stephanie Cannon, born June 16, 1940
2. Mary Lucinda, born Jan. 22, 1943
3. Katherine May, born Jan. 22, 1943
4. James Alvin, born Nov. 24, 1944

(6) Lewis Milton Wirtz, born Jan. 8, 1892, married June 22, 1918 to Adele Watson, born Sept. 15, 1893

## (7) Issue

1. Sarah Virginia Wirtz, born Dec. 21, 1925, married Dec. 16, 1944, Dr. Wilfred Ivan Shepperd, Aug. 6, 1924

## (8) Issue

1. Catherine Shepperd, born Oct. 9, 1945
2. Elizabeth, born Jan. 23, 1947
3. Virginia, born Jan. 30, 1949
5. Milton Wirtz, born Jan. 25, 1954
4. Margaret, born Aug. 22, 1950
6. Wilfred Ivan, born Oct. 2, 1957

*TREUTLEN*

(2) Christian Treutlen (son of John A. Sr.) born —, died 1820, married Mary —, born 1775, died Sept. 26, 1823

## (3) Children:

1. Joseph, died 1828
2. Isabella, never married, died age 69
3. Ann M., married her cousin Christian E. Treutlen
4. Mariah M., married W. G. Dudley, 2nd. Mr. Mallory
5. Mary A., born Dec. 24, 1792, married April 6, 1813 W. G. Porter, born 1782, died 1825 (son of James and Elizabeth Porter). Children, George, born 1814, Albert, born March 25, 1815, M. Eveline Humbart, Evaline M. Porter, Isabella died age 61

*CAPTAIN FREDERICK TREUTLEN*

Brother of John Adam Treutlen Sr.

(1) Frederick Treutlen, born 1728, married Margaret Schads (d. of Solomon Schads and sister of Col. Schads of Rev. fame), died July 23, 1807 age 79, born in Switzerland, lived in Purysbug, S. C.,



both buried St. Simons Island, Ga. Lived after marriage at Black Creek Plantation, Wilmington Island, Ga.

(2) Children:

1. Elizabeth, born Feb. 24, 1758, baptised March 4, 1758
2. Marguerite
3. Ann, married Peter P. Provost of Barnwell, S. C. (da. born 1820, son William Provost married Maria Treutlen (d. of Christian E. and Ann Tribner Treutlen)
4. Catherine, born Jan. 3, 1756, died Dec. 16, 1830, married John Tebeau
5. Another daughter by the first marriage

(2) John Adam Treutlen Jr., born August 29, 1770, Ebernezer, Effingham County, Ga., died —, married August 14, 1793 to Ann Margaret Miller, born Jan. 20, 1776, died Oct. 15, 1818

(3) Children:

1. Mary Judge
2. Ann M., born 1796, married John S. Cleckley (children: Handson, married Katie Schley, Ann married Mortimer Dudley, 2nd. marriage of Ann to Williams, Henry married Fanny Schley)
3. Christian Emanuel, born April 30, 1798, married Jan 8, 1818 or 19, Ann Tribner Treutlen (D. of Rev. Tribner) daughter Mariah married W. F. Provost)
4. Rachael, born 1800, married Rev. Wanamaker (children: Francis, married Maner, Whitfield married Adelle Reitt. Mary married Butler)
5. Margaret, born 1802
6. Gabriel Evans, born 1804, married Ann W. Conner
7. Catherine Ellen, born 1807, married Daniel F. Wade (son John married three times, daughter Carolyn married Riley)
8. Milton Wesley, born 1809
9. Caroline, born 1814, married Jacob Dantzler

2nd marriage of John Adam Treutlen Jr. to Caroline E. Whetstone, married Jan. 14, 1821, died Jan. 20, 1822 (daughter Marie E. born Jan. 1822, died July 1823)

(3) Gabriel Evans Treutlen, born Oct. 14, 1804 Cokesbury, S. C., died Jan. 23, 1845 Glennville, Ala., married Jan. 3, 1826, Cokesbury, S. C. to Ann Woolfork Conner, born Dec. 13, 1805, Cokesbury, S. C., died Nov. 29, 1852

(4) Children:

1. Olin Summerfield, born Dec. 26, 1826 in Cokesbury, S. C., died June 28, 1842 in Glennville, Ala.
2. John Fletcher Treutlen, born Oct. 10, 1828 in Cokesbury, died Feb. 28, 1900, Eufaula, Ala., married Oct. 17, 1855, Carrie Smith

3. Mary Ann Treutlen, born Nov. 29, 1830, died Aug. 24, 1854
4. Celeste Belinda, born Aug. 12, 1838, died Eufaula
5. Caroline Virginia (twin) born Feb. 29, 1835, died Sept. 4, 1873 m. Thomas Berry
6. Sarah Cornelia (twin) born Feb. 29, 1835, died Aug. 5, 1836
7. William Wesley, born June 14, 1837, died 1839 in Cokesbury
8. Sarah F., born Dec. 28, 1839, died Dec. 20, 1854
9. Cornelia, born —, married Jan. 5, 1866 to Capt. John W. Bryan
10. Julia Gabrella, born Oct. 10, 1843, died March 13, 1930, married Willie Banks Butt March 24, 1863 in Glennville, Alabama

#### JOHN FLETCHER TREUTLEN

(4) John Fletcher Treutlen, born Oct. 1829 Cokesbury, S. C. baptised by Bishop McKendall, died Feb. 28, 1900, Eufaula, Ala., married Oct. 17, 1855 Carrie Agnes Smith, born March 7, 1836, Cokesbury, S. C., died April 3, 1915

(5) Children:

1. Annie Julia, born March 25, 1857
  2. Edwin Berry, born May 22, 1859 (son of Adam Treutlen lived in Salt Lake City, Utah)
  3. Charles Smith, born June 10, 1860
  4. John Raiford, born May 1, 1863
  5. Carrie Lou, born July 26, 1864
  6. Infant son, born 1865
  7. William Barnett, born April 30 1867
  8. Laura Belle, born April 20, 1869
  9. William Herndon, born Sept. 1, 1871
  10. Robert Lee, born April 11, 1873
  11. Henry Cleckley, born July 9, 1874
  12. Kate Hagood, born April 6, 1876
- (most of these children died as youths)

(5) Carrie Lou Treutlen, born July 26, 1864, Glennville, Ala., died 1941, married Simpson Roland Foy, on Nov. 20, 1888 in Washington, D. C. Simpson R. Foy, born May 13, 1857 Batesville, Ala., died April 27, 1891.

(6) Children:

1. John Treutlen Foy, born Oct. 20, 1889
2. Ida Louise, born March 11, 1891

(6) John Treutlen Foy married Oct. 19, 1915, Clemson, S. C., to Nella Sloan, born April 21, 1887

(7) Children:



1. Jean Louise, born May 30, 1917, Clemson, S. C., married Oct. 19, 1939 to Taylor McDuffie Folger of Pickens, S. C.
- (8) Children:
  1. Beverly Eilene, born July 31, 1940
  2. Jean Maxine, born Aug. 8, 1943
  3. Nela Treutlen, born March 27, 1950
- (6) Louise Foy married Frank Charles Petry Nov. 6, 1913, Eufaula, Ala. Frank Petry, born Sept. 26, 1881, died April 12, 1926
- (7) Children:
  1. Frank Charles Petry Jr., born Oct. 9, 1915
  2. Carolyn Treutlen Petry, born June 18, 1917
  3. Catherine Louise, born April 30, 1919
- (7) Frank Petry Jr. married Jan. 9, 1949 to Louise Hart, born June 21, 1923
- (8) Children:
  1. Forrest Hart, born May 27, 1945
  2. Frank Charles III, born Oct. 10, 1949
  3. Carolyn Louise, born Jan. 4, 1956
  4. John Treutlen, born Aug. 9, 1956

(Taken from the Bible Records of Mrs. Frank Petry)

#### *FOY-PETRY*

- (7) Carolyn Treutlen Petry, born June 18, 1915, married Jan. 1, 1940, Eufaula, Ala., William Aubrey Dominick, born April 4, 1905
- (8) Children:
  1. Louise Foy, born March 31, 1942
  2. Wm. Aubrey Jr., born Sept. 5, 1944
- (7) Catherine Louise Petry, born April 30, 1919, married Sept. 1, 1941, Eufaula, Ala., Herbert Holding Thomas, born July 31, 1914
- (8) Children:
  1. Carolyn Treutlen, born Feb. 4, 1945
  2. Herbert Jr., born Sept. 1, 1947
  3. Mary Foy, born May 11, 1951
- (4) Celeste Belinda Treutlen, born Aug. 12, 1833, Cokesville, S. C., married at Glennville, Ala. to Augustus W. Barnett, born Aug. 24, 1825 in Washington, Ga., died March 28, 1895 Eufaula, Ala.
- (5) Children:
  1. William Augustus married Addie Mercer (6) (1. Louise married Charles Calhoun (7) Margaret m. Patrick Lloyd Watson of Wales, (d. Patsy) (6) 2. Emmie never married. (6) 3. Mercer m. Ethel Cuddy
  2. Emmie married E. M. Pounds, (6) 1. Cornelle m. Comer Barnett, ch., Lillie m. Charles McRee (Cornelia, Francis). (6) 2. Celeste m. Fielding Flicker (ch. Emmie m. Marvin Harper, Mary m. Marion Barnett (ch. Celestia, Charles, Marion)

**Fielding Jr. Meriweather**

3. Samuel Treutlen married Claribel Leary, ch. (Edward Willis m. Edith Mabry (ch. Edith m. Nelson Delavan (ch. Ann Deborah, Edith, Catherine) 2. James Leary m. Margaret Mather (ch. Peggy m. David Johnson (ch. Carolyn, Janet, married Merritt Dixon (ch. Merritt, Jan, Lisa) 3. Samuel Treutlen married Francis Southgate (ch. Emily, Sam, Marion) *Taylor*
4. Claire married Sam Tannahill (ch. Sam Barnett, Meriwether, Margaret)
5. Caroline Lane, never married
6. Cornelia, married Emmett Tullis, no children
7. John, married Benella Brown
8. Paul, never married

NOTE. Data taken from family Bibles, Mrs. Frank Petry, Eufaula; Mrs. Sam Tannahill, Birmingham; Mrs. J. C. Cain, Rochester, Minn.

Pg. 174. William Augustus Barnett and Celeste Belinda Treutlen sixth son named Frank Willis Barnett married Maud Proctor ch. 1. Frank m. Jeannie Beaumont ( s. Frank) 2. Proctor m. Mary Reeder ( d. Mary )



## CHAPTER 5

### McCORMICK FAMILY

#### *McCORMICK COURT OF ARMS*

Arms—"Argent, a fesse dancettee gules, between three eagles displayed gules."

Motto—"Sine Timore".

Interpretation of Above

Coat of Arms—A white background, which denotes sincerity, with a dancing red band between three eagles (signifying strength) which are displayed in red, which indicates fortitude.

Motto—"Sine Timore" — Without Fear.

#### *McCORMICK*

Duncan McCormick of Appin, Argyllshire, County, Scotland, married Jean McIntyre

Children:

1. John McCormick, born 1756, Argyllshire County, Scotland, died\* Sept. 19, 1831, Laurinburg, Robeson County, (changed to Richmond Co. then to Scotland Co.) N. C., married 1791, Mary McCormac
2. Duncan McCormick, born Dec. 18, 1758, died June 18, 1845, married Katherine Carmichael, born 1765, married in Presbyterian Church in Glasgow, Scotland
3. Barbara, died young
4. Hugh, born Feb. 1769, baptized Archosrogen

John McCormick, born 1756, Appin, Argyllshire County, Scotland, married Mary McCormac

Children:

1. John, born 1809, died Sept. 25, 1831, never married
2. Archibald, married Jeanette Murphy (heirs, Catherine, married David McDougald, John never married, Mary never married, Murphy never married, Duncan never married)
3. Daniel
4. William, married Nancy Ann McKigney\*
5. Barbara, died young, never married
6. Catherine

William Love McCormick (son of John and Mary McCormick), born Sept. 17, 1861, N. C.,\* married March 8, 1840, Nancy Ann McKigney, (daughter of George and Mary Allen) born June 16, 1815, Twigg Co., Ga., died Nov. 24, 1884, Eufaula, Ala.

Children:

1. John D., born Dec. 22, 1840, died May 29, 1881 Eufaula.

Ala. C. S. A., married Oct. 24, 1871, Sarah Hawkins, Americus, Ga.

2. George Chalmers, born July 25, 1843, died July 8, 1913, married Feb. 17, 1867, Catherine Love Allan, born Aug. 24, 1843, Louisville, Ala., died Nov. 1, 1895
3. Henry L., born Dec. 20, 1854
4. James Allan, born June 12, 1857
5. William Emmett, born March 7, 1848, Louisville, Ala.
6. Christian, married Duncan Carmichael

George Chalmers McCormick, born July 25, 1843, died July 8, 1913, married Feb. 17, 1867\*, Catherine Love Allan, born Aug. 24, 1843, died Nov. 1, 1895

\*Children:

1. William Love, born Aug. 12, 1868, Eufaula, Ala., died Sept. 21, 1927
2. Annie Stuart, born Sept. 10, 1870, died May 12, 1922
3. George Rossiter, born July 12, 1873, died April 13, 1899

William Love McCormick, born Aug. 12, 1868, died Sept. 21, 1927, married April 21, 1897\*, Henrietta Fontaine Copeland, born Feb. 23, 1876, died April 18, 1956

Children:

1. Mary Flewellen, born March 7, 1901, Eufaula, Ala.
2. Henrietta Fontaine, born Dec. 6, 1904, Eufaula, Ala.\*

Second marriage of Etta C. McCormick to Capt. Henry Augustus Dent, Jan. 1932, born Aug. 4th. 1872

### McCORMICK

Mary Flewellen McCormick (daughter of W. L. McCormick and Etta C. McCormick) born March 7, 1901, married first James D. Comer May 8th 1920, one son:

James Drewery Comer Jr., born Aug. 4, 1921, died Dec. 22, 1936

2nd marriage of Mary F. McCormick to James Warren Andrews on March 7, 1931, Warren Andrews, born April 2, 1896

Children:

1. Warren McCormick, born June 6, 1932
2. John Fontaine, born Jan. 6th, 1938

Henrietta Fontaine McCormick, born Dec. 6, 1904, married Feb. 20, 1928 Joseph Lister Hill, born Dec. 29, 1894

Children:

1. Henrietta Fontaine, born Jan. 18, 1929
2. Luther Lister, born Feb. 15, 1936, Montgomery, Ala.

Henrietta F. Hill, born Jan. 18, 1929, married Charles Clark Hubbard, born Aug. 18, 1924



## Children:

1. Charles Clark Jr., born Feb. 12, 1952
2. Joseph Lister Hill, born Oct. 15, 1954

Luther Lister Hill, born Feb. 15, 1936, married Aug. 29, 1957,  
Catherine Nelson Gore, born Nov. 4, 1936, Washington, D. C.

Christian McCormick (daughter of William L. and Nancy McKigney McCormick) married Duncan Carmichael

## Children:

1. Roy
2. Julia Ella
3. John Sion
4. Cornelia

William Emmett McCormick, (son of William L. and Nancy McKigney McCormick) born March 7, 1848, Louisville, Ala., married Clara E. Beauchamp of Eufaula, Ala. Sept. 25, 1877, died Dec. 7, 1917

## Children:

1. Helen, born Sept. 5, 1878, died Aug. 23, 1888
2. Erin, married James H. Jones, June 12, 1912
3. William Emmett Jr., married Mary Comer

*McCORMICK-DENT*

Annie McCormick, born Sept. 10, 1870, died May 12, 1922, married Edward Young Dent, born June 25, 1861, died Jan. 10, 1946

## Children:

1. George McCormick, born May 3, 1890, died Nov. 30, 1940, married Helen Mitman, born July 31, 1893
2. Nana, born Sept. 7, 1891, died Aug. 12, 1942
3. Catherine Allan, born Sept. 2, 1893, died May 22, 1939
4. Stuart H. Dent, born Oct. 14, 1899
5. Edward Y. Jr., born Aug. 31, 1895, died Aug. 19, 1896

George McCormick Dent, born May 3, 1890, died Nov. 30, 1940, married May 3, 1919, Helen Mitman, born July 31, 1893

## Children:

1. Sarah, born June 7, 1920, married Merritt Beale Davenport
2. Margaret, born Sept. 3, 1921, married Frank Garrison
3. Annie McCormick, born Feb. 14, 1923, married John R. Covington
4. George McCormick Dent, born Sept. 11, 1925, married Hilda Howard

Margaret Dent, born Sept. 3, 1921, married Frank Garrison, born May 31, 1918

## Children:

1. Helen Mitman, born March 29, 1941
2. Frank Jr., born Oct. 16, 1943
3. Sarah Elizabeth, born March 11, 1946
4. Ed Dent, born June 13, 1952

Annie Dent, born Feb. 14, 1923, married John Roberts Covington, born Jan. 1, 1915

## Children:

1. George Dent, born Jan. 26, 1949
2. David Robert, born Oct. 4, 1950
3. Stuart Leland, born Nov. 12, 1951
4. Carol Margaret, born Feb. 9, 1953
5. Helen, born Oct. 11, 1954

George M. Dent, born Sept. 11, 1925, married Hilda Howard, Oct. 3, 1929 **d. April 24, 1959**

## Children:

1. Hilda, born Jan. 10, 1954
2. George McCormick III, born Dec. 29, 1954
3. Laura Ann, born May 24, 1958

Nana Dent, born Sept. 7, 1891, died Aug. 12, 1942, married Dec. 3, 1914, George E. McGough, born Feb. 23, 1891

## Children:

1. George, born Nov. 1, 1916, married Elizabeth C. Watkins, born Nov. 22, 1921
2. Edward Dent McGough, born Jan. 21, 1919, married Annie Marie Green, born Feb. 18, 1917.

George E. McGough, born Nov. 1, 1916, married Elizabeth Coleman Watkins, born Nov. 22, 1921

## Children:

1. George E. III, born Sept. 13, 1944
2. Chester Watkins, born July 24, 1947
3. Mary Winn, born March 31, 1957

*McCORMICK-DENT*

Edward Dent McGough, born Jan. 21, 1919, married Ann Marie Green, born Feb. 18, 1917

## Children:

Edward Dent McGough Jr., born Nov. 25, 1946

Stuart H. Dent, born Oct. 14, 1899, married Attala Bibb Walker, born —

## Children:

1. John Walker, born Jan. 8, 1930
2. Pauline Elizabeth, born May 29, 1940
3. Mary Stuart, born April 20, 1945

(McCormicks buried Stewartsville Cemetery, Laurinburg, N. C., located 3 miles from town)



John N. McCormick of Appin, Arglyshire Co. Scotland died Sept. 19, 1831

Barbara McCormick, daughter of John McCormick, died Sept. 22, 1819

Christine, daughter of John McCormick, died Oct. 18, 1812, age 13

John McCormick died Sept. 25, 1831, age 22

Mary of John McCormick, died Jan. 14, 1828, age 14

Duncan McCormick died June 18, 1845, age 87

Catherine McCormick, wife of Duncan, died Sept. 30, 1830

Duncan McCormick died Oct. 11, 1929, age 20

Duncan C. McCormick died Nov. 1874, age 74

Ann McCormick, wife of Duncan, died Feb. 1870

Catherine MacDougald, daughter of John and Mary McCormick, died Dec. 14, 1824, age 26

Donald, age 20

## CHAPTER 6

### ALLAN AND STUART FAMILIES

#### *ALLAN LINE*

William Allan, married November 17, 1770, to Mary Loudon in Kilbarchan, Scotland

Issue:

William, born September 7, 1771

George L. Allan, born February 2, 1773, Kilbarchan, died June 6, 1843, Eufaula, Alabama

Robert, baptized November 6, 1774, Kilbarchan, died 1841

Margaret, born September 22, 1776

George L. Allan (weaver), married Katherine Love, November 30, 1805, Church record, Kilbarchan

Issue:

Mary Ann, born October 12, 1806

George Love Allan, born August 14, 1809, Kilbarchan, died 1867 Eufaula, Alabama, married February 14, 1835, Abbey Parish of Paisley to Janet Stuart, born June 27, 1809, died January 13, 1886

Issue:

Margaret, born October 7, 1836, Kilbarchan, died Eufaula, Alabama, married Beauchamp

Catherine, born August 24, 1843, in Alabama (probably Louisville, Alabama), died November 1, 1895, Eufaula, Alabama

Mary, born 1846, died 1939, married W. D. Danford

George M., born August 7, 1849, died April 18, 1882

Issue of Catherine Love Allan and George C. McCormick

1. William Love, born August 12, 1868, Eufaula, Alabama, died September 21, 1927, married April 21, 1897, Etta Copeland, born February 23, 1876, Eufaula, Alabama, died April 18, 1956

2. Annie, born July 12, 1870, died May 12, 1922, married Edward Young Dent, born January 26, 1861, died January 10, 1948

3. Ross, born July 12, 1872, died April 13, 1899

Diagram of Allan Square, Eufaula, Alabama

North:

1. George Allan

2. Mary Ann Allan (grave obliterated)

3. George L. Allan

4. Janet S. Allan

5. George M. Allan

6. Jessie Allan (wife of George)



7. Margaret Allan Beauchamp (not marked)
- 8 & 9. Beauchamp children
10. Mary Allan Danford
11. W. D. Danford, C.S.A.

Margaret Allan, born Oct. 7, 1836, Kilbarchan, Scotland, married Beauchamp

Children:

1. George, married Julia Crowder
2. Clara, married W. E. McCormick
3. Florence, never married

George Allan Beauchamp married Julia Crowder

Children:

1. George Allan Jr.
2. Virginia
3. Margaret Allan
4. David, married unknown

Virginia Beauchamp married first Walter Pitts, one child, Walter Tristiam; 2nd. marriage to Newton Jones, one child, Joy

Margaret Beauchamp married first Claud Hamilton

Children:

1. Jule
2. Claud Jr.

2nd marriage of Margaret Beauchamp, to George Percy

Children:

1. a son, Michael Bosworth

### STUART LINE

John Stuart (manufacturer in Kilbarchan, Scotland) married September 14, 1802, to Margaret Manson (record found in parochial register)

Issue:

1. Janet Stuart, born June 27, 1809, died January 13, 1886, married George Love Allan February 14, 1835, Kilbarchan
- Other Children—
2. Margaret, January 24, 1803 (died young)
3. Christian G., March 2, 1804
4. William, May 3, 1805
5. Janet, born July 25, 1806 (died young)
6. Henry G., January 9, 1808
7. Euphemia, January 4, 1811
8. John, December 12, 1812
9. Agnes, September 13, 1814
10. James, August 10, 1816
11. Jane, May 5, 1818
12. Margaret, November 7, 1819
13. George, February 4, 1822

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### AUTHOR'S CORRECTIONS

- PAGE 60: ~~39th~~ Regiment
- PAGE 83: Florida Copeland, daughter of John Nelson Copeland
- PAGE 94: "Only grandparent I ever knew"
- PAGE 125: L. J. Clayton
- PAGE 161, 162, 176: Mary McCormick, born March 7th, 1901, married James D. Comer, May 8th, 1920; son, James D. Comer, died Dec. 22, 1936; John Andrews born Jan 6th, 1938
- PAGE 161, 162: Caroline Elizabeth Copeland born May 23, 1882, married Lee Johnston Clayton; 4th. child of Caroline and Lee Clayton named Lee Johnston Clayton, Jr., born Dec. 9th, 1910; 5th child of Caroline and Lee Clayton named Caroline Copeland Clayton
- PAGE 163: Lee Clayton, 3rd, son of Lee Clayton, Jr., died March 6th, 1951
- PAGE 163: 6th. child of Sarah Matilda and Mac Reeves died 1924
- PAGE 164: 3rd child of Willie and Alex Couric named William Copeland Couric; married Kathaleen Pead, born Feb. 21, 1919; one child, Kathy, born Feb. 5th, 1947
- PAGE 165 4th. child of Brannon Hubbard, Jr. named Ernest Fraser Hubbard





